



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

GE
L. 174
N. GE



Q

THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCLXXXIX.

N. S. 65

JULY TO DECEMBER 1900

PRODESSE & DELECTARE



E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

Printed and Published by
CHATTO & WINDUS, 113, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON.

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, 113 ST MARTIN'S LANE

1900

100417

YANAL: GONMATE

CONTENTS of VOL. CCLXXXIX.

	PAGE
Angoulême, Marguerite d', Princess and Poetess. By K. W. ELWES	33
Arcadia, Village Life in Mediæval	188
Arctic Co-operation. By ERNEST W. LOWRY	239
Ariadne. By E. M. RUTHERFORD	376
Army Coach, Life with an. By ONE OF THE HORSES	512
Blackbird, To a. By PERCIVAL H. W. ALMY	399
Borrowing a Book. By J. KENT	180
Brace, A, of Worthies. By S. M. CRAWLEY-BOEVEY	548
Caged in France. By Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A.	396
Candid Opinions of Contemporaries. By F. G. WALTERS	57
Captive Soul, A. By ALISON BUCKLER	1
Century, The Dying. By E. M. RUTHERFORD	617
Chair, The Sedan. By AUSTIN M. STEVENS.	27
Chaucer Garden, The. By W. H. THOMPSON	379
Ciphers. By G. E. MOYSEY	365
Concerning Vagabonds. By M. M. TURNBULL	444
Co-operation, Arctic. By ERNEST W. LOWRY	239
Courtyer, The. By H. SCHÜTZ WILSON	461
Creds, The, of Tzarland. By ERNEST W. LOWRY—	
I. The Old Faith	501
II. The New Faith	575
Dialects. By RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON	531
Doctors, West-Pyrenean, in the Middle Ages. By A. R. WHITEWAY	450
Drift. From the Danish of H. DRACHMANN by H. MACKENZIE	483
Emma Collins, The Tragedy of. By KATHARINE SYLVESTER	313
Evolution, The, of the Stars. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.	427
False Dauphins, The, of the Temple. By ALBERT M. HYAMSON	258
Fingalian Legends, The. By W. C. MACKENZIE	168
Folk-Rhymes of Places. By ARTHUR L. SALMON	67
France, Caged in. By Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A.	396
Funerals, West-Pyrenean. By A. R. WHITEWAY	559
George Sand in Her Old Age. By Mrs. BARTLE TEELING	141
Greece and Ireland. By E. M. LYNCH	43
Hawkesworth, Dr. John. By EDWARD E. MORRIS, M.A.	218
Herschels, The, and the Nebulæ. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.	78
House, The, at Santa Fé. By CHARLES HANNAN	417
In the Country. By J. W. COLE	291
Ireland and Greece. By E. M. LYNCH	43
Lacock Abbey. By A. H. DIPLOCK	434
Lakeland, Nights in. By W. T. PALMER	356
Last English Rebellion, The. By JOHN HYDE	323
Legends, The Fingalian. By W. C. MACKENZIE	168
Life with an Army Coach. By ONE OF THE HORSES	512
Marguerite d'Angoulême, Princess and Poetess. By K. W. ELWES	33
Marriages, West-Pyrenean. By A. R. WHITEWAY	404
Mediæval Arcadia, Village Life in	188
Mediæval West-Pyrenean Women. By A. R. WHITEWAY	272
Midday Moon, The, or the Midnight Sun. By H. S. WILSON	88
Mourne Mountains, The. By CHARLES EDWARDES	128
Nebulæ, The Herschels and the. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.	78
Nights in Lakeland. By WILLIAM T. PALMER	356
Old Love and Young. By A. E. GILLIE	105
Opera, The Russian School of. By A. E. KEETON	117

	PAGE
Paganism, Two Remnants of. By F. G. D.-WALLACE-GOODBODY	491
Picturesque Rogue, A. By FRANCIS BROCK	349
Places, Folk-Rhymes of. By ARTHUR L. SALMON	67
Poland and Lithuania, The Union of. By GABRIELLE FESTING	385
Provost's Wooing, The. By ARTHUR MAITLAND	209
Rebellion, The Last English. By JOHN HYDE	323
Roccamonfina, In the Woods of. By L. W. WOLFFSOHN	336
Russian School, The, of Opera. By A. E. KEETON	117
Sand, George, in her Old Age. By Mrs. BARTLE TEELING	141
Santa Fé, The House at. By CHARLES HANNAN	417
Sedan Chair, The. By AUSTIN M. STEVENS	27
Shenstone. By LENNOX MORISON	196
Snuff and Snuff-takers. By EMILY HILL	588
Song Schools, The, of Scotland. By J. TAYLOR FYFE	283
Soul, A Captive. By ALISON BUCKLER	1
Sprig, A, of Rosemary. By PENLEY REYD	567
Stars, The Evolution of the. By J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.	427
Sun, The 1900 Total Eclipse of the. By Sir EDMUND VERNEY	303
Swallow, The. By H M. POSNETT, LL.D.	100
Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN :—	
“The Humane Review”—The Dartford Warbler—Remedies for Wanton Destruction of Feathered Life—An Alleged American Remedy	102
Parochial Improvements—A New History of Hampstead— The Approaches to Hampstead—Pictures at Caen Wood	206
Preservation of Good Looks—Effect of Good Health upon Physical Appearance—The Staging of Shakespeare—Mr. Tree's Lecture on Shakespeare	310
“Fruitfulness” — M. Zola's Lesson in “Fécondité” — M. Maeterlinck on Mystery—Maeterlinck: Goethe: Heine —Holiday Ravage—Chivalry and Romance	413
Rise of English Theatrical Entertainments—Performance in Mediæval and Renaissance Times—Unpopularity of the Drama in England—The Restoration of the Drama— New Birth of Theatrical Taste	517
The Circus in Imperial Rome—Illegality of the Game of Bowls	619
Temple, The False Dauphins of the. By ALBERT W. HYAMSON	285
Tragedy, The, of Emma Collins. By KATHARINE SYLVESTER	313
Two Remnants of Paganism. By F. G. D.-WALLACE-GOODBODY	491
Two Sonnets. By M. PROWER	412
Tzarland, The Creeds of. By ERNEST W. LOWRY	501, 575
Under the Western Pines. By ERNEST BINDLOSS	597
Union, The, of Poland and Lithuania. By GABRIELLE FESTING	385
Vagabonds, Concerning. By M. M. TURNBULL	444
Village Life in Mediæval Arcadia.	188
Weather “Causerie.” By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM	606
Week, A, in the West Country. By FRANCIS H. CANDY	372
West-Pyrenean Doctors in the Middle Ages. By A. R. WHITEWAY.	450
West-Pyrenean Funerals. By A. R. WHITEWAY	559
West-Pyrenean Marriages. By A. R. WHITEWAY	404
West-Pyrenean Women, Mediæval. By A. R. WHITEWAY	272
“Without are Dogs.” By MARY BRADFORD-WHITING	521
Woods of Roccamonfina, In the. By L. WOLFFSOHN	336
Wooing, The Provost's. By ARTHUR MAITLAND	209
Worthies, A Brace of. By S. M. CRAWLEY-BOEVEY	548

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1900.

A CAPTIVE SOUL.

BY ALISON BUCKLER.

I.

"TWO o'clock ! He will go before the quarter if I cannot rouse him."

Nurse Clare bent anxiously over her patient. He was a good-looking man of forty-six, with well-bred, educated features, and well-made, if somewhat worn, clothes. He was neither a pathetic, nor a peculiar, nor even a particularly interesting case. There was no sort of mystery about him. His name was Edgar Wyatt. It was painted black on a drab outer doorpost in Gray's Inn Square ; it was repeated in white on his third-floor "oak" ; engraved in neat black letters on the brass plate of his inner door. It might be found inscribed on the rolls of his Oxford College, though not upon those of the English Bar. He had come to St. Cosmas's as a paying patient, sent by his doctor when influenza gripped him, decent nursing being naturally, not cruelly, out of the question in Gray's Inn Square. He had not come on his own initiative.

There, perhaps, was the pity of his case. He cared nothing whether he lived or died. This indifference was also the fatal feature of his case. There seemed to be no reason why he should not recover, save his refusal to make the necessary effort, in his case quite feasible, if not in Mrs. Dombey's.

"If any nursing can bring him round it will be yours," the doctor told Agnes Clare. He trusted less in her skill than in her bright vitality, her boundless energy, her strong will ; in the influence also of her good looks, which, though such may not be included among

the constituents of any recognised pharmacopœia, may count for still more in a sick ward than the quite recently acknowledged influence of flowers.

She had succeeded so far, at least, as to draw his confidence. He told her how he had lived only for disappointment and spoliation. The idolised child of wealthy young parents, he had lost them both in a day. His university career was cut short by the disappearance of his inheritance through the dishonesty of its trustee. He had taken up a literary career, but had never succeeded in reaching the higher ranks of the profession. He had been twice engaged to be married, but his first love had died, and his second had jilted him. He was apparently a man without hope, without ideal, without belief, *raté*; and he was dying simply because he did not care to live.

"He will go before morning," the doctor said last night. "It seems impossible to inspire him with the will to live. You have done all that can be done."

He was sinking fast, but not unconsciously. He opened his weary eyes to the anxious face above him. "You are very good to me, Nurse," he murmured. No light or softness came to his sad eyes when they met hers. He had never for a moment shown the slightest interest in his nurse. She might have been Mrs. Gamp herself for all the emotion her presence awoke. And beyond the merest professional interest and a good deal of impatience he had stirred no interest whatever in her. He was a case and nothing more; unless it were a tiresome, depressing sort of person; a man, unworthy of the name, who was retiring prematurely from the battle of life because so far it had gone rather hardly with him. Hardly! She thought indignantly of so many other cases brought to her; young men cut off by terrible accidents from lives full of radiant and blessed promise; husbands and fathers torn from depending families; women and children condemned to long years of helpless suffering or cruel deformity; others sinking less from the actual disease or accident than from preceding privation. And here was this well-to-do and sound-limbed man slipping out of the ranks, seeking a mere Nirvanâ, simply because he could not have his own way with the world.

He closed his eyes again. She watched him attentively. He was certainly sinking. His breath came so faintly she could hardly detect it. Had not it ceased? Was he really dead? Had he succeeded in escaping from the very tolerable burden laid upon him, against which he had so querulously protested?

She was very tired, and disappointed at losing her case; and she

felt rather angry at his dying than compassionate. She had no patience with a sound and sane man who was so poor a thing as to call himself beaten at a little over forty. She would have despised a woman who could so easily give up the struggle, and everyone knows how much harder the struggle is for a woman; how the world is the oyster of men. She herself might have sunk under the waves, had she chosen, ten years ago.

She smiled to herself; a little surprised, sad smile. What had brought such a thought to her mind that night? She was not of late given to brooding over old dead and gone troubles. In her busy, new, interesting life she had no time even to remember them. There is little time for memory in a hospital ward, and none at all for romance—or, at least, for old romance. The present is so very real, so all-absorbing. She had quite got over the old trouble—forgotten it; until somehow—because the night was so quiet and so long, and she had nothing to do but sit and wait; and no doubt, also, because this man's suicidal conviction of the exceptional magnitude of his own misfortunes provoked indignant comparison with experience—the far, far past rushed upon her from its long hiding.

To love that never found its earthly close,
What sequel?

None. Nothingness, emptiness, a blank. Streaming eyes and breaking hearts? Oh! such things are beyond tears, and a heart suddenly crushed out of existence knows at least no pain of breaking. But it was death.

Her love had seemed to her such a perfect thing. She had never looked beyond the beatific present. She had never thought of marriage till she knew it could never be. Indeed, there had not been time to think of it in the shy maidenliness of eighteen, for English girls at eighteen, thank God for unsought mercy, still shrink shyly from that great mystery, or they did ten years ago. Those who looked on had observed and talked, as she found later to her great and angry surprise, to her deep humiliation. Some, thinking kindly if not speaking delicately, had said they seemed made for each other.

Well: with a great hot blush she knew she had believed the same. She had believed him wholly hers, born to complete her destiny as she had been born to complete his. And all the time it was Lena Paul to whom he belonged, whose destiny he had been born to complete, but who had surely not been called into being for the completion of his. She herself had dwelt for a time in a oneness with him, which surely no marriage tie could draw closer. And it

had ended. Fire or sword, death itself could end nothing more completely. One hour, it was the reallest thing on earth : the one reality. The next hour it was the mere memory of a dream, a thing that had never been. What sequel, indeed? Who shall trace the story of a flame blown out?

Her heart tightened in the old sweet anguish as that moment of her death-stroke returned to her. He had not spoken; he only looked once, straight and bravely, into her eyes and turned away. He knew what had happened between them, and she knew it. That was all. He was engaged to Lena Paul. Nobody at Kirkcliff had happened to know, and he had not thought of proclaiming it. He was a good man, and meant to do his duty. He had not stolen Agnes Clare's heart. It had simply flown to meet his, called, all unthinking, by sympathy, by fate.

A day came—how long after matters nothing; such things are not counted by suns and moons and the revolutions of the big, solid, senseless globe—when she woke out of numb death and cried, "He is not hers; it cannot be. He is mine, all mine, mine for ever. He was never made for that thing of curls and ribbons, he who was so high, so great. Oh! it is a sin he will do to marry her, even her, when he belongs to me. He is a good man, a true man, a loyal heart, but he is wrong, wicked. He would injure her worse than me. Honour! Faith! A faith unfaithful holding him falsely true."

They had met since his marriage without any outward sign of remembrance or smothered pain. He lived with his wife a provincial curate's hideous, soul-crushing life in a huge manufacturing town, he who might have filled a university chair or an episcopal throne. And Agnes came to London and went through six years of hospital training and work, and they had not met again. They had faithfully forgotten each other.

Forgotten! She was a good woman as he was a good man, and she would never have harboured in her breast thoughts which had become sin. She was a brave and sensible woman too, and would not waste her life over useless repinings. That she had never loved again proved no treasured sin. Many women can love only once, and do not care to marry without loving.

But often, often, though recently at diminishing intervals—the last had been nearly a week ago—the memory of him rushed upon her, recalled by some incident, some scene or poem or date associated with those golden days of Eden, perhaps the casual mention of his name by an acquaintance or in a newspaper. Then she would

yield to the spirit of memory and dream away an hour of sweet remembrance, even of strong and joyful hope. . . .

"Till death do them part! Yes, until then he belongs to her, and I may not even think of him. But after, when the day breaks and the shadows flee away, my beloved is mine and I am his." Again, "In heaven there is no marriage, but we may at least know and love each other there. All false ties will be dissolved. Then he shall be mine, mine. Oh! my love, my dear love, I can wait."

And so, in the watches of that night by Edgar Wyatt's death-bed, all uncalled, the memory of Armine Florence rushed upon her and possessed her. She gave herself up the more wholly because of long abstention to the ecstasy it awakened. She saw, instead of the narrow white bed, the pale, emaciated figure upon it, a vivid young face and eyes in which eager sympathy changed suddenly to passionate knowledge and longing, then to unspeakable pain and the quick anguish of renouncement.

"Oh! how he loved me!" she thought softly, thrilling as she had thrilled in the brief joy of new discovery. Such work as hers is prone, not only to harden the heart, but to blunt the finer conscience. There is too much of material toil and mechanical obedience to allow play of the emotions and other individualities, such as conscience. She let herself go for once. A sudden craving for poetry and love and beauty possessed her; a fierce enjoyment broke over the hard prose of her life. She relapsed like a reformed drunkard, like one whose cast-out devil returns with seven others. She basked and bathed and rioted in the sunlit heaven-warmed streams of love let loose.

"Do you ever remember me, dear?" she whispered almost audibly. "Do you sometimes think of me as I think of you? Are you thinking of me now? Do you hear of me sometimes and remember? I hope you do, else how shall we find each other *then*? Oh! Armine, Armine, you must come to me *then*, at once! I have waited so patiently, God knows that. I have not complained. I have done the best I could with my life, as you are doing with yours, but it is a poor business we have both made of it after all. Oh! what a life ours would have been, would be if—no, no, I will not think that. I will not wish her dead! I have always tried all I knew, my best, my best, never to wish that. I will not do murder in my heart . . . yet what it would be! What could heaven offer better? No, I will wait. But I cannot wait one moment once you are free; free among the dead. I may go first, of course. Then I will watch over you from the golden bar of heaven, the rampart of

God's house. It will seem so long, so long, not a day but 'ten years of years' to me, and you will come. . . . 'I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart' . . . I have prayed so, Armine. That was not a sin, for there has been no sin in my love. I never prayed that you might love me here on earth, not while you are bound to her. But after, we may pray for that. Oh! my dear, you are mine, mine! Come to me, come, come!"

She was recalled suddenly but wholly from her dream by the sound of a fluttering sigh. It was nothing ghostly; only the last drawn breath of the man upon the bed.

As she stooped over him something struck her in his face, something she had never noticed there before, something—she could not tell what. It was quite undefinable, but, like a sudden, half-heard sound or a breath of perfume, it called back a whole crowd of vague, irrelevant memories, all utterly irrelevant to him, all wildly vague, except that among them dominated the personality of Armine Florence.

It was very strange, for the dead man, Edgar Wyatt, was not, save in one insignificant detail, in the least like Armine Florence. He had never for one most fanciful, most fleeting moment reminded Agnes of her lost love. She was quite sure that she had never once thought of Armine since this patient was placed in her charge, until a few minutes ago; ten by the clock, she remarked. Of course the likeness must be purely imaginary, a phantom created by her own dreamy musing and the eeriness of the lonely night watch. . . .

She stood, her eyes fixed on the still white face, so wholly absorbed by that sudden illusion that she forgot to cover. . . .

Why, it was not the face of a dead man after all! It was very still, very white, but she looked earnestly and was convinced that she did not see death there. His breathing was all but imperceptible, his eyes were still closed, his mouth set, but he lived; he was, indeed, distinctly better.

She watched curiously, distracted amid professional interest and self-congratulation by that undoubted likeness to Armine Florence. It was strange she had never noticed it until now. There was the same handsome, prematurely worn, oval face as she had last seen it, the same delicately shaped nose, the thin, well-cut lips, the under one slightly projecting, the very cleft in the fine chin. That cleft she had remarked before. Possibly it was that which had stirred the memory of Armine Florence; but she had been struck by no other likeness.

She watched and waited; the breath came more regularly and

"You must try to sleep," she said mechanically, giving up the puzzle.

"Agnes, are you not glad to have me back?" he asked painedly.

"Oh, yes—but how can I—what difference—don't think of such things—till you are well," she implored distractedly.

"You called me," he reminded her.

"No, no, I only tried to rouse you."

"You said, 'Oh! my dear, you are mine! Come to me—come, come.'"

"Did I? I tried to rouse you," bewildered by shame more than surprise. Had she really spoken those words aloud?

"I had left them," he went on musingly, perplexedly recalling memory. "Lena kissed me and said 'Good-bye.' Then you called, somewhere in the dark, and I came all through darkness, till I woke and saw you."

He was evidently wandering, if not mad. In another moment she too would be mad.

"You must sleep," she said authoritatively. "You will wake up all right in the morning if you do. If you don't, you will be ill again—worse."

"Stay by me then, Agnes. I am very tired, but very happy to hold your hand. You are mine, my own at last." Then he sighed heavily, and his hand relaxed its grasp.

He slept and she watched, wildly wondering, intensely awake. If the likeness were illusion, it did not pass with the hour and the growing light, but strengthened. It was very strange, apparently inexplicable; but, of course, would be simply explained in the morning, and then they must part. Meantime the hour and the man too were hers, and it was deliriously strange and sweet.

At seven o'clock the day nurse came to take her place, and he had not awakened. She drew her hand from his without disturbing him. Nurse Vaughan did not notice the pain that parting gave. Her attention was fully occupied by the patient.

"Better! who would have thought it?" she exclaimed. "How different he looks; he is not the same man."

"How did he come here, then?" asked Agnes sharply. "I have never left him since I came on duty last night."

"Of course, I did not mean it literally. But he does look quite another person now he is better. You look queer too. I expect you are pretty well done up. Well, off you go. There is nothing to be anxious about. Why do you wait? You can trust me. I promise you I will restore him into your hands as I found him, only better."

of his usual scholarly and striking sermons in St. Dunstan's Church when he was observed to reel slightly. Mr. Henry Bell, one of the churchwardens, at once hastened to his assistance, only in time to receive the reverend gentleman in his arms as he fell insensible, stricken by apoplexy. He was conveyed to the vestry, and the sad news was immediately sent to Mrs. Florence and the Vicar, the Reverend Arthur Railston, who arrived nearly as soon as Dr. Foster, who was also summoned. Mr. Florence recovered slightly and was taken to St. Dunstan's Vicarage, where, however, he expired at a quarter past two o'clock this morning. The deceased gentleman was born," &c., &c., &c.

Agnes stared stupidly at the lines of print, then at the avenue of planes and elms before her, as if she sought the interpretation of the mystery among their shining, rustling branches. She crackled the paper up in her hands and pulled at it till she tore it across to make sure it was real and that she was awake. "So I only dreamt it after all," she told herself. "But how strange! His spirit must have been near me . . ."

But she was not asleep and dreaming when Nurse Vaughan came in that morning and remarked upon his changed appearance, which her own widely waking eyes confirmed. And she was certainly not dreaming now. Her walk in the crisp morning air must have effectually dispelled all fantasies of the night. And she remembered distinctly how he had talked of Lena and of falling in the pulpit. How could she have dreamt that before reading of it? Telepathy? Nonsense.

She went to find a hansom. She could not wait on the humours of an omnibus, or take her wild wonderings into a packed assortment of clerks and shop-girls chattering of music halls and sweethearts.

She went straight to Mr. Wyatt's bedside—Mr. Wyatt? It was Armine Florence beyond all possibility of illusion who welcomed her with a smile from his pillow. Changed of course, as ten years and strenuous work and severe illness might possibly have changed him, but Armine and no other. Nurse Vaughan asked with injured impatience what she wanted. "We are old friends," said Armine in his well-known, rather rasping, but expressive voice. How was it she had not recognised that voice sooner? "Can you tell me what has become of Lena, Agnes? I have no remembrance of how I came here, or if she is in town. My new nurse can tell me nothing more than that I am in London. She cannot find my pocket-book or anything. Some other man's belongings seem to have got into

II.

Hospital nurses, like soldiers, can, as a rule, summon sleep at will, and that kindly medicine was brought even to Agnes Clare's perplexed brain. In the soft light of the summer evening she returned to her charge.

He received her with distinctly restrained interest, with a sort of whimsical warning or defiance in his blue eyes, the same look that he wore when they met after his marriage, though something she could not define was perplexingly altered in them. He was very much better. The doctor had met her on the way, congratulated her, and triumphed in the fulfilment of his prognostication. "He only wanted the will to live. There was nothing to kill him. He will be all right soon enough now, ready for the seaside or the mountains. You have roused his will or given him one," he added to himself, but quite audibly, and he smiled. "He looks like another man."

"The doctor says I am all right," said the patient eagerly. "I must go home to Ironborough at once."

"He says the seaside," corrected Agnes mechanically.

"I cannot go to the seaside," petulantly. "I have much business that must be done first, and my wife will be most anxious."

"People are not expected to do business before they are quite clear of influenza."

"I haven't had influenza, nothing a bit like it. I had neither an ache nor a pain till I dropped in the pulpit."

A knock at the door. "A visitor to see Mr. Wyatt."

"Do you feel able to see a visitor?" asked Agnes helplessly.

He turned eagerly on the pillow. He was still too weak from his long illness to start upright. "A visitor! Certainly. Is it Lena? Railston?"

A card was handed in. "Mr. Horace Goode! I don't know him. It is a mistake."

He looked almost as ill as he had yesterday in his disappointment.

"Well, Wyatt, old boy," said the visitor, coming in cheerfully, "you have had a sharp thing of it, but I'm glad to hear you're through. You're a good deal altered though."

Mr. Goode paused, looking more puzzled than concerned. The patient said civilly, but with visibly suppressed impatience: "I am afraid I must be altered, indeed, if you take me for any Mr. Wyatt,

santly. I am afraid you must return. He keeps asking for his wife too, but he gives her address as Mrs. Florence, St. Dunstan's Terrace, Ironborough, and we know him to be an unmarried man, while Mrs. Florence happens to be a very newly-made widow. Her husband's body is actually lying confined in his house."

"It is a delusion, of course," said Agnes emphatically.

"But he is perfectly sane," objected the surgeon. "He will worry himself ill again if you don't go to him."

"I suppose I must go—and humour him," said Agnes quietly.

Again, on entering his presence, all belief in his "delusion" vanished. He was Armine Florence and no other. Were there then two Armines, one dead, the other living. Oh! to try to unravel such a skein is the way madness lies! She must just bear it—and wait.

It was Wednesday evening, the day of the curate of St. Dunstan's funeral. She gave herself up to "humouring" the patient with whom she was compelled to pass the night. She told him he should go home on Thursday. The doctor had said there was no reason for detaining him longer, but that he must go to Bournemouth if possible. She lied to him mechanically as if she were soothing a sick child. She acted her part so thoroughly that she found herself also sharing the delusion, and when he began to talk of the past, of Hayton, and the Gelt, of Lanercost, and Talkin' Tarn, she virtually forgot, not only Edgar Wyatt and the funeral at Ironborough, but Lena and his marriage, and the barren ten years that lay between them, and gave herself up to the joy of her long-starved love. He, too, apparently forgot the law that made remembering his long-silenced, hopeless love a sin. The hush of the summer night, only deepened by the ceaseless murmur of London rolling in the outside darkness like the ceaseless moan of the sea, was as sweetly soothing as the solemn silences of the Cumberland fells, sweetening and soothing away the nearer, sharper memory, the chill of conventionality, the pangs of restless conscience.

In the morning, nevertheless, she hastened to the Great Eastern station and bought an Ironborough paper. There was the expected lengthy account of the curate's funeral. There was a long list of mourners. First came the relatives of the deceased. Mrs. Florence was unable to be present, but General Sir John Paul, K.C.B.—that was her father—was there; and Captain Paul, R.N., and Mr. Edward Paul, M.P., and Mr. Henry and Mr. Julian Florence—those were his brothers—and Lady Wetheral—that was his sister. Could these people all be mistaken or deceived? And—"the relatives, parish-

ioners, and servants of the late clergyman were admitted early to the chapel, where the coffin had rested all night, covered with flowers, that they might take a last look at the beloved face before the lid was screwed down. They were much moved by the expression of serene happiness worn by their much lamented friend and master."

She went to bed, and rose at three in the afternoon. He was to leave the hospital at four, and she must show him the paper, hear his explanation, and see what became of him.

She found him dressed but looking ill and worried, and less like himself in Edgar Wyatt's suit of tweed. "What has become of my clothes?" he asked her indignantly. "These secular things could not possibly be mine. They belong to that man Wyatt whom I am supposed to resemble. His name is on the pocket-handkerchief and underclothes. One would think that in a fairly well-managed hospital such absurd and inconvenient mistakes could not occur. How can I show myself in Ironborough in such clothes?"

"Of course you cannot," she said quickly. "You had better come with me to a place where you can stay till your own luggage is found."

"Why can't it be found while I wait here?"

"It is entirely missing."

"Then we must go first to Scotland Yard."

She agreed, and accompanied him to the cab. He did not speak while they drove along the busy streets, but sat with his chin set forward in the old way, leaning on his umbrella, looking anxiously before him, absorbed by his own thoughts, not glancing at the crowds and buildings they passed.

They turned under the archway of Gray's Inn. "The man is making a mistake," he cried. "This is not Scotland Yard."

"It is Gray's Inn. Do you not remember it?"

"Certainly not. I never was here in my life before. Why are we going here?"

"I think we shall find out about your clothes here."

They stopped at a door on the east side of the square. He observed at once the name, "Mr. Edgar Wyatt," on the door post, and said, "Ah! this is the fellow who should be able to explain the matter."

He was still very weak and needed the support of her shoulder as they toiled up to the third floor. She rang the bell at the oak which again bore the name "Mr. Edgar Wyatt." No answer. "Haven't you a key?" she asked. "How should I have a key?" he

demanded impatiently, but he felt mechanically in his pockets and found two keys, which he fitted into the locks. The door was blocked somewhat by the accumulation of daily papers pushed through the letter slit. Box behind it there was none.

The rooms were close and dusty. A black cat followed them in from the landing with rapturous mewings and rubbed its head lovingly against his legs. They walk along the narrow, dark, unevenly floored passage to a large three-windowed sitting-room looking upon the green turf and trees of the gardens.

"Mr. Wyatt doesn't seem to be at home," he said, annoyedly. He looked round without a trace of recognition or interest in his face, simply as if he expected the master of the chambers to appear from the bedroom door or one of the windows or the cupboards in the pannelled walls.

Agnes threw open all the doors—bedroom, dressing-room, tiny kitchen, and lobby, all opening into one another. Not a human being was there.

"I cannot wait," cried the convalescent excitedly. "I must get home. The man may be at Jericho for what we know. I must catch an Ironborough train at once."

There was a panel photograph on the table, a man and a girl, the latter wearing the huge sleeves of three years ago. The man was certainly the man who had come into the hospital as Edgar Wyatt, a little younger, with thicker, unwhitened hair, but the same. And the girl was probably his last and faithless love. Agnes looked at the portraits curiously and then at her companion. A certain similarity might be discerned, but no likeness that could have struck one to whom the changeless spirit of Armine Florence made the man rather than the changeful body. She dusted the glass with her hospital apron and showed it to him.

He glanced at it without the faintest interest. "Is that my double?" he asked. "I can't say I feel flattered. I see no likeness at all. He is an older man by ten years."

Agnes could have smiled at the persistent refusal of man (or woman) to recognise the handwriting of time. Though the deeper lines had passed from his face, as they do under the gentle hand of death, his hair was nearly white. He did not notice the girl of the photograph at all.

"Come, we must be going," he said, rising impatiently.

"Going where?" she asked quietly.

"To Ironborough, of course. Where else? What do my clothes matter as long as I get home to my wife?"

"They are in great trouble at Ironborough. Your clothes would look odd. Everybody is in mourning there."

"Lena is dead!" he exclaimed, and her sinful soul winced at his fear.

"No, she is not. Somebody else is, though I cannot quite make out who. Perhaps you can explain," and she gave the Ironborough paper into his hand.

He sat down again in Mr. Wyatt's big easy chair and read the paragraph amazedly.

"This is a hoax," he cried.

She turned to the pile of London daily papers by the door and selected that for Monday last. She showed him the paragraph describing the death of the curate of St. Dunstan's, and she put in his hand her two crumpled pink telegrams.

He read them through without a word. She stood by the window and pretended to look out. The poor children of the neighbourhood were sporting noisily on the grass, but she neither saw nor heard them. She listened for some warning sound that would call her to her patient. She saw him aslant and knew he had not fainted.

The minutes passed like hours, but she was accustomed to such prolonged minutes, and knew that not more than ten had dragged over when he called her in a low, awed voice, "Agnes."

She was by his side at once. He had neither gone mad nor fainted. There was a strange light in his face, a strange amazement, a strange conflict between fear and gladness. He drew her down to him, and she fell on her knees at his side and lifted her eyes, full of lovely wonder.

"Agnes," he said steadily. "Tell me all the particulars of my coming to the hospital."

She obeyed calmly, minutely. She described his marvellous waking, her faint, then gradually surer, recognition.

"Now hear my story," he said when she had finished; and he repeated, but with more detail, the account he had already given of his fainting in the pulpit; of his brief recovery of consciousness, his second loss thereof, and her simultaneous cry to him, "Come, come, come," of his waking to recognise her leaning over him.

"You are an experienced person," he said at last. "You have a clear head on your shoulders. Am I sane or not?"

"Perfectly sane, as far"—

"Perfectly sane. My memory is as clear as yours. Ask me any question you like as to my past life—as to those three weeks we had in Cumberland together ten years ago."

"Armine?" She hardly breathed the name. She was pale as death and trembling violently. He drew her from her knees and held her close to him.

"You are mine now, my own and only one, and I am yours," he said. "Death dissolves all bonds. Agnes, you called my spirit to you as it left my body. The force of your love constrained it in its lonely weakness, and I turned aside from the heavenward path and came. I suppose," he continued with an odd impersonal interest, "I should only have hovered near unseen, unsuspected, but that a body was prepared for me; one from which the spirit had just been set free—one still strong enough, organically, to hold a living soul. I am given to you from the dead."

"Is it possible?" she whispered.

"It is so, therefore it must be possible. You called me. My new life comes to me from you—is yours."

"No, no; you must go to Lena. You are still Lena's—if you are not dead. You love her, she loves you."

"Lena was very dear to me, but not as dear as you were. She has done with me and I with her. We did our duty to each other, wholly, honestly. . . . Hark! who is at the door?"

Agnes went to see. It was Doctor Steel, who came in beaming, confident of welcome. "This is good news, Wyatt," he cried. "You are a miracle, a new man, upon my word." He wrung his ex-patient's reluctant hand, noticing in the gathering dusk by the door no want of welcome, even of responsive recognition. "Now you must be off to the sea. My advice is to go at once, this very day. Sleep to-night by the waves. Get out of this exhausted London air."

"I cannot go at once, doctor. I must take my nurse with me."

"Oh! quite unnecessary, quite unnecessary. You will never look behind you now. You want no nursing, only nursing by the air-mothers, as Kingsley called them; and St. Cosmas's can't spare Nurse Clare."

"St. Cosmas's must. She is going to marry me before we go to the seaside."

"Oh, indeed! You have made the most of your time. It is rather sudden—quite a romance, I mean."

"Much more than a romance, and not at all sudden. We are very old friends indeed."

Agnes felt helplessly unable to protest until the doctor left. Then she said: "It cannot be. It is impossible. Whatever it all means, one thing is certain: Armine Florence is the husband of Lena Florence."

"The Armine Florence who was married to Lena is dead and buried. I belong only to you. You called me. Will you cast me away when I come to you? and whither? I have no place on earth or in heaven!"

"Perhaps—Mr. Edgar Wyatt belongs to somebody," she suggested.

He was startled, then said, "But he, at least, is undoubtedly dead."

"I remember—there is nobody. He told me so. That must be the girl."

His eyes passed contemptuously over the panel photograph. "Not a girl worth giving a thought to. Oh! my Agnes"——

Another knock. The woman who "did" Mr. Wyatt's rooms, full of apologies for neglect—full, too, of spirituous odour—but quite devoid of the slightest suspicion that it was not Mr. Wyatt to whom she apologised. Her excuses were interrupted by a breathless youth from the floor below.

"I say, Wyatt, I'm awfully glad you're back and better. I'm just going out of town, and I wanted to pay you that fiver you so kindly lent me. I've come up a score of times hoping to find you and get it off my mind."

"Please don't mention it, my boy," said the creditor, with a quite new sacerdotal-paternal manner. "You don't owe it to me. Keep it as my contribution to your holiday. Consider yourself, so far as it will hold out, my guest. No, I really cannot and will not take it."

"But, really"—— The boy paused, scarlet with offence, then paling with perplexity.

Agnes understood his sensitive pride, and how he could not possibly guess why the debt owing to Edgar Wyatt could not all at once be accepted by the spirit of Armine Florence.

"You can pay it to his nurse, if you like," she said.

When he had gone she answered the annoyed eyes and under-lip: "It is really owing, and we must have some money to go on with. I have only three pounds or so upon me. Of course there is my two hundred a year. I don't suppose Edgar Wyatt had a shilling in the world put by."

He looked at her again with the familiar whimsical expression. "I am glad it is 'we.' But I am rather in a corner, now I have time to realise the situation. As Armine Florence I possess nothing, not even the name."

"You must, of course, accept the name of Edgar Wyatt with his body. Everyone has recognised you for him, though one or two

have been puzzled by the change made by Armine's spirit upon Edgar's countenance."

"I suppose it must be so," dissatisfiedly. "I hope it is a name that has worn well. A name I must have, and that one seems to belong lawfully to this earthly tabernacle. Are you content that it should be yours too, Agnes?"

"You will always be Armine to me—but it is all so strange, like a dream. I cannot believe"—

His face changed. A sudden solemnity came over it. He said softly: "Let us think together what it means—and be thankful, and begin this new life as if it were the heaven I so nearly reached."

"And from which I called you?" she cried, swerving under the flash of new comprehension.

She gazed into his eyes with new fear, new inquiry. Did he regret it? Would he fain wing his way into darkness or fire, so it was the way to heavenly light? Was it possible that his spirit might let itself be detained for any more than the space of a dream? All her doubts and scruples fled before that terror. She had him at last and she could not give him up. But his eyes were clouded by sad unrest. He seemed hardly conscious of her presence. Was his spirit already preparing for flight?

She flung her arms round his neck and pressed her face against his and clung to him breast to breast. All the force and heat of love ten years dammed broke over her in waves of passion to bear him with her on its radiant current. He looked into her eyes, her glorious violet eyes, shining and moist with love. Her close bonnet had been laid aside, and her uncovered warm brown hair brushed his cheek softly. All her rich ripe beauty filled his sight. The ten years that had worn small, dark, delicate Lena into a middle-aged woman had but given new and fuller loveliness to Agnes. He was not in the least degree a sensual man; but being a man, he was possessed of senses. He had long ago conquered their grosser force and kept them in perfect and continuous restraint. But they lived and stirred and glowed at the magic touch of beauty; to the warmth of human affection and the fine delight of intellectual sympathy.

"Dear, we two together will live a life as high as heaven!" she murmured. "You can help me and I can help you, as no other could, to reach a far loftier plane of perfection than either of us could have attained alone—a more glorious place in heaven. You knew it then—and I knew it, and we sinned against the knowledge, against each other and God, by not choosing that path at any cost."

"They cannot dispute it—if there is a 'they.' He said he had no relations."

"The money came to him from a godfather who also seems to have no relations."

"Then of course it is yours. If you satisfy the lawyer of your identity, you cannot refuse it. Why should you be so mad?"

III.

Agnes Wyatt sat alone upon a balcony which fronted the splendours of the Rhætian Alps. It was exactly a year since her marvellous union with Armine took place; a year of happiness beyond all word-painting, all lesser understanding. She had drunk of the cup of love insatiately, and she found it inexhaustible. All she had ever dreamed of life with Armine Florence had been realised, and more. He had given her a love in which, after the first fearful meeting, there had been no change or shadow of turning. She had given him worship and sympathy that were to him as uncloying as sweet, because they were born of intelligence and love. In their love there was a oneness, a perfect equality, an entire understanding, that raised it far, far above and beyond any earthly love she ever beheld or heard of.

And their happiness had not been all for themselves. They had together done wonderful things for the world. His name was in all men's mouths as one of the greatest of his age—a leader of thought to heights unattainable save by such as combined mighty intellect with the loftiest purity of purpose, and with the opportunity which comes with money. And to her sympathy and assistance he owed half his fame and success, and his deep love wrapped her round, and made the universe a glory to her.

She was looking for his return. He was hardly ever away from her side, and each hour of his absence was still darkness and emptiness to her; filled with wild foolish fears and maddening doubts. It was not the common fear of accidents that strained her nerves as she watched the white road until it was lost in rosy distance. It made no difference to her whether he were climbing the Matterhorn or posting a letter round the corner in Oxford, where they had made their home. When he was at her side he was as real to her as any other man; as if he had been the very Edgar Wyatt who died in St. Cosmas's Hospital, or the Armine Florence

of eleven years ago, whom he had daily grown to resemble more completely. When he was out of sight, the marvellous fact of his re-incarnation seemed to her like a dream, and she waited half crazy, half fainting with fear, lest his spirit, free from her compelling influence, should have fled to that goal where it was so long overdue.

A sad-looking little lady in mourning came slowly along the balcony. She had arrived only that morning with some friends, who had gone for a mountain walk without her, she being but a frail thing, tired by her journey. Agnes had not seen her before or heard her name. She looked up with a start. The strange lady shrank shyly back. Agnes tried to laugh and asked anxiously, "I beg your pardon. I thought it was some one come with bad news. You haven't heard of any accident?"

"Oh, no. I am sorry I startled you. One cannot help being nervous when one's men go up those terrible mountains."

"Are you anxious, too? Is your husband up in those dangerous mountains? There is nothing really to fear. He is sure to be safe."

"He is quite safe, though he is far higher up than the highest peak—'beyond the utmost purple rim,' as he would have said," she added softly.

Agnes winced as if Armine had had a monopoly of such quotation. "I am sorry—I should have guessed." Which was an unjust bit of self-rebuke, for the stranger had put off her first year's weeds.

"Then you don't remember me?" she said timidly.

Agnes looked at her with faint curiosity, which changed immediately to pale terror.

"I did not—for the moment," she stammered.

"I am more changed than you are. I knew you at once. I have gone through a great deal of trouble, you know."

Agnes made some stiff-tongued reply: something about its having been a long time. Armine was coming—might find her here any moment. Of course she had known Lena Florence to be living and about in her remote corner of the world, but she had virtually forgotten her: as had Armine, for all sign he made of remembering.

"How lovely these mountains are!" said Lena reverently. "I always think there can be no others like them—except the everlasting hills of heaven."

"Do you know the Alps very well?" coldly.

"I only know these. I came here on my honeymoon." Agnes caught her breath. Then so did Armine; but he had not mentioned it. "You think it strange I should come back to them. Indeed, I thought I never could bear to look at a mountain again. I have not left Ironborough since he died until now. My friends insisted on my coming with them, as they said I needed change, and the fancy suddenly took me to come here, of all places. I am glad I came. His spirit seems nearer to me here than even in St. Dunstan's. Heaven seems to draw the soul up and out of the body, among those solemn mountains."

A terror of ice clutched Agnes by the heart. Had Armine's spirit called Lena here? Then whose husband should he be of the twain?

"I wonder it was not more painful to you to come," she said severely, as if shocked at such heartlessness.

"Why should it be painful, after all?" asked Lena gently. "I have no memories of him that are not happy. Our life together was perfect happiness; and his death—even that was too beautiful to mourn over. He was not, for God took him. He had lived a beautiful life, all for others, nothing for himself; and he went to heaven. What more could one wish for?"

"Your life was happy?" Agnes asked, forcing herself to speak without an insulting amount of incredulous curiosity.

"Perfectly. If you had known him better you might understand a little; but only I who knew him best of all could understand what life meant shared with him. It was heaven."

"Heaven!" The word broke from her with a strange ring, made of contempt, incredulity, jealousy.

Lena Florence took it for shocked protest against exaggeration or irreverence. She said smiling: "Our human conceptions of heaven are so various, are they not? Your heaven and mine may be as wide apart as the poles. I saw you seeing your husband off"—Agnes started. "Forgive me. I was not eaves-dropping. You were so fully occupied with each other that you had no eyes for anything else, and my friend and I passed you quite near in the wood there."

"You saw him"—

"Only his profile and back. I did not recognise you until I had seen your names in the hotel list, and of course he is quite a stranger to me. We took you for a newly made bride and bridegroom, or lovers parting for ever."

"You are sarcastic."

"Oh ! please don't think that. Indeed, indeed, I never meant—I was a little envious, I dare say, and bitter."

"It reminded you of your partings," fiercely.

"Not at all. We were not a demonstrative pair. My husband was a grave, self-restrained person. Our heaven was as different as possible from yours." She winced for the first time at a gleam of triumph in Agnes's eyes and went on in quite another tone, only too sweetly quiet for self-assertion or defiance ; "but I think it must have been as near what we know of it as one can get on earth. He lived his life with his heart in heaven. He worked with all his might, and he loved me as I think no wife was ever loved before, so tenderly, unselfishly, unchangeably ; but neither love nor work held down his heart to earth, and I know he not only worked but loved all the better for it, like a luxuriant, fruitful tree whose roots draw from a river. And now he is at rest—home he's gone and ta'en his wages ; living in light and joy never to be shadowed—never to end."

Her face was all alight with faith and love, transfigured by selfless joy into seraphic beauty ; such a face as Armine would meet when he should climb the golden stair—as he would meet presently, in the flesh. But where could he be ?

She said hastily : "I think you had better not meet my husband. He may come any minute—and it would pain you. He is curiously like"—

"Like Armine ? Oh ! I don't think I should see any likeness. What is this ?" she cried, startled, leaning over the balcony ; then, "Oh ! my dear, go in. You must not look. Of course it isn't—but it may"—

She knew it ; seemed to have known it all along. She could have hurled from the balustrade the woman who had—what ? She did not know. She knew nothing. Her feet must have carried her without her knowing, for she was beside Armine, stretched on a bed once more : life ebbing fast from him.

She signed that the room might be cleared. She had told them of her hospital experience, and they left them together. It was a hopeless case. His back was broken ; and there were other hurts. He was unconscious, but might recover consciousness for a short time at the last. He was past all pain.

He opened his eyes, and she saw in them the very anguish of the damned.

"My darling, you are suffering," she moaned.

"I am in hell."

"Oh ! no, my own—you are with me."

“Yes, that is it. Yours, only yours. I came, I turned away from heaven—and I must pay.”

“Armine, Armine, you must not die. I cannot live without you. Oh ! stay.”

He gave her one slow, terrible look : “I will not be called back again, though your will is strong. You must walk the earth alone—and I, who chose ‘a single rose for a rose-tree which beareth seven times seven’—Well, I chose it and I had it. It was my heaven—one may not have both.”

THE SEDAN CHAIR.

WITH few things has the age of invention worked greater havoc than with the mode and means of conveyance. Our modes of conveyance have so often and so completely changed, that it is not a little difficult for moderns to understand the references to the vehicles which play so important a part in the early novelists and dramatists.

The sedan chair, for example, has been so rudely and completely ousted in the march of progress, that its very name is now almost forgotten ; and yet what a part it played in the fashionable life of by-gone days.

“One solitary four-in-hand,” observes Thackeray, in his lecture on George IV., “still drove round the parks in London last year ; but the charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old ; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of Styx ere long—where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revellers who boxed and gambled and drank and drove with King George.”

The chairmen, and their chairs with them, must have crossed the Styx, for not a single vestige of them is to be seen at this side of it ; but there is, apparently, no bridge across the dark river to take a four-in-hand, and the fabled ferryman will evidently have nothing to do with Thackeray’s tough old “charioteer,” for in a block at Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, caused by the dense fog of the Saturday before Christmas, might be heard, as of yore, the inspiriting horns of half a dozen four-in-hands.

Authorities differ as to the introduction of the sedan chair. Some say that it was first used in England by Sir S. Duncombe, who introduced it from France about the year 1634, while others assert with equal confidence that the Duke of Buckingham was the first to employ the chair in England a year or two later, and raised an outcry by so doing, the populace exclaiming that he was employing his fellow men as beasts of burden.

Not, however, till the waning years of the seventeenth century was

the chair regarded with favour. Between the years 1660 and 1670 Pepys wrote his Diary, and once only does he refer to the chair, and that not in London. Being at Bath taking the waters he writes, "Took a bath and home in a chair." Neither is there any mention of it to be found in Evelyn's Diary. A proof that the chair had not yet got into vogue; for if it had it could not have escaped these keen and accurate observers of men and things.

Will Congreve, that brilliant and, according to Fielding, faithful limner of contemporary life and manners, first mentions the chair in his third comedy, "Love for Love," where Angelica says, "Good b' w' ye uncle—call me a chair." This play, first performed in 1695, affords evidence, by the many allusions in it to the chair, that the fashionable world had by this time generally adopted the new invention.

Jeremy says in "Love for Love," "I am by my father the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter and cucumbers in summer; and I came upstairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar." And again, in the same witty play a character observes, "Now like a thin chairman melted down to half his proportion with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune, and his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage or the day of death."

Chairs had become numerous and formidable enough in Anne's reign to demand regulation by Act of Parliament. In 1711 an Act (9 Anne, cap. 23) was passed licensing 200 public sedan chairs at ten shillings each yearly, and their fare was settled at one shilling per mile. Next year was passed another Act (10 Anne, cap. 19), licensing 100 more, but leaving the fares unaltered.

In the list subjoined are charges which chairmen were empowered to demand:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
For the first hour, if paid by an hour	1	6
For every hour afterwards	0	6
For any distance not exceeding one mile	1	0
From one to one mile and a half	1	6
For every half-mile afterwards	0	6

But this list was perhaps not always too rigidly adhered to. Lord Carlisle writes from Spa to the amiable, if "lazy and sleepy" George Selwyn: "I rise at six, play at cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening, till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton, your dog, till twelve, in your dressing-gown; then creep down to White's; are five hours at table; sleep till supper time; and then make two wretches carry

you in a sedan chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling."

These conveyances were invariably called "chairs," the prefix "sedan" being rarely used. Like coaches, their adornment was indicative of the wealth and rank of their owners, although, perhaps, none ever came up to Anne's royal present. "The Queen has made a present of a chair," writes Luttrell in his Diary, December 10, 1709, "value £8,000, to the King of Prussia, which is ordered for Berlin." Still many of them were highly ornamented, some being lined with crimson velvet, trimmed with gold and silver, and therefore must have lent a beautiful glow of colour to the streets.

The comfort and safety of the chair is open to question, for upon these most important points there is a wide divergence in contemporary opinion. The Marquis of Hazard, in "The Gamester," exclaims: "Hey, let my three footmen wait with my chair there; the rascals have come such a high trot, they've jolted me worse than a hackney coach, and I am in such disorder as if I had not been drest to-day." There are some beautiful and interesting peeps at chairmen and their ways in Gay's "Trivia"; and from these it will be readily perceived that both chair and chairman were the great humorist's aversion. He says:—

Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet.

And again—

The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatter, and his charge o'erturns.

As a set-off to this not too flattering testimony we have a charming picture of the chair in "The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax," a work which for its quaint, homely, and humorous pictures of old English life is well worth perusing. Doctor Syntax observes:—

In Bath's fine city 'tis well known
That at each corner of the town
A certain vehicle is seen,
A pleasant, dancing, light machine,
Which is well fashion'd to convey
A beau or belle to ball or play;
Sedans they're call'd, and two men bear,
With two long poles, the easy chair,
Which keeps you safe from cold and wet,
And ne'er is known to overset;
Now these same men are chiefly found
To owe their birth to Irish ground.

The chairmen were nearly all Irishmen—strong, active fellows, remarkable for their well-formed limbs. That the chairman's calling was a laborious one, particularly in hot weather, goes without saying. "By this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog days than act Sir Rowland till this time to-morrow" (Waitwell, in Congreve's "Way of the World").

The chair reached its highest splendour about the middle of the eighteenth century. By this time the chairman had become a personage to be reckoned with. His arrogance in monopolising the pavement drew forth many a bitter jibe from the satirists of the day. Gay, in his "Trivia," says:—

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
 Press near the wall and rudely thrust thy side;
 The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pell-Mell,
 When in long rank a train of torches flame
 To the midnight visits of the dame?
 Others, perhaps by happier guidance led,
 May, where the chairman rests, with safety tread;
 Where'er I pass, their poles, unseen below,
 Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.'

And again—

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command.

The principal rendezvous of chairmen were noted coffee and chocolate houses.

when tavern doors
 The chairmen idly crowd.
 * * * * *
 At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
 And swings around his waist his tingling hands.
 "Trivia."

"Enter SNAP (a Bailiff).

"SNAP. By your leave, gentlemen,—Mr. Trapland, if we must do our office, tell us; we have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall Mall and Covent Garden; and if we don't make haste the chairmen will be abroad and block up the chocolate houses, and then our labour's lost."—Congreve's "Love for Love."

They were very much in evidence too at balls, routs, parties, theatres, and drawing-rooms. It is recorded that at a drawing-room

held in celebration of the birthday of Queen Anne the banquet was invaded by the chaperons, who finally pushed the crowd aside and seemed utterly regardless of the hiss and roar if those who did not make way for them.

To ride in a hackney-coach was, in those days, not considered good form.

‘Come, madam,’ says Squire Western in his language, ‘you must go along with me by fair means, or I’ll have you carried down to the coach.’

Sophia said she would attend him without force, but begged to go in a chair, for she said she should not be able to ride any other way.

‘Pardon,’ cries the Squire, ‘won’t impudence be cross you ride in a coach, wouldn’t? That’s a pretty thing, surely. No, no, I’ll never let thee out of my sight any more till we married, that I promise thee.’

To the inimitable Fielding we are indebted for some graphic and subtle touches of the chaperon and his fervent ways. ‘Tom Jones, it will be remembered, attends a masquerade at Covent Garden, and becomes enamoured of ‘The Queen of the Fairies.’

‘The lady, ‘Queen of the Fairies’ presently after pointed the masquerade, and Jones, notwithstanding the severe prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the want of a smiling, and could not relieve by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which the lady rode, pursued by a grand huzza from all the chaperons present, who wisely took the best care they can to discourage all walking after by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who attend at the open-house were too busy to quit their stations, and, as the business of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the street, he proceeded without molestation, in a dress which at another season would have certainly raised a mob at his heels.’

It will be also remembered that shortly after the masquerade the gay Lady Bellaston pays a visit in her chair to Tom Jones at his lodgings in Bond Street; and, from the lips of his landlady, Mrs. Miller, we catch a quaint glimpse of the character of chaperons, as well as a curious insight into the manners of the time.

‘‘I don’t know what fashion she is of,’’ answered Mrs. Miller, ‘but I am sure no woman of virtue, unless a very near relation indeed, would visit a young gentleman at ten o’clock at night, and stay four hours in his room with him alone; besides, sir, the

behaviour of her chairmen shows what she was ; for they did nothing but make jests all the evening in the entry, and asked Mr. Partridge, in the hearing of my own maid, if Madam intended to stay with his master all night, with a great deal of stuff not proper to be repeated.' ”

The occupant of the chair appears to have been fair game for the gangs of footpads and cut-purses which infested the streets in those days. The Earl of Harborough, for instance, was in 1726 stopped in Piccadilly whilst being carried in his chair during broad daylight. One of the chairmen, we are told, pulled a pole out of the chair and knocked down one of the villains, while the Earl came out, drew his sword, and put the others to flight, but not before they had raised their wounded comrade, whom they took off with them.

Still more dramatic, perhaps, is the incident related of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., who nearly three-quarters of a century later was similarly molested.

“ I am seventy years of age,” said the Queen, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her chair ; “ I have been fifty years Queen of England, and I never was insulted before.”

The dawn of the nineteenth century, with its great water-ways, its splendid roads, and its marvellous steam-power, soon rendered the sedan chair of interest only to the antiquary. Besides, there were other forces conspiring to hasten and complete its end. The gossipy Sir Horace Walpole, complaining in 1791 of the increase of traffic, writes : “ Indeed, the town is so extended that the breed of chairs is almost lost ; for Hercules and Atlas could not carry anybody from one end of the enormous capital to the other.” This period was marked by a terrific mania for building. At Camden Town alone Lord Camden leased sites for 1,400 houses ; while London was stretching westwards with magical strides. So that by the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the chair had vanished from London's streets, though for a few more years an odd one might still be seen here and there in the halls of west-end mansions, where it was regarded as an interesting relic of by-gone days.

AUSTIN M. STEVENS.

MARGUERITE D'ANGOULÈME AS PRINCESS AND POETESS.

Chante qui voudra les attraits
De la rose naissante,
Pour moi je suis blessé des traits
D'une fleur plus intéressante !
Celle qui possède mon cœur,
Qui sans cesse l'agite,
Celle qui fait tout mon bonheur,
C'est la charmante Marguerite.

Old French Song.

SCATTERED through the pages of history are the names of many famous women, who in various ways have influenced the lives of men and the welfare of States ; and ever conspicuous among a cluster of lesser names stands that of Marguerite d'Angoulême, sister of Francis I. She was also known as Marguerite de Valois,¹ as Marguerite de France, and later as the Queen of Navarre. Famous for her beauty and learning, the patroness of art and letters, the enthusiastic religious reformer, the mainstay of the Renaissance in France, and the centre of romance and chivalry, Marguerite is indeed the very ideal princess of the Middle Ages.

She was the daughter of Charles of Orleans, Count of Angoulême, and Louise of Savoy. She was born in 1492, two years before her brother Francis. Louise was considered the most learned and accomplished lady of her day, and after her husband's death she retired with her two children to her dower house of Romorantin, devoting her entire time and attention to their care and instruction. Marguerite received an excellent education, being instructed in Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, and German, in all which languages she was thoroughly conversant ; later on she studied Hebrew, while she also devoted much time to poetry and philosophy.

¹ The indiscriminate use of the title Marguerite de Valois has occasioned her to be confused with "la reine Margot," wife of Henry IV., another notable "Marguerite de Valois," but of totally different and inferior disposition and character.

During the life of Charles VIII. Marguerite's parents had been in a species of honourable banishment from Court for political reasons, but on the accession of Louis, Duke of Orleans, Marguerite's brother, Francis d'Angoulême, became heir presumptive to the throne of France and first Prince of the Blood. This naturally made a great difference to the position of the family, and Louis XII. invited Louise and her two children to the Court. Marguerite, then aged twelve, made a brilliant *début*, and seems to have astonished and charmed all those with whom she came in contact.

Louis was delighted with both children, and assigned the Castle of Amboise to their mother as a permanent residence. Here the sons of the greatest nobles of the land were sent to be educated with Francis. "Pages d'honneur de monseigneur d'Angoulême" they were called; but the leading spirit in this juvenile court was undoubtedly Marguerite. It was she who presided over their sports and pastimes, crowning the victor, while she played the part of "Queen of Love and Beauty." Hers was not, however, an idle childhood, for the wise instructions of Madame de Châtillon, her governess, combined with her own natural love and ability for study, soon enabled her to rival her mother as one of the most learned ladies in the land. She quickly developed into a charming and beautiful girl, full of compassion for the sorrowful and oppressed, and loving and affectionate to her friends.

At the age of ten Louis XII. had endeavoured to betroth Marguerite to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry VIII. of England, but, fortunately for her, Henry VII. did not consider the match sufficiently good for his son—there being no certainty that Francis would ever be king—so the proposal was abandoned, and Marguerite continued to live happily with her mother and the brother to whom she always remained absolutely devoted.

When she was seventeen Marguerite was married against her inclination to the Duke of Alençon, a morose, bigoted man of jealous temperament. After the wedding she and her husband went to live in the lonely district of Argentan, where the sensitive and imaginative girl, with her high ideals and romantic sentiments, felt keenly the exile from her mother and brother and the intellectual society to which she had been accustomed. Madame de Châtillon, her former governess, accompanied her as first lady of honour, and the two beguiled many weary hours with study, more especially with Theology, for which Marguerite had early developed a taste.

The Duke of Alençon, though proud of the admiration his wife

excited, was exceedingly jealous, and preferred that she should live a quiet, secluded life at Argentan rather than the gay life at Court. But her dull existence was not without its brighter moments. In 1514 Francis married Louis XII.'s eldest daughter, Claude, and Marguerite was present at the ceremony; again on the occasion of Louis XII.'s third marriage with Mary Tudor and her subsequent coronation Marguerite visited Paris. Two months later Louis died and Francis became King of France.

A new and dazzling prospect now opened before Marguerite. She was practically Queen of France, for the gentle Claude preferred her embroidery and her children's nursery to the splendid Court of Francis. Marguerite was in her element. She collected around her poets, scholars, painters—in fact, all the *savants* of the day. Wit and gallantry became the passport to the Court of which she was the life and centre. She modelled its ways on the old chivalric orders so fast disappearing from Europe, reintroducing the “Courts of Love,” and encouraging all the romantic extravagances of the day; but though she allowed much liberty and freedom in her Court, so great was her virtue, her discretion, and the simple dignity of her bearing that till her effort at reform raised up enemies against her no breath of ill-fame ever touched her name. Neither did she allow her husband to be ignored, and through her influence Francis bestowed on him some of the most important and lucrative posts in his kingdom.

In 1520 at the magnificent meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis on the “Field of the Cloth of Gold” Marguerite was present, one of her suite being the witty black-eyed Anne Boleyn, better known to English than French history. It was Mary Boleyn who came over with Mary Tudor at the time of her marriage; Anne, the younger sister, did not come till a year or two later, and then remained with Marguerite till she went back to England as maid of honour to Catherine of Aragon and future queen of Henry VIII.

Marguerite greatly favoured the doctrines of religious reform that were fast becoming popular in France. The Sorbonne, the Faculty of Theology, soon began to realise how widespread these opinions were. In 1521 the Diet of Worms had stamped the new ideas as heresy, and as such the orthodox party determined to put them down. Marguerite herself stood too high to be interfered with, but she found the Established Church party had become her enemies, and though they dared not attack her openly they did not hesitate to use their influence against her, circulating false and discreditable stories about her, that even to this day are difficult to disentangle

from the true facts of her life. At one time a satirical drama was acted by the students at the Sorbonne, in which Marguerite was represented as a Fury. Calvin in a letter to Francis Daniel gives an account of this play, and says, "Other things were added, in the same style, most unjustly indeed, against this excellent woman, whom they openly persecute with their insults."

Brantôme says that Francis in speaking of his sister often said that she was of great assistance to him, and accomplished much by the industry of her gentle spirit and her sweetness.

Marguerite so far influenced her brother that from the beginning of the persecution in 1512 till Francis was taken prisoner in 1525 no victim was burned at the stake. Still she could not prevent the persecution entirely; torture, branding, and imprisonment were of common occurrence. With her ever ready sympathy she helped many, some to leave the country, others to find hiding-places, while for not a few she obtained pardons. It is at this period of her life that we see most clearly Marguerite's character: in those days of bigotry and intolerance she was large-minded and tolerant; in the days of superstition and ignorance she was clear-sighted and enlightened. She could sympathise with the oppressed, and still not hate the oppressor.

On the death of Maximilian in 1519 Francis and Charles I. of Spain (afterwards known as the Emperor Charles V.) became rival candidates for the Imperial crown. Despite the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" and the military honours that Francis had won in his Italian campaign, both Henry VIII. of England and the Pope sided against him. After much dissension Francis finally declared war against Charles, nominally on account of some French provinces which the latter held, and in order to punish the traitor Bourbon, who had joined the enemy's camp. The campaign ended disastrously for the French. Francis was carried off a prisoner to Spain, while many of the greatest nobles of the land were captured or killed; among the latter was the famous Bayard, the knight "sans peur et sans reproche," at whose hand Francis had accepted knighthood in his first Italian campaign.

These misfortunes were greatly attributable to the Duke of Alençon, who, while commanding the vanguard, had proved a coward at the critical moment and fled, losing the battle which, according to some, but for him might have resulted in a French victory. The indignation of the people was unbounded; even the popular street songs of the day were turned to the abuse of the unpopular duke. His conduct appeared even more obnoxious

Marguerite d'Angoulême as Princess and Poetess. 37

since he was free and unharmed, while the flowers of French valour lay dead on the battle field or was carried captive to Spain.

At first even the gentle Marguerite would not see him; that her husband should have ruined the brother she adored was more than she could bear. But when it became known that the beloved general was dying of remorse and misery she went to him, comforted him, and nursed him till his death. In the end the grief she felt for the miserable man awoke her love for him. "It was not virtuous has been her conduct that well she deserves applause from me," said the dying duke.

Marguerite does not appear to have kept the heavy duty of mourning and seclusion usual for widows of her rank generally on account of the disturbed state of the country, or the questions of whose affairs she now had to take so large a share.

Troubles did not come singly to her; early a few months before she had nursed Queen Claude in her last illness, and after her death Marguerite took charge of her father's children, and was in a mother to them. She was particularly fond of little Blanche Charlotte, who died about this time of the measles, and in three years dedicated one of her best known poems, "*Le Miroir de l'Âme Pêcheresse*,"¹ to the child's memory.

Marguerite was also greatly distressed by the imprisonment of her brother. Francis, through his captivity, visited the courts of Europe; poets sang of his captivity, his misdeeds, and his gallantry, and even in his own country Charles was called upon to be unpopular gaoler of this romantic prince.

Meanwhile it was decided that Marguerite, vested with the full ambassadorial powers, should undertake the dangerous journey into Spain to treat for the release of her brother. After some delay she obtained a safe-conduct from Charles and started on her long and perilous journey, hastened by the news that her husband was ill. In her litter she occupied herself by writing poems about him. On arriving at Alcaza Marguerite found Francis apparently dying. Charles, who had just visited the prisoner, promising many things but fulfilling none, received Marguerite with the greatest goodwill.

¹ This poem was translated into English verse by Queen Elizabeth when she was eleven years old, and was presented by her to her step-mother, Katharine Parr. The original MS. in its embossed cover is now at the Bodleian Library, and has lately been published in facsimile by the Royal Society of Literature. Probably the copy of *Le Miroir de l'Âme Pêcheresse* from which Elizabeth made her translation had once belonged to her mother, who, as before mentioned, was at one time lady in waiting to its authoress.

respect. He spoke to her of his willingness to come to a satisfactory agreement, at the same time refusing to lessen his unreasonable demands. His council proposed terms, arbitrary and impossible, which Marguerite had not the power to grant had she wished, and which, had they been granted, would have taken a third of France from the House of Valois. At the same time Charles, who controlled his council entirely, sent the most gracious assurances of his friendship and goodwill. Marguerite was not deceived by this double-dealing; she was exceedingly angry and indignant. "If I had to deal with people of worth who understand what honour meant I should not mind," she writes, and again, "Every one tells me that he (Charles) loves the King, but my experience of it is small."

She behaved throughout this most trying time with the utmost dignity and wisdom, refusing to confer with any but the Emperor. "For," she writes to her brother, "my rank is too exalted to permit me to court or tamper with the servants of a master who promises you that I should speak with himself alone on your affairs." "But," writes Brantôme, "she spoke so bravely and yet so courteously to the Emperor upon his bad treatment of the King, her brother, that he was quite overpowered."

Time went on, and the three months of her safe-conduct were nearly over; her own generous and honourable nature could not conceive the idea that the dilatory and temporising Charles might take advantage of this fact to detain her as a prisoner. However she was warned in time and perforce quitted Spain, her mission still incomplete.

On her return to France Marguerite was joined by the young King of Navarre, who had just escaped from prison in Spain. They had many interests in common, not only from their experience of Spain, for Henri too was keenly interested in the new ideas of religious reform and the spread of learning. He was generous, impetuous, and brave, and soon lost his somewhat fickle heart to the charming Duchess Marguerite, whose bravery had lately brought her so prominently before the eyes of Europe.

At this time Marguerite was half promised in marriage to the Emperor Charles, to Henry VIII. of England (for the second time), and to the Constable Bourbon. But when in 1526 a treaty was signed, Francis released, and his children sent to Spain as hostages, he withdrew his former opposition to the match, even promising his help to reconquer the kingdom of Navarre, then in the hands of Charles, and Henri d'Albret and Marguerite were married.

Marguerite d'Angoulême as Princess and Poetess. 39

They went at once to Henri's province of Béarn, a wild and beautiful land, though sadly impoverished. Marguerite had two children, a boy, who died in infancy, and a girl, Jeanne, who was taken from her mother at the age of two and established in a castle of her own by Francis, for fear that her father should betroth her to a prince of Spain. From their castle at Nérac Henri and Marguerite devoted their time and attention to the improvement of their kingdom. Together they drained the land, planted vineyards, taught the peasants to weave, and rebuilt the castles, making their Court a refuge for all who were persecuted and oppressed.

In France the persecution of the Protestants was raging more fiercely than ever. Marguerite's influence could no longer prevent burning at the stake; but her Court became an asylum for the reformers, scholars, and men of letters who were driven from France. Roussel, Lefèvre, Calvin, Marot, and many another suspected of heresy were received by her. Ronsard in his Ode "A la Royné de Navarre" has paid a high tribute to her character in the following lines:—

Mais vous, aimant la concorde,
Chasserez toute discorde,
Et le plus beau de vos faits
Ce sera d'aimer la paix.

Miss Mary Robinson in her "Life of Margaret d'Angoulême" suggests that possibly Rabelais, in describing his "Abbey of Thelema," was thinking of this little Court, and indeed it seems a likely suggestion.

Though it is, of course, mere conjecture it at least bears the stamp of possibility. Rabelais was probably familiar with Marguerite's Court, and she protected him on several occasions. From what is known of the life led at this Court, his imaginary description of the Abbey of Thelema bears a strong though somewhat idealised resemblance to it. A reference to his own words may be of interest in this connection.

In describing how the Thelemites were governed and their manner of living Rabelais says—

"All their life was spent, not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. . . . In all their rule and strictest tie of their order there was but one clause to be observed,

DO WHAT THOU WILT,

because men that are free, well-born, and conversant in honest companions have naturally an *instinct* and spur that prompts them

unto virtuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off that bond of servitude wherein they are so tyrannously enslaved ; for it is agreeable to the nature of man to long after things forbidden and to desire what is denied us. By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation to do all of them what they saw did please one. . . . So nobly were they taught that there was neither he nor she amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon several musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose."

Not only at Nérac but also at Fontainebleau Marguerite was the patroness of the Renaissance. She encouraged Francis in founding the Secular College of France, where Greek and Hebrew, mathematics, Latin, physiology, and medicine might be studied. As the orthodox considered the study of Greek and Hebrew "one of the greatest heresies of the world" it may well be imagined that the Sorbonne was furious, and endless quarrels and dissensions arose. Marguerite's poem "*Le Miroir de l'Âme Pécheresse*" was mentioned in a list published by the Sorbonne of works forbidden to the faithful, while Francis, vacillating and uncertain, favoured sometimes one side, sometimes the other.

In 1540 Marguerite's daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, was betrothed to the Duke of Cleves. The little princess, aged eleven, protested resolutely against the union. Calling together the officers of her household she bade them witness her protest, declaring she could never love the heavy, uninteresting German prince. She wept and bewailed her fate, but all to no avail ; there was none to help her. The marriage was for the political advantage of Francis, and Marguerite was willing even to sacrifice her little daughter's happiness to her brother's service. Truly it was not customary to pay much heed to the wishes of the little brides in those days ! However the marriage was a purely formal one ; the German returned to his own land, and Jeanne remained with her parents. Later on this marriage was dissolved, and Jeanne, once more happy and gay, became the wife of Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, and the mother of the famous Henri IV., "brave Henry of Navarre."

Marguerite's domestic life was far from happy. Henri's ardent devotion to a wife, so much older than himself, soon wore off. She became physically delicate and consumptive, though mentally she worked as hard as ever.

Marguerite d'Angoulême as Princess and Poetess. 41

It was probably about this time that she wrote the "Heptameron." The book, like Boccaccio's "Decamerone," is a series of short stories. These are told by a small party of ladies and gentlemen who through flood and the other dangers and difficulties of travel had taken refuge in the Abbey of Savin. The book was never completed; only seven days and two stories from the eighth were finished, making seventy-two stories in all, instead of the hundred that had originally been contemplated. The conversation which intercepts these stories is full of wit and satire, and in Oiselle, a pious widow, who is always pointing a moral or endeavouring to impress some religious truth, Marguerite is evidently portraying herself. An eminent French critic has said that the "Heptameron" is the earliest prose work that has been written in modern French, and is the first book that can be read without the aid of a vocabulary. There are great differences of opinion as to its merits and demerits among literary critics, some expressing the greatest respect and admiration for Marguerite's style and capabilities as an authoress, while others find nothing either interesting, amusing, or edifying in her writings. The book itself is very characteristic of its period; it unites the poetic charm and the fantastic ideals of the early Renaissance with its coarseness and license, while the delicate refinement and rank of its authoress are sometimes but not always apparent.

Marguerite wrote many comedies, pastorales, and religious plays, which were performed by the ladies of her Court; also a number of religious and mystical poems, a collection of which was published under the charming title of "Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses." Her books were all bound in a specially designed cover, sprinkled with golden daisies; but specimens of the original binding are not often to be met with now. A considerable number of her writings were left in oblivion for 350 years, till they were published for the first time by Abel Loinfranc in 1896.

After the death of her brother in 1547 Marguerite led a very retired life, spending most of her time at the Convent of Tusson. She appears to have always had a great terror of death, but as the end approached she became resigned; she spent much of her time in private devotions and the study of theology. She wrote farewell letters to her friends, dictated directions for the arrangement of her domestic affairs, and wrote her last beautiful poem, "Le Miroir de Jésus-Christ Crucifié." Roman Catholic historians have endeavoured to prove that Marguerite died declaring that she had never really swerved from her allegiance to Rome, but that what she did was from compassion rather than conviction. The only authority

for this story is Gilles Caillon, an obscure Franciscan monk; and though she had not formally severed herself from Rome Marguerite had never concealed her wish to reform the Church or her sympathy with the reformers. Some of her last letters were written to Calvin at Geneva, begging him to visit and instruct her.

On December 21, 1549, at the Castle of Odos, in Bigorre, Queen Marguerite breathed her last. She was passionately lamented by her husband, her subjects, and her friends. Respect was paid to her memory by every Sovereign in Europe. Verses in her praise poured in from the poets and men of letters, to whom she had been so powerful a friend. Among others the following lines from an epilogue by Ronsard may form a fitting conclusion to this inadequate little sketch of "la charmante Marguerite":—

SUR LA MORTE DE MARGUERITE DE FRANCE.

Bien heureuse et chaste cendre,
 Que la mort a fait descendre
 Dessous l'oubly du tombeau,
 Tout ce qu'avoit nostre terre
 D'honneur, de grace et de beau ;
 Comme les herbes fleuries
 Sont les honneurs des prairies,
 Et des prez les ruisselets,
 De l'orme la vigne aimée,
 Des bocgages la ramée,
 Des champs les blés nouvelets—
 Ainsi tu fus, ô princesse !
 (Ainçois plutot, ô déesse !)
 Tu fus la perle et l'honneur
 Des princesses de nostre âge,
 Soit en splendeur de lignage,
 Soit en biens, soit en bonheur.

KATHERINE-W. ELWES.

GREECE AND IRELAND.

Ireland was "the school of the West, the great habitation of sanctity and learning."—CARLYLE.

"Of all western countries, Ireland was for a long time that in which alone learning was supported and thrived amid the general overthrow of Europe."—GUIZOT'S "HISTORY OF FRANCE."

A COMPATRIOT, just returned from a month's wanderings in Greece, took up Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Irish Literature," and was deeply impressed by manifold points of likeness that that book indicates as existing between Greece and his own land. Pressed to tell what resemblances most struck him, he said: "The part played by barbarians in arresting the development of both Greek and Irish art, literature, and architecture." Danes, Normans, and English played the Turk to perfection in Ireland. Dr. Douglas Hyde's book, as well as masses of State papers and histories in many languages, contain the superabundant justification of this view. Greek civilisation was crushed by Turkish incursions, domination, and misrule. Hellas was a slave for centuries, her bondage resulting in intellectual degradation and financial ruin. Greece and Ireland are the two poorest nations in Europe to-day. Yet each land was, in times past, comparatively rich; and each was a centre of culture. "Dr. Hyde's book helped me to appreciate the ancient civilisation of Ireland, and a visit to Greece," the traveller goes on, "made me realise the poverty of modern Greece, and the tribulations that the Greek race has lived through." We Irish, no less, have waded through our sea of troubles.

And with both peoples, even in their darkest hours, the love of learning never departed. When I first understood the conditions of Greek life under the Turk, I felt as if I were hearing again the old stories of the "Hedge Schoolmasters" at home. Here is a true history of Greeks on Turkish soil. (Parenthetically, I may say that Greeks and Irish thinly populate their own lands, and are most numerous in foreign countries.) In the burial-place surrounding Isbarta's little Christian church the names of the dead, and the

loving farewells of the survivors, are written in Greek letters, but in Turkish words. The poor Greeks, there, are ashamed of having forgotten the language of their race, and the ample and touching excuse that they offer to strangers is that, when the Turk captured their town, an order was promulgated that *the tongues of all who remained alive should be cut out*. The children of these mute Greeks were obliged to speak what they call the "dialect" of their conquerors—or nothing! But these people tell a friendly visitor they "will learn Homer's tongue as soon as ever the race is liberated; and then they will not be unworthy of the brethren at Athens." One of the members of the French Archæological Institute in Greece found old Karantonis, the Isbartan schoolmaster, teaching Greek to gray-haired pupils. Karantonis is famous among Greeks outside the little Hellenic kingdom for the purity of his style. He is said to "speak the tongue of Xenophon himself." M. Deschamps says: "It is no common thing to see a whole population go back to school, to find, as they say, 'the key of their prison.' Religion and learning have been for centuries the only safeguards against all change in the Hellenic race." And he continues (in a passage that might have been cut from the annals of Ireland) to point out that patriotism and religion were twin flames which the Church alone kept alive; and that the very memory of "violet-crowned Athene—shining, resplendent," would have perished had it not been for a "few Greek priests who loved God and their country." "The twelfth century was one of the darkest for Hellas; but it, even, was illuminated by the life and brilliant writings of a prelate, strong in the gift of good citizenship, Michael Akominatos, Archbishop of Athens," who can be compared to, and matched by, more than one of our patriotic Irish bishops.

A Greek monastery is fitly described, even in these degenerate days, as a stronghold against the heretic; an inn for the wayfarer; a library in which are collected a heterogeneous mass of writings, classical works no less than patristic literature—the poets and philosophers of ancient Greece being there held in as great respect as the theologians. For the race takes a filial pride in the glories of its antique authors, and in all things that spread afar the fame of the Greek name. The monastery, too—when the Hour of Need shall strike—can be transformed into a strong place wherein the defenceless shall find safety, or, if not safety, then at least an honourable death. The Abbot, in Crete, finding that he could not protect all the poor unarmed country people, and the women and children, who had fled for refuge within his walls, ordered the powder maga-

Once, years ago, I recall a contrary instance. There had been a scientific gathering in Dublin, and hundreds of Irish people had paid their guineas for honorary membership, and had attended lectures and discussions. A passenger in a first-class railway carriage groaned: "Goodness knows, I'll feel truly thankful when this week of scientific gibberish is past and gone! I'm sick of it all!" But the speaker (whose words had made at least *one* passably ignorant but science-revering Irish girl grow red and white, and feel faint) belonged to the richer commercial class—a class small in Dublin, and in nowise typical of the Irish race.

It may have been Chateaubriand who first said that the dividing line between love of God and love of country is hard to find; but the sentiment has been echoed a thousand times in Ireland, and in Greece. Those who know Ireland and the West of Europe only, imagine that for passionate love of country the Irish race stands supreme. Then, perhaps, a wider survey gives them an insight into Polish patriotism; and they think they have discovered another land worshipped of its children almost as devotedly as "Dark Rosaleen"—whose lovers, young and old, gentle and simple, lettered and illiterate, stand ready through the ages, in one long, mournful, glorious procession, "to go to the Red Death" for her sake. But in Greece patriotism seems to be nearly every man's master passion. A Greek of some education said: "I quite expect that professional men, and those who have been well brought up, should have noble feelings; but what astonishes me is that even our very poorest are full of high thoughts and heroic resolutions now." He spoke in the beginning of 1897, when the war threatened. Here are two incidents from that time: An acquaintance, passing a hut in the fisher-quarter of a Greek city, entered for a moment to condole with one of the elder women of the family. "Mother," he said, following the local usage in addressing any old woman, "mother, it is hard for you that the only other 'strong arm' should be taken away from you. You have all those girls" (who would remain idle if they followed the local custom; for no one would marry them had they ever been wage-earners), "and there is the old crippled sister to support; and Yanni's wife and babies! Mother, it *is* hard for you!" She said earnestly, but not in the least theatrically: "It is for *the Country!* I give them willingly."

Spiro, the conscript of a few months' standing, rolled in, radiant, and singing *Zito Polemos* ("Hurrah for War"), and then Yanni came up from his nets on the beach. "It is true, Alexander," he said, using, in democratic Greek fashion, the Christian name of the

visitor, whose alms had often come, with his mother's and wife's, in "better days," to help the fisher family. "It is true! It *will* be hard for the mother when Spiro and I are gone!" Yanni's young wife was wailing and weeping softly, as she rocked herself backwards and forwards on a low wooden seat. She had a baby in her arms, and two tiny children clutching at her skirt—frightened at their mother's tears. The old woman stretched out her hands towards the heads of the recruit (in his baggy blue uniform) and of her eldest born, Yanni, saying: "Go, my sons. Go, with your mother's blessing?" And the young men's sisters rose up, touched by their mother's fervour, and cried: "Never fear for the mother, brothers. She shall have her bread. If there's work to be had *we'll earn* for her"—which was a more heroic resolution on the part of those girls than anyone not knowing Eastern customs can easily conceive. The sight of the old woman with her rapt expression, and the mixture of mother-love and patriotic ardour in her dark eyes, made the tears run down her visitor's cheeks. He was not in a position to take the burden of the family to any extent upon his shoulders, and he would not have dreamt of relieving his feelings of the moment by offering, say, his ring or his pin. A Greek is too well-bred to work up to such a vulgar anti-climax. The poor family, however, felt somewhat comforted by the homage of his tears. The visitor, as long as life and reason lasted, kept a reverent spot in his heart for that illiterate old woman's patriotism.

And here is another reminiscence, to prove the devotion to country among the poor in Greece. An old servant said—again speaking to a listener who could not afford him *material* consolation: "Yes; the last of my sons goes with the Reserves now called out. Which will return? Ah, *that* no man can say! But is not the king sending his three sons? I can do no less! And princes and privates are just as helpless, one as the other, in face of Turkish lead! How long can I go on working and keeping the family, did you say? Ah, not much longer. I'm seventy, as you know! But, dear God, the only thing I *can't* get over is that, at home, whenever I go there, all day and all night the daughter-in-law cries, and cries, and never stops crying! Yet the old mother says (as *I* do), 'When *the Country* needs the boys, go they must!'"

And in Ireland, too, that which is claimed "for Ireland's sake" is rarely refused. I remember that Dermeen Lynch and his old wife were asked to shelter a Fenian, for whose apprehension (or information leading thereto) a reward of £300 was offered. The notice was posted on the walls of the police barracks in the valley, some

hundreds of feet below their cabin, and they had but to make a sign for the sum to be theirs: vast wealth and comfort for the remaining span of life, for two poor things then in receipt of outdoor relief! But the possibility of such treachery probably never entered their minds. They received their guest as a patriot, and gave him of their poor best as long as he remained with them; yet, when he left them, their hearts were lightened of a great burden, for they feared to be punished for harbouring the Fenian, and they trembled also lest they should not be able to conceal him effectually! What they had been called upon to do for love of their country, *that* they did with all their (poor) might and at indescribable cost of anxiety and terror.

The temptation to make many lengthy quotations from "Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century" (by Fr. Hogan) is great, but must be resisted. This book was not meant by its author for a chronicle of patriotic deeds. It is a record of religious work in penal times; but any true history of the island in those days must necessarily be redolent of heroic love of country—a fervour quite Greek in its intensity. Augustin Thierry spoke of the *unconquerable Irish obstinacy, which never despaired of an ever-vanquished cause, "a cause fatal to all who dared espouse it"*; and he held this example of patriotism to be "perhaps the greatest ever given by any people."

Faith is a virtue possessed in common by Greeks and Irish. We have all heard of the miraculous lamp that burns before the Athenian shrine. It is never fed with oil (according to popular belief in Greece), yet it is never extinguished. That lamp has been taken as a symbol of the hope which is the support and consolation of conquered nations. It has shed its light over "the suffering, the indomitable, the *resourceful* soul of Hellas." When an army lay encamped round about Arta, just before the war of 1897 began, a Corfiote soldier wrote home that he had dreamt that the 10th Regiment was fighting the Turk, and St. Spiridion (out of heaven and the shrine in the great church in Corfu) appeared in the air and fought along with the islanders. St. Spiridion had another saint with him, too! The soldier said that now he and his comrades were certain that Greece would win the day; and the news of that dream spread far and wide, carrying joy and confidence with it! The private's letter was just like an Irish countryman's letter. It is said that evil is only "too much of a good thing," and, if so, superstition is but "faith run wild"! The Greek's faith is *not* "a faith without works"; nor is the Irishman's. In both countries the unseen is realised in a manner very startling to those familiar with the general English,

Greece and Ireland.

French, or German attitude of mind, and the sense of responsibility is enormously quickened thereby. But not unfrequently it has an appearance of "faith run wild"!

Talking of superstition, I may mention a discussion that took place, in Greece, among readers of Paul Bourget's "Voyageuses" ("Travelling Acquaintances"). The first traveller, "Antigone," he met at Corfu; another he met in Ireland. In describing his Irish journey, Bourget says that he witnessed a curious rite in Connaught—the beheading of a cock *for luck*. I ventured to doubt the prevalence of this Pagan-seeming custom in my country, and a compatriot supported me, saying he had never heard of such a practice. A Greek lady surprised us by declaring that she had seen a cock sacrificed on the foundation-stone of her own house in the Ionian Isles, and that Bourget's description of the Irish rite tallied almost exactly with the Greek ceremony. To have omitted that ceremony would have caused the workmen to give great trouble, not to mention the uneasy feelings produced thereby in other breasts. In Ireland many things are offered to the *Sheedhie* (fairies), but the sacrifices are not living warm blood, like the cock. Milk is left for "the good people," for instance, and herbs are hung up by the door for them, at the date when pixies are known most often to visit the haunts of men!

Professor Mahaffy was struck by many Greco-Hibernian resemblances when he visited Greece. As a proof that he had well prepared himself for the study of the people of Modern Greece, it may be mentioned that before he travelled in Eastern Europe he had published his "Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander"; and Athenians who read it were struck by the likenesses between the ancient men portrayed in his pages and their own acquaintances. So much was this the case that "society" at Athens came to the conclusion that he had been in the country; had observed carefully; that he possessed a gift for photographic accuracy of delineation, if not for caricature; and had drawn his classical^y portraits from men he had met in Greece in everyday intercourse. In certain cases his portraits gave dire offence.

This was an unconscious tribute that the Professor greatly valued! He turned it to good argumentative account, too. There are those who still say, with Fallmarayer, that the ancient Greeks were all "shapely of limb, flaxen-haired, and white-souled"; whereas modern Greeks are dark-haired, dark-eyed, physically ill-developed, and, morally, beneath antique standards. These enemies say that the Hellenic strain has been drowned in alien blood. It may be mentioned, in passing, that at Argos and in those places where the

Greeks still live the life of the ancient world—as shepherds and as mariners—fair hair, blue eyes, and noble proportions are still the rule. But the Professor's comments on the correspondence between the old and the new men were: "National characteristics are very permanent and very hard to shake off, and it would seem strange, indeed, if both these and the Greek language should have remained . . . and yet the race should have changed or should have been saturated with foreign elements." (I think Mr. Mahaffy's words were stronger, but I cannot remember them exactly, and prefer to understate rather than exaggerate their import.) The Professor recalled the orientation of the ruined churches at Cashel (Ireland) when he saw the Acropolis. The Cashel churches were so built that the east window should meet the rays of the rising sun on the festival of the patron; and the buildings on the Acropolis were constructed purposely out of the parallel, in order to catch varied lights—with what happy results all artists know. I cannot tell if there are other famous buildings with similar *designed irregularities*.

Again, there is a marked resemblance between the carvings on certain Greek tombs and on a great number of ancient Irish tombs, and this resemblance goes far deeper than the superficial likeness of almost all early forms of ornament.

Professor Mahaffy noticed the "quickness in the up-take" of both races. Here is an instance of the mental alertness I refer to: After the disastrous "thirty days' war" there came to light a host of reasons for suspecting treason in the highest places. The mismanagement in naval and military matters seemed too perverse and too gross to be caused by even the cruellest strokes of chance. Greeks called their war "a sham-fight," "a ghastly comedy," and so forth. News came by telegram one day to all parts of the little kingdom of the attempt upon the king's life. One Greek gentleman met another with the question: "Have you heard the news?" "No." "The king has been shot at; what do you think of that?" Like a flash came the answer: "*That* is the after-piece—the farce. We had the tragi-comedy in March and April!" The first speaker turned to me, saying: "You see what people think! Aristides" (his acquaintance) "is the very type of 'the man-in-the-street,' as you call it." The fewness of the words and the fulness of comprehension exemplified to perfection the "quickness in the up-take" so noticeable in Greece.

In his "Irish Life and Character" Mr. MacDonagh tells us that the Irishman who carried round a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; the Irishman who shut his eyes before a mirror to

see how he would look when he was dead ; and the Irishman who, hearing that crows live two hundred years, brought one home to test the accuracy of the statement, were really ancient Greeks. And Greeks and Irishmen find a home-flavour in the stories !

Again, "love-making" (among the peasants) "in Ireland is really a very calm and placid business," says the author of "Irish Life" ; and this is perfectly true in a great many cases. In Greece survives something of the old classical contempt for "romantic love." In an Irish cabin, on the other hand, the wife is "herself"—a personage, a ruler in her own little sphere—but a Greek peasant, speaking to a social superior, says, "saving your presence," if he mentions either his pig, his donkey, or *his wife*.

Among the Greek peasants I best know, the extraordinary disparity between the men and the women was to me a subject of continual wonderment. In Ireland, and in all Western Europe, many a sister, dressed in her brother's clothes, will pass very well for a boy, and *vice versâ*. It is constantly said that *such a girl* "is the very image of her father." It is recognised, too, that sons "take after the mother." But in Greece the sexes are as unlike as two distinct races might be. The men, speaking generally, have aquiline faces, and are extremely thin ; their women are uncommonly plump, and are "Roman"—of the "parrot type." Many of these women are very handsome, and as like as possible to the placid, dreamy beauties of the Roman Campagna. The only other race showing such a distinct inheritance of type (limited by sex) is the American, where spare, aquiline fathers and brothers belong to fascinating daughters and sisters of an "airy, fairy" Order of Being, as different from their "homely" males (to use the word in its unflattering, transatlantic sense) as angels are from workhouse grannies. A friend tried to explain the difference between Greek peasants and their wives in this way : "It is the hard field-labour that makes the men thin, of course ! The women knit, and spin, and have a sedentary life, perhaps" ; but *all* the hard work is done by the women, to my certain knowledge, as well as the knitting and spinning. The men ride to market with the produce of the little farms that their womankind till, and they also go fishing. They lend a hand in agricultural work, certainly, and they have far the hardest share in the beautiful national dance ; but the open-air balls only occur at Christmas, Easter, and wedding festivities, and for the rest of their time these men are too much absorbed in political discussion to have leisure to attend to digging and delving. Moreover, the methods of culture in Greece are as

backward as are those of Ireland—perhaps even *more* backward—and the wife and girls can compass them. The numerous feast-days and Sundays pass mainly, for the men, in “politicking”; that is, in talking about prominent men. “Measures,” on the contrary, go for very little. “Persons first, principles nowhere,” is a phrase that has been used to describe the drift of Greek politics. Greece is a country where everything goes by favour. I believe that the telegraph clerks “go out” when there is a change of Government in the Hellenic kingdom. Small wonder that touting for votes (in anticipation of crumbs of patronage at the disposal of the future deputy) should be a favourite occupation! For politics, in the nobler sense, are as the breath of life to the patriot, and “politicking,” compared to politics, is like the “ugly child”—the “fairy changeling”—set in the place of the chief’s wholesome son. “Politicking” is, in short, the counterfeit coin; and honest politics the precious metal bearing the rightful image and superscription.

I have listened to a Sunday crowd in a very poor Greek village (men only, for women are hidden away as if the Turk had still his mailed heel on the land), and they discussed hotly, yet interminably—foreign politics! They bandied about the names of Austrian, Russian, and German premiers. They seemed to think all Germany incarnate in the Emperor William; and they mixed up information on different questions with such novel and laughable results (including occasional “happy hits,” which I was at a loss whether to set down as intentional or purely accidental) as I have never seen approached, except when the famous “Mr. Dooley” gave his inimitable summary of “A Speech by the President.”

As may be supposed of a country where “politicking” is the prime occupation of mankind, jobbery is rampant in Greece. In the byways of Irish public life jobbery is, perhaps, not unknown.

Did Lord Beaconsfield say “early marriages are to be deprecated, especially for men”? If so, he has few disciples in Greece or in Ireland. In both countries the poorest marry earliest. “Sure, whatever we do, we cudn’t be worse off than we are!” is reason enough for “a bhoyo an’ a shlip av a gurrul” to enter into the holy estate. In Greece every peasant within my limited range of observation married before the age of twenty; and in the landed-proprietor—or professional—classes a bridegroom of nineteen and a bride of fifteen would not be thought preposterously youthful, because Greeks are accustomed to these very juvenile matches. In Ireland nineteen is not an unheard-of age for a husband, but it is an uncommon age; and it is told of one old peasant that he thought he had

made a mistake marrying in his 'teens. His way of expressing regret was: "Throth, 'tis meself 'ill niver marry agin so young, av I wor to live to the age of Methuselah!" "And," says Dr. MacDonagh, "he kept his word. He was eighty when he married for the second time!"

The same author credits our fellow-country people with "resignation and fatalism." I used to see much of a feather-headed Irish-woman, who always met me with a new tale of preventable disaster: The baby was greatly burnt, because she gave it a lighted stick to play with; one of her sons was badly bruised, because she sent him up the loft ladder and forgot to "studdy" it; the "thramps" from the races stole all the family's "clo's," because she left her washing out all night on the hedge; a cock and two hens were scalded to death, because she set the pig's boiling tub in their way. Her reflection always was: "We must putt up wid the will o' God." At last, being angry with her, I said that it *was* "the will of God that she should use her faculties; and it was *not* the will of God that misfortunes which she could prevent should overtake her goods and her children." But my view not only offended—it scandalised her. And in Greece, when I was anxious to give work to very needy people, it often happened that there were delays which might have been avoided; and I have had to say that there was a time-limit; the things were wanted by a certain date; and now I must place another order elsewhere. The workers invariably met me with "resignation and fatalism." They said: "Clearly, we were not meant to have that second order. God's will be done!"

In Greece and Ireland alike there is an absence of the industrial gift. Friends abroad sent me orders for Greek articles, when clever workers were in dire need of wages wherewith to buy the necessaries of life. The orders were, naturally, for copies of things that had been seen. How often have I not been presented with the finished piece of weaving, or "purfed" embroidery, or metal work, with: "It is much better than the pattern, *and quite different*. We knew you would prefer it"; or, "We made it much larger, to please you" (when the object was designed to fill a particular space); or, "We thought you'd rather have something you had never seen before." And every time such painful surprises occurred I recalled their counterparts in industrial dealings in Ireland! The same kindness; the same inventive fancy; and the same terribly unpractical quality! A critic in Ireland used to say of the workers, "They've too much imagination! that's what's the matter with them."

But imagination is a heaven-sent gift—especially in the ornamental arts!

It is, perhaps, only *need of training* in both countries that causes the want of machine-like punctuality and strict attention to directions. A very short-sighted criticism hurls a scornful, "They succeed everywhere except at home!" against both races. But minds with a little discernment are now everywhere acknowledging that this *ill-success* is due to *home conditions*, rather than to innate incapacity. The incapable succeed neither abroad nor at home!

Abroad, Irishmen even display the industrial gift. Greeks are more successful in commerce than in the industries; and laziness is the fault of neither race! The poor of both nations profit by the prosperity of their kin in exile. The "Irish Love-Tax"—as the millions sent home to the old folk in the poor cabins by the Irish-Americans and Irish-Australians during the past fifty years has been called—is said to far exceed the amount sent by the emigrants of any other nation to those they have left behind. But when Greece was last threatened by the Hereditary Enemy, Turkey, rich Greeks from India, Egypt, London, Manchester, Paris, and all the great centres of the world poured gold and gifts into the national treasury. It was computed that these patriotic offerings amounted to a sum sufficient to keep the Greek army a month in the field, and covered besides the preliminary expenses of mobilisation. This was no mere guess, but a computation arrived at with knowledge, and after careful consideration; in other words, thirty times twenty-five thousand pounds sterling was sent to Greece by her sons in foreign parts when the danger threatened! The Gatling gun, which was retained in the royal palace at Athens (in case a revolution broke out), was a gift from a patriotic Alexandrian Greek, I believe, and was intended for use against the Turk, not against Athenians. Another machine gun, the muzzle of which pointed down the main street of Domokos from the Crown Prince's quarters (lest the troops should rise against their so-called "leader"), was meant for use by, and not against, the giver's army. Ricciotti Garibaldi published his conviction that, in the Domokos days, most of the younger officers and all their men were within an ace of joining the "Red Shirts," thus to end the *régime* of retreats-after-every-success! The Crown Prince was aware of the temper of the troops, and took measures, as usual, for his personal safety.

By a strange chance, as I jot down these rambling reflections, I find that a Greco-Irish cutting has fluttered down to the table from a packet on a shelf above. It contains this sentence: "So far as the ratio of illegitimate births is to be taken as a test of morality, Ireland is, with the exception of Greece, the most moral country in Europe."

Modern Greeks believe what Aristotle and Plato taught, *viz.*, that music is destructive of moral fibre. In the Ideal State, those philosophers decreed that only certain scales—major and minor—should be permitted; the other scales being either over-exciting or relaxing! The Ionian islanders were not expected to perform prodigies of valour in the recent war. "Those islanders *are musicians!*" said the mainland Greeks, contemptuously. The fact was, however, that the island conscripts of the previous October *were halted under fire*, and sang lustily the whole time! They crossed the long narrow bridge at Arta under fire and pouring forth, in mellow flood, one of their splendid Corfiote chants. (The regimental bands had been done away with to save money; therefore the regiments that could sing were at a distinct advantage.)

Another point of likeness between the two races is their love of laws, lawgivers, and litigation. Infants are baptised "Solon," "Draco," "Licurgus," and so on, to-day in the Greek churches. In Ireland I have known a number of poor countrymen debating for many hours of a sunny holiday how the law stood regarding a particular "right of way." It may have been altogether a supposititious case: it was certainly purely speculative, and touched none of the disputants' material interests in even a distant manner. Finally, unable to decide the question authoritatively, the needy gathering subscribed 6s. 8d. to send (with their difficulty and a request for an answer) to a Protestant lawyer for whom the Holy Day was not a day of rest! Doubtless the descendants of the possessors of world-renowned codes of law have an instinctive, or hereditary, love for all things legal. It is said that, in Greece, initiating lawsuits ought to be penalised, for the cost of fighting about properties in Greek courts so often swallows up the whole of whatever goods and chattels were at stake. Perhaps, even if this be so, the game *is* worth the candle. The parties to suits extract such immense enjoyment out of the business! Their feeling may be like Pitt's, in another matter: "The next best thing to winning at cards is losing at cards."

And, after all, the ethnologists are helping us to account for the likeness. Ever since Carlyle's time, if not before, it has been the custom to call the French "the Greeks of to-day." It is universally admitted that the Celtic genius is that which dominates in France. The learned maintain now that Greeks descend from Phœnicians, *who were Celts*. A scrap of confirmatory evidence comes from the west of England. Dionysius, and other names common among Cornish Celts, are of Phœnician origin; some of these names have

the writer of the pamphlet of the members of Charles the Second's first Parliament who come under his lash. The pamphlet appeared in 1677 at Amsterdam, with, as was usual, an inordinately long title, sufficiently shown by the opening line, "A Seasonable Argument to persuade all the Grand Juries in England to petition for a new Parliament."

The pamphlet we have not seen, but it is alluded to in Harris's "Life of Charles the Second," and mentioned as then being very scarce and curious. Harris makes quotations from it which appear to show that it embraces the particulars contained in the "Flagellum Parliamentarium" published "from a contemporary MS. in the British Museum" in London in 1827. The supposition is that the editor of this MS. was not aware of the existence of what may for brevity be termed Marvell's pamphlet, and that the Museum MS. was in fact the first draft of that. The extracts here made are from the "Flagellum," but there is little, if any, doubt that this publication of 1829 was embraced in Marvell's pamphlet of 1677. The same fine Roman hand is perceptible in both. It may be remarked that the opprobrious terms "cully" and "snip," so frequently used, mean "tool" and "bribe" respectively. Some of those to whom they apply bulk largely in the world's eye, as seen in the conventional histories. To Marvell they were one and all a *servum pecus* of sordid pensioners—in other words, such as those, though baser, who in a later reign were known as "king's friends."

There is no compromise in Marvell. His calling a spade a spade exceeds in brevity and force anything with which we are acquainted. The denunciations of Junius are mere milk-and-water attempts to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike" in comparison. The *animus* of Marvell as a leader of opposition—if the phrase be applicable to such a time—and a hater of the Court and the panegyrist of Cromwell, is of course to be allowed for. Nor are we concerned with the actual characters of the men denounced, but simply with the criticisms as specimens of opinion. The brevity with which the past and present of each victim of Marvell, as the patriot *enragé*, are condensed is particularly notable. Thus, Sir John Shaw is "first a vintner's poor boy, afterwards a customer that cheated the nation of £100,000." Sir W. Doyley is he "who cheated the Dutch prisoners in their allowance above £7,000, by which some thousands of them were starved; Commissioner of the Prizes, now of Foreign and Excise; one of the Tellers in the Exchequer." Sir Allen Apsley is "Treasurer to his Highness; Master Falconer to the King; and has had £40,000 in other things not worth a penny before." Sir George Downing is

drawn in vitriol: "A poor child bred upon charity, like Judas, betrayed his master; what then can the country expect? He drew and advised the oath of renouncing the King's family. For his honesty, fidelity, etc., rewarded by his Majesty with £80,000." Sir George Cartwright "has been Treasurer of the Navy and of Ireland. He is Vice-Chamberlain to the King; has cheated the King and nation of £300,000." Thomas Cromley by comparison is treated favourably, being dismissed with the contemptuous terseness of "a court cully"; and Sir Thomas Dolman comes in the same category, being merely "flattered with the belief of being made Secretary of State." A suggestion of the unpopularity of the *fermiers généraux* of France under the *ancien régime*, who were specially marked out for the guillotine under the Terror, is found in the allusion to Sir William Bucknell, "once a poor factor to buy malt for the brewers, now a farmer of the revenues of England and Ireland on the account of the Duchess of Cleveland, who goes snip with him, to whom he has given £20,000." Among those who certainly seem to have been labelled as cully for very inadequate considerations is Thomas King, "a poor beggarly fellow who sold his voice to the Treasurer for £50 bribe"; and Thomas Thynne, afterwards known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," from his income, who was murdered by the emissaries of Count Königsmark on February 12, 1682, in Pall Mall. He is here noted as "cullied for leave to hunt in New Park"; while as for Sir Richard Edgcomb, he is "cullied to marry the Halcyon bulk-breaking Sandwich's daughter," this being the Lord Sandwich of Pepys's Diary, where various hints of similar transactions occur. (By the way, even Samuel Pepys, general favourite as he is, is roughly handled, not in the "Flagellum," but in the pamphlet of 1677, as quoted by Harris: "Samuel Pepys, Esq., once a tailor, then serving-man to the old Lord Sandwich, now Secretary to the Admiralty, got by passes and other illegal ways £40,000.") Henry Clerk, again, seems one of the small fry, being merely one who "hath had a lick at the bribe pot"; and Sir Adam Browne is only "a court cully." Thomas Morrice, again, is one of the smallest game: "A brother stocking-seller is promised some estate in Ireland under pay of the bribe-master Clifford, who has advanced him £50." Filial pliability appears the motive with Orlando Bridgman, "son to the Lord Keeper, whose wife takes bribes, and has engaged her son shall vote with the Court." And (in the pamphlet—the "Flagellum" is less emphatic) Thomas King, Esq., seems to have been cheaply obtained as "a pensioner for £50 a session—i.e. meat and drink and now and then a suit of clothes."

More substantial value received marks the majority of the instances. Thus Edward Seymour, of whom Macaulay draws so vivid and different a picture, is "the Duchess's convert, who by agreement lost £1,500 at cards to him, and promised if he would vote for taxes for her he should be a rich man; has had several sums given him." And Sir Thomas Woodcock is "Deputy Governor of Windsor, has a Compt share, has had £10,000 worth of land given him; formerly not worth one farthing." Samuel Sandys, "at the beginning of the Sessions had a £1,000 lick out of the bribe-pot, has £15,000 given in the Excise farm of Devon." Particular acidity, in Marvell's own style, marks the allusion to John Birch: "An old Rumper, who formerly bought nails at Bristol, where they were cheap, and carried them into the West to sell at Exeter and other places; but, marrying a rich widow, got into the House, and is now Commissioner in all Excises, and is one of the Council of Trade." The mention of Birch as an ex-member of the Rump Parliament illustrates the rapid and puzzling metamorphoses of the "harlequinade" which Macaulay describes as the reign of Charles the Second. Similar reflections arise at Sir John Morley's name, who was "formerly Governor of Newcastle, which he betrayed to Cromwell for £1,000. He is now Governor of it again, and pardoned his former treachery, that his vote might follow the Bribe-Master-General, and very poor." The allusion to Charles Lord Buckhurst is particularly redolent of Restoration ideas: "Who with a good will parted with his play wench, and in gratitude is made one of the Bedchamber, has the ground of the Wardrobe given him, and £6,000 at three several times." An awkward reminder of ancient history is that as to Sir Denny Ashburnham: "One of the Bedchamber, son-in-law to Mr. Ashburnham that betrayed the old King, and was turned out of the House for taking bribes, and got by the King £80,000." Silus Titus is "once a rebel, now Groom of the Bedchamber." But the most contemptuously terse allusion is to Roger Vaughan: "A pitiful pimping Bedchamber man to his Highness, and captain of a foot company."

Such are some of the most remarkable portraits which Marvell's pencil sketched in lasting colours. They are not outdone, if equalled, by anything more modern. The *Satirist*, for instance, of the earliest years of the century is abusive and coarse enough, but, as Lord Beaconsfield once said, the invective lacks finish, and, indeed, has an ancient and fish-like smell of Billingsgate. Marvell *silhouettes* with a very few cuts, but the cuts are deep and neat. It is, however, to be remembered that Marvell's sketches are limited to

some two hundred members. Also that, despite the wholesale corruption of the Court party, this Parliament voted down a standing army and projected the exclusion of the Duke of York. But considered as a specimen of honest, if possibly, in some cases, prejudiced candour, Marvell's comments are unequalled in vigour, save by the later instance on record. And that is found in Swift's even briefer bitter marginal notes on his contemporaries. These are written in gall, nor are they due to the patriot rage of Marvell; rather to that sardonic ability for seeing the bad points of everyone, and the low estimate which Swift formed of humanity in general. For the most part his sentiments towards his fellow creatures resemble that of the Houyhnhnms towards the Yahoo. Not but what some of his biographers make a mistake in imagining him utterly destitute of sympathy and tenderness. For a few he showeth these qualities, and instances are to be found in the "Letters to Stella." But his general opinion of the majority of mankind seems to resemble that of Frederick the Great.

In 1829 there was in the possession of Mr. Pickering of Chancery Lane—where now we know not—a copy of "Macky's Memoirs of his Secret Services during the Reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George I., with Characters of the Nobility, Officers, and Courtiers" (London, 1733). In this copy were Swift's annotations on Macky's impressions of the various more or less eminent people mentioned. Swift's opinions in the main are diametrically opposite to those of Macky. From the date of the book it is clear that they must have been written at one of the most melancholy periods of his career, when, as Johnson says, his benevolence was contracted and his severity exasperated, when he was deserted by most of his acquaintances on account of his asperity, and but a few years were to elapse before his attack of derangement. To some extent it may be that the period at which they were written accounts for the severity of his criticisms. But he delights in substituting with most of the people concerned his own lampblack for Macky's brighter tints. Whether he made these annotations as Coleridge did, thereby, as Charles Lamb says, enriching books which he borrowed as a necessity for the overflowing of his mind, or whether (as is far more likely) he knew they would be read by posterity, there they remain in their laconic bitterness.

One may first select (the task will be a remarkably easy one) the persons of quality of whom Swift speaks favourably. Chief among them is James, Duke of Hamilton, Master of the Ordnance. Swift's letter to Stella announcing his tragic death, and expressing the

sympathy which the writer felt for the duchess, is an evidence, though a rare one, of that occasional tenderness of heart which he showed, and which some biographers have mistakenly mentioned as completely absent. Of the duke he says in his note, "a worthy, good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding. He was murdered by that villain Macartney, an Irish Scot." George, Duke of Northumberland, is also one of Swift's fortunate few, as "a most worthy person, very good-natured, and had very good sense." So, too, the Earl of Orkney is "an honest, good-natured gentleman, and hath much distinguished himself as a soldier," and Sir Lambert Blackwell "seemed to be a very good-natured man," while the Earl of Mar "seemed to me to be a gentleman of good sense and nature." Swift is good enough to pronounce Macky's sketch of the Duke of Ormond as "fairly enough written."

This is, however, but the half-pennyworth of bread to the intolerable amount of sack. Beyond these there is nothing for the vast majority of men named in the *Memoirs* but the most unfavourable opinion. Swift, as Johnson points out, had a mind intensely active, and observant always of the most trivial things. Silently, or with conventional gossip, he had studied most of these men at Court, in coffee-houses, and at their own dinner-tables, and seems to have formed the most definite views about their individuality, which were not very different from those attributed to Carlyle as to the inhabitants of these islands.

Probably Swift, in his solitary study, soured and embittered by that disappointment which coloured his whole nature after his retirement to Ireland, when all the visions of high preferment which his former position with Harley and St. John had naturally evoked had vanished, felt a grim satisfaction in recording in the margins of Macky's pages for whomever might chance to read them the sentiments of his heart with regard to many whom he had met with conventional civility. Here is seen the result of those long brooding silences and watchful eyes at Button's and higher places which some of his contemporaries had noted.

Certainly posterity will probably share one unfavourable opinion of the Dean's. Macky says of George Stepney that he is one of the best poets in England. "Scarce a third-rate," says Swift. Indeed, to many up-to-date readers, so remote a personage as Stepney will only suggest a part of the East End. The wreath of bays was far more lavishly distributed in the last century than in the present one—always excepting those which log-rolling coteries of minor bards

apportion to each other. Stepney was employed mainly in diplomatic missions to the various sovereigns of Germany, and he was buried in 1707 in Westminster Abbey. Johnson remarks, "In his original poems now and then a happy line may perhaps be found," as fine an instance of faint praise as will anywhere be met with, and making one wonder what were Macky's ideas as to poetry. But eighteenth-century bards were then seen from a very different point of view to ours. Thus, Akenside, who certainly was a poet, at any rate in Pope's opinion, remarked that he should gauge the popular taste by its appreciation, or otherwise, of Dyer's "Fleece."

Macky has a good word for the Lord Galway of the day. Swift's pleasant comment runs, "Is all directly otherwise, a deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave, a damnable hypocrite of no religion." Mr. Methuen was, in the Dean's opinion, "a profligate rogue, without religion or morals, but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind." Of the contemporary Earl of Sandwich, Swift merely remarks, which is, for him, mildness, "As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly, and a fop." The two last characteristics, however, have very often been combined in many other notable people.

In one instance Swift's view is opposed to the general one. Of the Earl of Dorset, whose name is associated with Dryden's, Macky says that he "was of great learning." Swift's comment is "small or none," and to Macky's remark that the Earl was "one of the pleasantest companions in the world," Swift replies, "Not of late years—but a very dull one." It would be amusing to know what Dorset thought of Swift in his later manner as a pleasant companion.

As for Francis, Lord Guildford, he is "a mighty silly fellow," and Lord Cholmondeley, "Good for nothing as far as ever I knew," while the bitter brevity of his note on Charles, Lord Townshend, is essentially characteristic: "I except one," says Swift grimly, when Macky avers that Townshend "is beloved by every one that knows him."

Innocently Macky observes that Charles, Duke of Bolton, "does not now make any figure at Court." Swift scornfully adds, "Nor anywhere else—a great booby!" Of Charles, Duke of Richmond, another of Charles the Second's offshoots, Swift has only to say that "he is a shallow coxcomb," which from him is almost a compliment.

His most compendious form of anathema is that applied to Thomas, Lord Wharton. "The most universal villain I ever saw," which is indeed saying a good deal, for "villains" of different hues

appear to have been frequent in his experiences of the Court and society in general. With this uncompromising condemnation may be bracketed an equally compendious expression of contempt. Mr. D'Avenant is thus dismissed: "He is not worth mentioning," and the then Marquis of Breadalbane is simply "a blundering, rattle-pated, drunken sot," while "Secretary Johnston" is "a treacherous knave, one of the greatest knaves *even in Scotland*."

Once again, despite his Toryism during Anne's late years, his opinion of Charles the Second's offshoots peeps out. Macky alludes to the Duke of Grafton, saying he is "a very pretty gentleman." Swift says, "Almost a slobberer, without one good quality." As for John, Duke of Montague, being a Scot, he is *ipso facto* "as arrant a knave as any in his time."

One may pause here for a moment to imagine what a sensation would have been enacted if Swift at the time he associated with all these people had dwelt in the Palace of Truth, and been compelled to express his opinion of each to the personage concerned. Also one may reflect on the well of bitterness which lay beneath his saturnine silence, as with those keen blue eyes under their shaggy eyebrows the Irish parson grimly surveyed the glittering crowd, *multa secum revolvens*, while they more or less vied in adulation to the power behind the Ministers.

Of Charles, Earl of Halifax, his opinion seems correct—"the patron of the Muses," Macky terms him. "His encouragements," says Swift, "were only good words and dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by others." This is strongly confirmed by the story told in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" of Halifax and Pope, when the latter read the earlier part of his Homer to him.

Fletcher of Saltoun, according to Swift, was "a most arrogant, conceited pedant in politics; cannot endure the least contradiction of any of his visions or paradoxes." But it is only fair to vary these criticisms with the occasional approvals which Swift very scantily mingled with them. Thus Thomas, Earl of Thanet, is fortunate enough to be described as "of great piety and charity," while of the Earl of Middleton he speaks well, though at second hand: "Sir William Temple told me he was a very valuable man and a good scholar; I once saw him."

For once Macky and Swift agree—the opinion being unfavourable—the subject being John, Duke of Buckingham. "This character is the truest of any," says Swift. What it was may be gathered from the supplement to Swift's works, where the editor says, "He openly

sold every place in his disposal—had a personal interest with the Queen from having pretended in his early days to have been in love with her. No one else either trusted or esteemed him.”

One comment certainly would have aroused the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* had it been anywhere but in the safe seclusion of a margin. It concentrated the dislike of the nation which Swift appears to share with Johnson, and was all the more agreeable to the writer, as its subject was by many deemed the head and representative of the Scotch nation—the Duke of Argyll. He is an “ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot, has no principle but his own interest and greatness ; a true *Scot* in his whole conduct.” With this may be cited the modified eulogy on the Earl of Wemyss : “He was a black man and handsome—for a Scot.” As to Harley, his own special patron and friend, Swift will not confirm Macky’s remark that he was very eloquent. “A great lye,” says Swift ; “he could not properly be called eloquent, but he knew how to prevail on the House with a few words and strong reasons.” Really, however, this *is* the most effective eloquence in the House, though specimens of it are very rare at present.

The Earl of Romney is seen by Macky and Swift through the opposite ends of the telescope. According to the one, “he was the great wheel on which the Revolution rolled, but of a moderate capacity.” According to the other, “he had not a wheel to turn a mouse,” and as to capacity “none at all.” Poor Lord Raby is credited by Macky with “fine understanding.” Swift remarks, “Very bad, and can’t spell.” The latter deficiency was very common, however, among persons of quality, and their spelling really anticipated the phonetic system. Of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Tenison, Swift curtly remarks—the implication is worth observing—“The most good-for-nothing prelate I ever knew.” But the cherished and vanished dream of English preferment which lasted during the greater part of his sojourn at Court was not calculated to soothe Swift in his estimate of prelates.

Of faint praise there is an example here and there, serving as contrast to the virulent pessimism which prevails. Thus Mr. Mansel is “of very good nature, but a very moderate capacity” ; while Mr. Carstairs is “a good character, but not strong enough by the fiftieth part.” Lord Butler of Weston is “of very good sense, but seldom shows it, and most negligent of his own affairs.” The definition of Lord Lucas is “a good plain humdrum.”

The few instances of approval or mere toleration make the general bitterness more apparent. Probably much of this is due to

the anxiety of disappointment which Swift experienced, whether under the patronage of Temple or Harley, at the Court of Anne or in his journey, hoping that the tide of affairs under her successor might fasten him into favour. Correct or incorrect, however, their severity of expression and sledge-hammer hitting resemble those of Marrel and Charles Churchill.

F. G. WALTERS.

FOLK-RHYMES OF PLACES.

I.

WEST-COUNTRY FOLK-RHYMES.

THE folk-rhymes of a people are like the ballads—they seem to be born, not made. It is impossible, as a rule, to compute their age, for the original language is modified by the lips of each succeeding generation, so that the most ancient utterances may wear a modern look. Proverbs, saws, adages, are of similar character. There is one remarkable quality about them all, and that is their strong family likeness. Passing from country to country, we pick up the same proverbs in different language, and we meet variations of the same legends. Nothing is more interesting or useful, philologically, than a comparative study of folk-lore and fable. But there is also a special interest to be derived from a consideration of the folk-rhymes, not only of a particular country, but of a particular district; and the latter study may be brought comfortably within the range of a single article. There is a peculiar wealth of such things in Devon and Cornwall, conveniently known as the West Country. In these counties we have a more equal blend of Celt and Saxon than in many other parts of the kingdom; and, still more noticeably, we have the earliest traces of Britain's first inhabitants. We cannot say how much of hoary antiquity survives in West Country lore. There can be little doubt that some of the tales of pixy and giant take us back to paleolithic man. These things belong to the probabilities of conjecture; folk-rhymes are something more tangible. Place-rhymes are always interesting, because they generally embody either some local pride, some parochial boast, or else the sarcasms and reproaches of neighbours. When two small places seem to have started equal in the race for fortune, and one has prospered while the other stood still, there is often a spiteful reference to what has been, rather than what is. Perhaps the stationary or decayed town was once far the more important of the two; in which case it takes a special pleasure in reminding its neighbour of that fact. This has given us a large

class of place-rhymes. At Crediton we find the following—a reference to the time when Crediton held the bishopric which was finally passed on to Exeter :—

Kirton was a market town
When Ex'ter was a vuzzy down.

But history does not support the good folk of Crediton in this claim to the greater antiquity. An almost identical saying applies to Plympton, and with greater likelihood of correctness, for in the time of the Domesday compilation Plintona was really the chief centre of population for many miles round :—

Plympton was a borough town
When Plymouth was a furry down.

The rhyme is indeed, as Mr. Worth says, almost ubiquitous ; we find it, or its parallels, in all parts of the kingdom. In another class of rhyme we find a mysterious reference to buried wealth. Such is the following, applied to two places in Devonshire, both of which have namesakes in Somerset—and, in fact, Somerset has a similar rhyme :—

If Cadbury Castle and Dolbury Hill dolven were,
Then Devon might plough with a golden coulter
And eare with a golden shere.

There are ancient earthworks in this neighbourhood, and it is asserted that immense treasures lie buried therein, under the guard of a fiery dragon. In Westcote's "History of Devon" we read that "a fiery dragon or some ignis fatuus in such lykeness hath bynne often seen to flye between these hills, komming from the one to the other in the night season." A similar rhyme has attached to the hill of Denbury, near Newton Abbot—

If Denbury Down a level were
All England might plough with a golden shear.

Fardell, the seat of the Raleighs, has a tradition of a treasure buried by Sir Walter, and doubtless the following rhyme bears reference to that :—

Between this stone and Fardell Hall
Lies as much money as the devil can haul.

A familiar reference to families of long standing is to be found in the couplet—

Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone
When the Conqueror came were found at home.

Of another family, this time Norman, it is said that

the Tracys
Had ever the wind in their faces—

a striking expression of the misfortune which dogged that family, or was supposed to, after one of its members had helped to slay Becket. In the imagination of the Middle Ages such a stain was not easily wiped out, and the Tracy whose hand did the deed is still doing penance by weaving ropes of sand upon the shore at Woolacombe. Some of these rhymes have a ballad touch about them that is almost literary, and that raises them far above mere doggerel. Such is the familiar and striking couplet—

River Dart, O river of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart !

There was something of the poet about the man who made those verses ; they stick in the memory with tragic distinctness. Another couplet with a lilt is the familiar—

Blow the wind high or blow the wind low,
It bloweth fair to Hawley's Hoe.

Hawley was one of those bold spirits, of whom there were many in the west, whose adventures hovered in the border land between merchandise and piracy, with a clear leaning towards the latter. Dartmouth still remembers him well. Another reference to wealth, this time of a mineral character, is found in the distich—

Hingston down, well ywrought,
Is worth London town dear ybought.

There was plentiful tin here once, but it has failed ; and it is said there are also Cornish diamonds. At this spot the Danes, with the Cornishmen who sided with them, were defeated by the Saxon Eadgar ; and a Tavistock rhyme says—

The blood that flowed down West Street
Would heave a stone a pound weight.

Of "Lydford Law," or the prompt legislation of the ancient Stannary Courts, very much resembling the Lynch law of Californian gold-diggings, the old couplet says—

First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford law.

One of the most foolish of all place-rhymes is that which is so often quoted of Totnes, reputed to have been said by the Trojan Brutus when he came up the Dart with his galleys, and landed at that town—

Here I stand and here I rest,
And this place shall be called Totnes.

According to tradition, and to some brainless etymologists, Brutus is

supposed to have spoken a very corrupt French, long before French was dreamed of; and we are seriously told that Totnes means *tout à l'aise*. At Topsham, near Exeter, we find a reminiscence of the ill-fated Monmouth rebellion, crushed at Sedgemoor. The Duke is recorded to have said—

Topsham, thou'rt a pretty town,
I think thee very pretty,
And when I come to wear the crown
I'll make of thee a city.

At Hatherleigh, a poorly cultivated district, we are told that

The people are poor at Hatherleigh Moor,
And so they have been for ever and ever.

Another rhyme, sometimes varying in the names, says—

Ughborough lubbers, Harford gads,
Cornwood robbers and Ivybridge lads.

Of local weather proverbs there are of course plenty. One, which is simply a variation of a rhyme to be found all over England, says that

When Haldon hath a hat
Kenton may beware a skat.

It means obviously that when there is mist on Haldon Hill, the near villages may expect rain. Very similar is this rhyme of Hey Tor, one of the chief heights of Dartmoor :—

When Heytor rock wears a hood
Manaton folk may expect no good.

In this district also we meet with a very different kind of quatrain—

He that will not merry be
With a pretty girl by the fire,
I wish he was atop of Dartmoor,
A-stugged in the mire.

“Stugged” is a local and very expressive word; those who have ever been caught in bog and mire will need no explanation. When a horse gets stuck in a Dartmoor morass, the farmer cries, “Urn, Zacky, an' git zum ropes; tha mare is stugged in tha bog—urn!” They are tolerably familiar with wet weather in the West Country, and when we cross the border into Cornwall we find it said that

Cornwall will bear a shower every day,
And two on Sunday.

At Liskeard it is said—

When Carradon's capped and St. Cleer hooded
Liskeard town will soon be flooded.

A St. Austell verse is a reference to an annual gathering of Friends at that town, which gathering became proverbially noted for wet weather—

Now farmers, now farmers, take care of your hay,
For it's the Quakers' great meeting to-day.

Cornwall is famous for rhyming about its own patronymics, as in the often quoted—

By Tre, Pol and Pen,
You may know the Cornish men.

Sometimes other names are added to these three, such as—

By Tre, Pol and Pen,
Ros, Caer, and Lan,
You shall know all Cornishmen.

These prefixes are all Celtic, and no examples are needed to remind us of their prevalence in Cornwall. A variation says that

Car and Pen, Pol and Tre
Will make the devil run away.

Of mere weather-rhymes there are plenty throughout the west, but these as a rule are identical with those to be found in other parts of the kingdom, and it is mere waste of space to quote them. Thus the Devonshire—

Urd in the night is tha shipperd's delight,
Urd in the marning is tha shippard's warning,

is nothing more than a localised version of a rhyme to be found everywhere. The same may be said of rhymes about St. Swithin's, charms, etc. Perhaps the verse used for charming away sciatica, known formerly on Exmoor as "boneshave," is an exception. The patient has to lie on his back by a river, with a straight staff between him and the water, while some one else repeats over him the words—

Boneshave right,
Boneshave strite ;
As tha watter rins by tha stave,
Zo follow boneshave.

It is said that this remedy was attempted on an old man, not many years since, with the result that he died of the exposure. Of dock-leaf rhymes, charms for toothache or for burns, there are many variants, but they are similar in family, and may be found east and west, north and south. More curious and local is the following old Cornish verse, repeated by peasants and fisher-folk to deliver them from the misleadings of the "will-o'-the-wisp" :—

Christ He walketh over the land,
 Carried the wildfire in His hand,
 He rebuked the fire and bid it stand ;
 Stand, wildfire, stand,
 In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But it seems that the Cornish folk used sometimes, on dark nights, actually to solicit the services of the wildfire.

Jack the Lantern, Joan the Wad,
 That tickled the maid and made her mad,
 Light me home, the weather's bad.

Something especially local also attaches to the old West Country practice of christening the apple trees on Christmas Eve, by pouring quantities of cider over their roots ; on which occasion the following verse, sometimes slightly varied, was used :—

Yer's to thee, old apple tree ;
 Be zure yu bud, be zure yu blaw,
 And bring voth apples gude enow,
 Hats vul, caps vul,
 Dree-bushel bags vul,
 Pockets vul and awl,
 Urrah, urrah !

And though harvest-rhymes are familiar all over the country, the use of the "neck" in this connection is certainly peculiar to the west. There were settlements of Danes in Cornwall, and the "neck" would seem to be a Danish word meaning a knob or bunch. The neck is made from the last sheaf of wheat, at the end of harvest ; the blades being tied and decorated with ribbon. It is then flourished in the air, while the mowers wave their sickle and cry—

We-ha-neck ! we-ha-neck !
 Well a-cut, well a-bound,
 Well a-zot upon the ground.

The practice, associated with different ceremonies and sports, was common to Devon and Cornwall alike, but now must be regarded as obsolete. The rhymes naturally varied in different localities, and the whole thing seems like a survival of some old custom of paganism, perhaps rather Teutonic than Celtic. The custom may have been known in other parts of the kingdom—they seem to have known something like it in Cheshire—but it lived longest in the west. It would be possible to cull more folk-rhymes from Devon and Cornwall, but in many cases they would be found to be merely duplicates

of sayings equally familiar elsewhere ; and the chief interest in local rhymes is that they should be distinctive in character, not simply echoes of something that is cosmopolitan.

II.

MOUNTAIN FOLK-RHYMES.

In noticing the various folk-rhymes that attach to different mountains and hills throughout our land, we shall often be struck by a great similarity. It would almost seem as though one old rhymester had penned them all. Such a supposition we know to be impossible. The folk-rhymes are as anonymous as the proverbs and saws that adorn our everyday speech ; and they belong to an age when transition from one part of the country to another was neither common nor easy. The parallelism can only be accounted for by the fact that one mountain is very like another in its principal features. The similarities of weather-lore are equally striking, and doubtless for the same reason. That which seems chiefly to have impressed the dwellers in a hilly district is the fact that when the hill or mountain is clouded with mist, when its peak is hidden, rain will soon come down upon the lowlands. A majority of mountain folk-rhymes simply embody this idea, in slightly varying forms of language. A general weather-rhyme tells us that

When the mist comes from the hill
Then good weather it doth spill ;

and it is this fact that the various local rhymes take most delight in emphasising. The names of the hills are different ; the sense of the rhymes is the same, because men have noticed the same thing all over the country. We may as well take our first specimens from Yorkshire. Thus we have—

When Eston Nab puts on a cloake
And Rosberrye a cappe,
Then all the folk on Cleveland's clay
Ken there will be a clappe.

The expression "Cleveland's clay" is evidently used advisedly ; for we may recollect the local saying—

Cleveland in the clay,
Put in two soles and carry one away.

Another rhyme of the same district says—

When Hood Hill puts on its cap
Hambleton's sure to come down with a clap.

And again—

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap
Let Cleveland then beware of a clap.

Another very familiar couplet refers to Ingleborough—

When Ingleborough wears a hat
Ribblesdale will hear of that.

It is this Ingleborough that wrongly claims to be one of the three highest hills in England. The claim is equally unwarranted in all three cases—

Pendle, Penigent, and Ingleboro'
Are the three highest hills all England thorough.

Sometimes the same thing is expressed differently—

Pendle, Ingleboro', and Penigent
Are the three highest hills between Scotland and Trent.

This latter claim is more modest, but is still an undue stretch of local pride. Another Yorkshire rhyme is connected with Oliver Mount, near Scarborough—the hill being sometimes erroneously supposed to take its name from the Protector—

When Oliver Mount puts on its hat
Scarboro', Falsgrave, and Scalby must pay for that.

The similarity already referred to is so obvious and incessant, that it may seem almost monotonous to give the different rhymes. Yet they derive a value from the mere fact of being local in detail, though so general in sense. More of a deviation from the popular model is the following from Lancashire :—

If Riving Pike do wear a hood
Be sure the day will ne'er be good.

Another Lancashire rhyme is—

When Pendle wears its woolly cap,
The farmers all may take a nap.

Northumberland gives us one contribution—

When Cheviot ye see put on its cap,
Of rain ye'll have a wee bit drap.

In Durham we have a rhyme that is not quite so bare as some, not quite so crude and unliterary—

On yonder mountain Owsen Bands
Towers high its head of barren lands,
And there, if mist hangs days but aye,
Is seen the sign of coming rain.

There is a Cumberland rhyme which speaks of a certain sympathy between a Cumbrian and a Scotch hill—

If Skiddaw wears a hat
Criffel wots well of that.

Sometimes the names are reversed. There is another Cumberland couplet that parallels a Yorkshire and Lancashire one already quoted, claiming an undue precedence for certain hills—

Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Casticand
Are the highest hills in all England.

It is not easy to say what hill is meant by "Casticand." At the Peak, in Derbyshire, we have a testimony to the coldness of the hill-top—

Kinder Scout,
The cowdest place areawt.

In Cheshire we have the ever-recurring weather-proverb—

As long as Helsby Hill wears a hood
The weather's never very good.

Right down on Dartmoor we find the same thing, already quoted.

Hereford gives us a rhyme that is the most pretentious of any yet given ; it refers to a hill near Weobley—

When Ladylift puts on her shift
She fears a downright rain ;
But when she doffs it you will find
The rain is o'er and still the wind,
And Phoebus shines again.

But somehow this more elaborate verse lacks the note of the genuine folk-rhyme, and the allusion to Phoebus is more in the style of Queen Anne poetry than of unpolished popular verse. Leicestershire gives us the following :—

When Belvoir hath a cap,
You churls of the vale look to that.

The folk of South Kent say—

When Fairlie down puts on his cap
Romney marsh will have its sap ;

and again, in Sussex.

When Firlle Hill and Longman has a cap
We in Alciston gets a drap.

Go where we will, we cannot escape from these inevitable rhymes of "hats" and "caps" and "hoods." We find one in the Isle of Wight—

When St. Catherine's wears a cap
Then all the island wears a hat ;

we have one up in Worcestershire—

When Bredon Hill puts on his hat,
Ye men of the vale beware of that.

Somerset is a trifle more original—

When Dunkerry's top cannot be seen
Horner will have a flooded stream.

If we go up into Scotland we meet the rhymes as surely as we do in the south—

When Largo Law puts on his hat
Let Kellie Law beware of that ;
When Kellie Law gets on his cap
Largo Law may laugh at that.

It is refreshing to meet a variation in the rhyme—

When Ruberslaw puts on his cowl,
The Dunion on his hood,
Then a' the wives of Teviotdale
Ken there will be a fiude.

Even more of a variation from the customary doggerel is the following, but it smacks less of the soil :—

There's a high wooded hill above Lochnaw Castle ;
Take care when Lady Craighill puts on her mantle ;
The lady looks high and knows what is coming,
Delay not one moment to get under covering.

There is a laxity of rhyme in this last specimen that we only expect in the rudest of folk-verses.

Such are some samples of our hill-rhymes, with their remarkable sameness. It would seem that they were all modelled on one, or perhaps two patterns ; yet we must necessarily believe that many of them were composed without collusion, by persons unlettered and untravelled, who simply observed the aspects of Nature and brought their native wit to bear on the subject. We may rightly suppose that some are older than others ; some bear their modernism written on their faces plainly enough. Others may be even older

than the language in which they are expressed, for such language would be modified by the uses of each generation.

It may not be absolutely correct to speak of Welsh pennillion and similar verses as folk-rhymes, and yet such a sketch as this would hardly be complete without giving a version of that quatrain on Snowdon which George Borrow so much admired. The following translation itself is more than a century old :—

To speak of Snowdon's height sublime
Is far more easy than to climb ;
So he that's free from pain and care
May bid the sick a smile to wear.

Some far older verses in triplet form, for which the Welsh even claim a Druidic origin, refer to different aspects of Snowdon, and it may be noticed at once how in passing to Wales we seem to have entered a more poetic atmosphere. Two of these triplets are as follows, each bearing a kind of moral or maxim in its last line :—

When the mountain snow is spread
Stags love sunny vales to tread :—
Vain is sorrow for the dead.

Fair the moon's resplendent bow
Shining on the mountain snow :—
Peace the wicked never know.

These verses are in altogether a different style from the English or Scotch folk-rhymes that precede them ; but when we recollect that such verses have been repeated and sung at Welsh firesides for long generations, and that they belong quite as much to the soil as the ruder Saxon rhymes do, we must recognise that, so far as popular current verse is concerned, the poetic taste of the Celtic people has been higher than the Teutonic. To say this is not for a moment to admit that Welsh poetic literature is better than the English. That would be a contention utterly unjust to Wales.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THE HERSCHELS AND THE NEBULÆ.

A LARGE number of those interesting celestial objects the nebulæ were discovered by the illustrious astronomer Sir William Herschel, and his famous son Sir John Herschel, and some account of their labours in this branch of astronomy may prove of interest to the general reader.

In the year 1783 Sir William Herschel began a series of observations—or sweeps of the heavens, as he termed them—with a view to gain some knowledge respecting what he called “the Interior Construction of the Universe.” In the course of these “sweeps” he discovered a considerable number of new nebulæ and clusters of stars, not noticed by previous observers. The instrument used in this research was a Newtonian reflector of 18·7 inches aperture and 20 feet focal length, the power used in “sweeping” being 157 diameters, and the field of view 15' 4", or about half the apparent diameter of the moon. Herschel's first catalogue of “One Thousand New Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars” appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society for the year 1786. In this catalogue he gives the approximate position of each nebula and cluster, with an abridged description of its general appearance as seen in the telescope, this description being dictated to and written down by an assistant while the great astronomer had the object actually before his eye.

The catalogue is divided into eight classes. The first class includes “Bright Nebulæ”; the second class, “Faint Nebulæ”; the third class, “Very Faint Nebulæ”; the fourth class, “Planetary Nebulæ”; the fifth class, “Very Large Nebulæ”; the sixth class, “Very Compressed and Rich Clusters of Stars”; the seventh class, “Pretty much Compressed Clusters of Large or Small Stars”; and the eighth class, “Coarsely Scattered Clusters of Stars.” In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1789 he gives a second catalogue of 1,000 new nebulæ and clusters which form a continuation of the first catalogue. These two catalogues include 215 nebulæ of the

first class, 768 of the second, 747 of the third, 58 of the fourth, 44 of the fifth, 35 of the sixth, 55 of the seventh, and 78 of the eighth. An example or two taken from each class and compared with modern observations may prove of interest to the reader.

No. 6 of Class I. lies following the star 64 Virginis, and is thus described by Sir William Herschel: "Very bright, pretty large, gradually much brighter in the middle."

No. 47 of Class I. follows 1 Aquilæ, and Herschel says is "bright, very large, of an irregular figure, easily resolvable, stars visible." Webb says, "Beautiful resolvable nebula."

No. 162 of Class II. lies a little preceding the star 34 Virginis, and is described by Herschel as "not very faint, pretty large, irregularly round, a little brighter towards following side."

Nos. 129 and 130 of Class III. lie north following the star σ Boötis, and are described as "two, about 6 minutes distant, both extremely faint, very small, round, verified with 240."

No. 26 of Class IV., or planetary nebulae, lies about 4 degrees following the star γ Eridani, and is described by Herschel as a "very bright, perfectly round, or very little elliptical, planetary but ill-defined disc. Second observation, resolvable on the borders, and is probably a very compressed cluster of stars at an immense distance." Lassell described this curious nebula as "the most interesting and extraordinary object of the kind he had ever seen." D'Arrest, like Herschel, found the edges resolvable, and Huggins finds that the spectrum is *not* gaseous.

No. 43 of Class V. is described by Herschel as "very brilliant, 15' long, running into very faint nebulosity extending a great way." Webb says: "Large, oval, bright, best defined at sides; nucleus south like Andromeda nebula on a small scale. Spectrum continuous." It lies a little south of the star 3 Canum Venaticorum.

Herschel describes his No. 10 of Class VI., which lies a little north preceding α Scorpii (Antares), as "a very compressed and considerably large cluster of the smallest stars imaginable, all of a dusky red colour; the next step to an easily resolvable nebula." That all the stars should be of a *red* colour is remarkable. Sir John Herschel says with reference to this cluster: "Pretty large, oval, gradually brighter in middle, resolvable."¹

No. 30 of Class VI.² was discovered by Miss Caroline Herschel, Sir William Herschel's sister, and is described as "a beautifu

¹ *Cope Observations*, p. 111.

² *Phil. Trans.*, 1789.

cluster of very compressed small stars, very rich." It lies a little south of ρ Cassiopeiæ. A photograph taken by Dr. Roberts in 1892 shows "lines, wreaths and curves of stars." The individual stars are distinctly seen on the negative and could be easily counted.

No. 2 of Class VII. lies north following the star 8 Monocerotis, and is described by Herschel as "a beautiful cluster of scattered stars, the first large, the second arranged in winding lines. Contains the 12th Monoceros." Webb says, "Beautiful, visible to the naked eye; including 12, 6th magnitude, yellow; and many 7 and 8 magnitude stars. The smallest, 14th magnitude, run in rays. Small pair near centre." Near this cluster Prof. Lewis Swift sees "a wonderful nebulous ring."

No. 16 of Class VIII. follows ϕ Cygni, and is described by Herschel as "a cluster of not very compressed stars, closest in the middle. It may be called (if the expression be allowed) a forming cluster, or one that seems to be gathering."

A few of Herschel's nebulæ may possibly have been telescopic comets. With reference to No. 7 of Class I., which lay a little following the star 49 Leonis, and which is described in the catalogue as "very bright, large, and round," Herschel says in the notes to his first catalogue, "This remarkable appearance being no longer in the place it has been observed, we must look upon it as a very considerable telescopic comet. It was visible in the finder, and resembled one of the bright nebulæ of the *Connoissance des Temps* so much that I took it for one of them till I came to settle its place; but this not being done till a month or two after the observation, the opportunity of pursuing and investigating its track was lost"; and he says that No. 6 of Class II. was also probably "a telescopic comet, as I have not been able to find it again, notwithstanding the assistance of a drawing which represents the telescopic stars in its neighbourhood."

In the preface to his second catalogue, Herschel refers to the nebulæ "as being no less than whole sidereal systems." But this conclusion must now be modified to a considerable extent, as spectroscopic observations show that many of them are nothing but masses of glowing gas. With reference to the "Planetary Nebulæ," he says they "may be looked upon as very aged, and drawing on towards a period of change or dissolution"; but as several of the "new" or "temporary stars" discovered in recent years have apparently changed into "planetary nebulæ," it would seem that these curious objects represent rather an early stage—not a late one

of nebular formation. Herschel seems to have had an idea that there was some relation between the two phenomena, for in previous paper¹ he says, "If it were not perhaps too hazardous to pursue a former surmise of a renewal in what I frequently called the laboratories of the universe, the stars forming these extraordinary nebulae, by some decay or waste of nature being no longer fit for their former purposes, and having their projectile forces, if any such they had, retarded in each other's atmosphere, may rush at last together, and, either in succession or by one general tremendous shock, unite into a new body. Perhaps the extraordinary and sudden blaze of a new star in Cassiopeia's Chair in 1572 might possibly be of such a nature." But the reverse of this seems now more probable, a planetary nebula being formed from a temporary star, not a temporary star from a planetary nebula.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1791,¹ there is a paper by Sir William Herschel on "Nebulous Stars" in which he expresses his opinion that the nebulosity surrounding these curious objects is not composed of stars. He says, "View, for instance, the 19th cluster of my 6th class and afterwards cast your eye on this cloudy star . . . Our judgment, I may venture to say, will be that *the nebulosity about the star is not of a starry nature.*" (The italics are Herschel's.) Among the nebulous stars described by Herschel in this paper the following may be mentioned.

"January 17, 1787.—A star with a pretty strong milky nebulosity, equally dispersed all around; the star is about the 9th magnitude. A memorandum to the observation says that having just begun, I suspected the glass to be covered with damp, or the eye out of order; but yet a star of the 10th or 11th magnitude, just north of it, was free from the same appearance. A second observation calls it one of the most remarkable phenomena I have ever seen, and like my northern planetary nebula in its growing state. The connection between the star and the milky nebulosity is without all doubt." Sir John Herschel described it as an 8th magnitude "exactly in the centre of an exactly round bright atmosphere 25 inches in diameter." Webb found a "bluish nebulosity, quite like a telescopic comet," and says "the Earl of Rosse saw a marvellous object—a star surrounded by a small circular nebula, in which, close to the star, is a little black spot. This nebula is encompassed, first by a dark then by a luminous ring, very bright, and always flickering; perhaps a spiral . . . A mass of luminous gas." This wonderful object lies south following the star 63 Geminorum.

¹ *Phil. Trans.*, 1785, pp. 265, 266.

"March 5, 1790.—A pretty considerable star of the 9th and 10th magnitude, visibly affected with a very faint nebulosity of little extent all around. A power of 300 showed the nebulosity of greater extent. The connection is not to be doubted." This object lies a little south preceding the star α Monocerotis.

"November 13, 1790.—A most singular phenomenon! A star of about the 8th magnitude, with a faint luminous atmosphere, of a circular form, and about 3 feet in diameter. The star is perfectly in the centre, and the atmosphere is so diluted; faint and equal throughout, that there can be no surmise of its consisting of stars; nor can there be a doubt of the evident connection between the atmosphere and the star. Another star not much less in brightness, and in the same field with the above, was perfectly free from any such appearance." This object will be found about 2 degrees north of the star ψ Tauri.

With reference to the constitution of these curious objects Herschel rejects the idea that the luminous atmosphere is composed of small stars, and says, "We therefore either have a central body which is not a star, or have a star which is involved in a shining fluid, of a nature totally unknown to us," and he adds, "But what a field of novelty is here opened to our conceptions! A shining fluid, of a brightness sufficient to reach us from the remote regions of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, or 12th magnitude, and of an extent so considerable as to take up 3, 4, 5, or 6 minutes in diameter! Can we compare it to the coruscations of the electric fluid in the aurora borealis? or to the more significant cone of the zodiacal light as we see it in spring or autumn? The latter, notwithstanding I have observed it to reach at least 90 degrees from the sun, is yet of so little extent and brightness as possibly not to be perceived even by the inhabitants of Saturn or the Georgian planet, and must be utterly invisible at the remoteness of the nearest fixed star."

Herschel suggests that large nebulæ, like that in Orion, may possibly be composed of this luminous matter, an hypothesis which accounts, he says, "much better for it than clustering stars at a distance." This was a happy foresight of Herschel's into the existence of gaseous nebulæ, the truth of which has been proved in recent years by the spectroscope. The great nebula in Orion is now known to consist of glowing gas, as Herschel surmised. He further expresses his opinion that "planetary nebulæ" may also be composed of luminous gaseous matter, and the spectroscope has fully confirmed the truth of this hypothesis.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1802 Herschel gives a

further catalogue of 500 "new nebulæ, nebulous stars, planetary nebulæ, and clusters of stars." The numbers in each class are continued from the former catalogues, and bring the totals up to :— First class, 228 ; second class, 907 ; third class, 978 ; fourth class, 78 ; fifth class, 52 ; sixth class, 42 ; seventh class, 67 ; and eighth class, 88. In the preface to this catalogue he gives some interesting remarks on the various kinds of nebulæ. With reference to the globular clusters of stars he says there must clearly be a centre of attraction, either empty or occupied by a massive body, round which all the stars revolve. With reference to the nebulæ, properly so called, he considers that some, at least, may be clusters of stars rendered nebulous in appearance from the effects of immense distance, and that in some cases their light may possibly take nearly two millions of years to reach us ! But this conclusion seems now improbable. Herschel admits, however, that "milky nebulosity," such as that in the great nebula in Orion, is probably *not* due to clusters of stars. The spectroscope has now proved this conclusion to be correct.

In a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1811, relating to the "Construction of the Heavens," Herschel further considers the nebulæ. He says, "An equal scattering of the stars may be admitted in certain calculations ; but when we examine the Milky Way, or the closely compressed clusters of stars, of which my catalogues have recorded so many instances, the supposed equality of scattering must be given up. We may also have surmised nebulæ to be no other than clusters of stars disguised by their very great distance, but a longer experience and better acquaintance with the nature of nebulæ will not allow a general admission of such a principle, although undoubtedly a cluster of stars may assume a nebulous appearance when it is too remote for us to discern the stars of which it is composed."¹ He gives in a table a list of 52 spots in the heavens, in which there is "diffused milky nebulosity" over a considerable area. These regions should be examined and photographed with some of our large modern telescopes.

Herschel says with reference to the great nebula in Orion that "we can hardly have a doubt of its being the nearest of all the nebulæ in the heavens." With reference to "double nebulæ," or nebulæ having two centres of condensation, he suggests that in the course of ages they may divide and form two separate and distinct nebulæ close together. Dr. See has recently suggested that this may have been the origin of binary or revolving double stars.

¹ *Phil. Trans.*, 1811, p. 270.

With reference to what Herschel calls "cometic nebulae," which show "a gradual and strong increase of brightness towards the centre of a nebulous object of a round figure," he says, "Their great resemblance to telescopic comets, however, is very apt to suggest the idea that possibly such small comets as often visit our neighbourhood may be composed of nebulous matter, or may, in fact, be such highly condensed nebulae."

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1814 Herschel continues his observations "relating to the sidereal part of the heavens and its connection with the nebulous part." He considers the apparent connection in many cases between stars and nebulae, and shows that this connection is probably real and not apparent. From this he concludes that the stars were originally formed by condensation of nebulous matter. This, of course, agrees with the nebular theory of Laplace.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1818—his last paper on this subject—Herschel considers the probable distance of clusters of stars. Taking the power of his 20-foot Newtonian telescope to penetrate into space as 61·18 times that of the naked eye, which he assumes can see stars of the 12th order—that is, twelve times the distance of stars like Capella and Vega—he concludes that several of the compressed clusters of stars lie at a distance of 734 times the distance of Capella or Vega. Some clusters he finds to be placed at the "900th order of distance," while in one case he concludes that the cluster lies at 950 times the distance of Capella or Vega. I find that if Capella or Vega were placed at 734 times their present distance they would be reduced to about $14\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude, and this would have been about the smallest star visible in Herschel's telescope. Herschel's conclusions, of course, depend on the assumption that the stars of the clusters referred to are of the same size as the brighter stars, and that their faintness is due merely to their great distance from the earth. This assumption, however, cannot be considered as certainly true, for their faintness may possibly be due to small size as well as to great distance. Probably both causes combine to make them faint.

In the year 1825 Sir John Herschel, the famous son of Sir William Herschel, commenced a series of observations on the nebulae in the Northern Hemisphere with a 20-foot reflector. The results of these observations are given in a catalogue published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1833. This catalogue contains 2,306 nebulae and clusters, of which 1,781 were observed by Sir William Herschel and others, the remaining 525 being new. Among

the latter Sir John Herschel says there is "only one very conspicuous and large nebula, and only a very few entitled to rank in his (father's) first class, or among the 'bright nebulæ.' By far the greater proportion of them are objects of the least degree of faintness, only to be seen with much attention, and in a good state of the atmosphere and instrument." He gives a series of plates with some beautiful drawings of the various kinds of nebulæ. Some of the forms depicted are very curious. One of them is spindle-shaped with a vacuity in the middle. It looks like a circular ring seen very obliquely, and reminds one of Saturn's ring, if we imagine the planet removed. This remarkable object is No. 19 of Sir William Herschel's Fifth Class, and is described by Sir John Herschel as "an extraordinary faint ray 3' or 4' long; 40" broad; very large; very much elongated; pretty faint; has a chink or dark division in the middle and two stars. Position with meridian $21^{\circ}2$. A wonderful object." In the drawing the stars mentioned are placed at each end of the central opening and certainly look as if they were connected with the nebula.

With reference to the well known "dumb-bell" nebula, of which he gives a drawing, Sir John Herschel says, "The outline is filled up elliptically with a faint nebulosity, as in figure, which, I think, leaves ansæ, as if inclined to form a ring." This view of its construction is shown to be correct by a photograph taken by Dr. Roberts in the year 1888, which shows that the nebula is really a globe surrounded by a darker ring. Dr. Roberts says, "The nebula is probably a globular mass of nebulous matter which is undergoing the process of condensation into stars, and the faint protrusions of nebulosity on the *south following* and *north preceding* ends are the projections of a broad ring of nebulosity which surrounds the globular mass. This ring, not being sufficiently dense to obscure the light of the central region of the globular mass, is dense enough to obscure those parts of it that are hidden by the increased thickness of the nebulosity, thus producing the "dumb-bell" appearance.

Another curious object is a small round nebula surrounding a triple star, the stars forming an equilateral triangle, of which the sides are about 4" in length, and the stars of the 11th, 12th, and 14th magnitude. "The nebula surrounds the stars like an atmosphere." This is No. 261 of Sir William Herschel's First Class, and lies a little south following the star ϕ Aurigæ. Webb saw four stars with $9\frac{1}{2}$ -inch speculum in 1873 and 1876; D'Arrest five stars, Lord Rosse saw six stars and found the nebula oval with branches.

Another interesting object is one discovered by Sir John Herschel, of which he gives a drawing and describes it as "a most remarkable phenomenon. A very large space, 20 or 30 minutes broad in Polar distance, and 1 minute or 2 minutes in Right Ascension, full of nebula and stars mixed. The nebula is decidedly attached to the stars, and as decidedly not stellar. It forms irregular lace-work marked out by stars, but some parts are decidedly nebulous, wherein no stars can be seen. A figure represents general character, but not the minute details of this object, which would be extremely difficult to give with any degree of fidelity." It lies about $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees preceding the star ζ Cygni.

In the year 1834 Sir John Herschel went to the Cape of Good Hope to observe the southern heavens, and in his interesting and classical work, generally known as the "Cape Observations," he gives a catalogue of 1,978 nebulae, most of which are south of the equator. Of these 89 are identical with objects in his first catalogue, mentioned above, and 135 are included in Sir William Herschel's catalogues. The instrument used by Sir John Herschel in these observations was a reflector of the same size as that used by Sir William Herschel. From this southern catalogue of Sir John Herschel's I select the following interesting objects, which, so far as I know, have not hitherto been described in books on astronomy.

n. 2345. Nebula about 7 degrees south of the star β Ceti. It is described by Sir John Herschel as "very, very bright; exceedingly large; very much elongated; 30 minutes long, 3 or 4 minutes broad; has several stars in it; gradually much brighter in the middle to a centre elongated like the nebula itself. The nebula is somewhat streaky and knotty in its constitution, and may perhaps be resolvable"; and in a second observation he says, "a superb object. The light is somewhat streaky, but I see no stars in it but four large and one very small one, and these seem not to belong to it, there being many near."

n. 2878. A nebula situated near the northern edge of the Nubecula Major, or "greater Magellanic Cloud." Sir John Herschel describes it as "very bright, very large, oval, very gradually pretty, much brighter in the middle, a beautiful nebula; it has very much resemblance to the Nubecula Major itself as seen with the naked eye, but is far brighter and more impressive in its general aspect, as if the nubecula were at least doubled in intensity."

"Note.—July 29, 1837. I well remember this observation; it was the result of repeated comparisons between the object seen in the telescope and the actual nubecula as seen high in the sky on the

meridian, and no vague estimate carelessly set down. And who can say whether in this object, magnified and analysed by telescopes infinitely superior to what we now possess, there may not exist all the complexity of detail that the nubecula itself presents to *our* examination?"

n. 3315. A little north preceding the great nebula in Argo (which surrounds the variable star η Argus). Sir John Herschel describes it as "a glorious cluster of immense magnitude, being at least two fields in extent every way. The stars are 8, 9, 10, and 11 magnitude, but chiefly 10 magnitude, of which there must be at least 200. It is the most brilliant object of the kind I have ever seen." In another observation he says, "a very large round, loosely scattered cluster of stars of 8 . . . 12 m. stars, which fills two or three fields. A fine bright object," and in a third observation he says, "a superb cluster, which has several elegant double stars, and many orange-coloured ones."

As in his first catalogue, he gives beautifully executed drawings of some of the nebulae he observed. Some of the forms shown are very curious and interesting, but several are very similar in form to objects observed in the northern hemisphere. He also gives elaborate drawings of the great nebula in Orion, the nebula round η Argus, and the various objects contained in the Nubecula Major. His detailed descriptions of these wonderful objects are very valuable for comparison with photographs which have been taken or will be taken in the future. He also gives a catalogue of the objects visible in the Nubecula Major and Nubecula Minor, so that any future change in the brightness or position of any of these objects can be easily determined.

Many new nebulae have of course been discovered since the days of the Herschels, but these are, for the most part, exceedingly faint objects, and we may safely say that the heavens were thoroughly explored by the Herschels so far as the power of their telescopes would permit. They were excellent observers, and no greater astronomers have ever lived.

J. ELLARD GORE.

THE MIDDAY MOON OR THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

TIME: about 5 P.M., early in August 1898. Weather conditions: cloudy, grey, chilly, mournful, with threatenings of rain. Scene: a landing-stage on the Tyne, close to the dark, high railway bridge. On the landing-stage gather a crowd of fellow creatures, who are to be our fellow passengers on a cruise to Norway. They look depressed and weary, and give no sign of sociability or friendliness. We think, wrongly, that they cannot be a very pleasant lot; but then, you see, the circumstances are unfavourable. There is an amount of luggage that might be warranted by the prospect of a refuge in the Ark; and excited porters bang down ever more trunks and bags, while elderly ladies, in a state of frenzied imbecility, scream and complain, and seem to have lost all their pet baggage for ever. Alongside the little pier a steam tender is puffing and snorting; and she heels over under the vast volume of mountainous impedimenta. Crowding and confusion rise *crescendo*, like the last agony of an overture, till the commander of the impatient tug cuts the Gordian knot of intense entanglement and maddening disorder, by suddenly going ahead, and leaving Fate to arrange all difficulties. Passengers look at each other doubtfully. They know they must for a time live together; but in that dark and dismal hour of stress and strain it is probable that no one passenger thinks that any other passenger looks really pleasant. Still we are off.

The grey, leaden, rain-laden sky suits the busy, energetic, earnest Tyne, which is seriously active with most important business and instinct with very throbbing life. Both sides are nobly absorbed by stately ship-building, and the river is crowded with great vessels at anchor, and by little craft fussing eagerly along the fevered water-way. The main subject of talk on board our tender is the coming sea-passage, expected to last about forty hours, between Newcastle and Norway. The prospect is not very cheering.

For days past, the somewhat stately, but rather sombre capital of the Tyne has been scourged by gales and sodden with rain ; and the biggest trees have been swaying fiercely under high and furious winds. Still, "Weather" in London telegraphs cheerfully that we may have a fair passage, though, probably, a rainy one ; and we do not tug along without hope. The river becomes even grand as its great shipping, coal and iron industry strikes strongly upon the receptive mind. Presently we begin to look out for our ship, the *Midday Moon*. The captain of the tender, of course, knows the steamer ; and suddenly we hear, "There she is ! That's the *Moon* !" and we look with respect at the bold side that she shows out of the water, and with delight at the fine lines. We bump against her, and find a gangway ladder which descends to our paddle-box. We climb the ladder, and find crew and stewards drawn up on deck to receive the new human cargo—with so much luggage.

The great ship slips quietly away from Tynemouth to the sea at 8 P.M.

Even our little voyage is not without the romance of life on the great sea. There is the lined deck to pace up and down ; there is the hurricane deck to be ascended ; the white whale-boats and the steam-launch hang round the bulwarks ; the officer of the watch paces the bridge ; the compass gives its infallible intimation of the course we are to traverse ; the sextant takes observations ; you sleep in a cabin ; you dine in a saloon ; and you are not on *terra firma*. Around you the wild waves leap ; above you the hurrying clouds drive, or sometimes rest ; and when, after the death of the day, darkness gathers round the unresting ship, then some must watch while some may sleep, and the officer still looks out from the high bridge when the passenger sleeps trustfully in the narrow, gently-rocking cabin.

Our daily course of life is this : the cabin steward at 6.30 A.M., with a cup of coffee and a biscuit ; then, on the orlop deck, a bath and a shave ; then a walk round the deck, and at 8, breakfast ; lunch occurs at 1, and afternoon tea at 4.30. This leads up to dinner at 7 ; and there is some kind of supper, though I never attended it, at 9. We have a good band on the ship ; and Sir George Cornwall Lewis would certainly complain that there is too much amusement on board. Every evening we have a concert or a dance ; and during the day, ship's quoits and obstacle races. Once we had even a fancy dress ball on the quarter-deck ; and oh, pretty, dashing, flirting Mrs. Florrie, you went in the costume of a naval officer, and danced, and looked desperately charming—you know that you did,

ma'am—and you were a sort of Helen of Greece, and caused wars and troubles; but no one complained of what you were pleased to do so pleasantly. We have some 200 passengers, and the great saloon holds them all at dinner. There is a long table, running the whole length of the great cabin, and ending in mirrors, which suggest an idea of dining in infinity; and on either side of the main table are small tables, at each one of which eight diners are refreshed. It was luck rather than wit that served our ends; but we were singularly fortunate in our octave. Two delightful ladies, one English lawyer, two Scotch advocates, two eminent doctors, and myself—a Gentle Little Fawn. We breakfasted, lunched, and dined together daily; and soon became friendly and almost intimate. We had some wit, and much laughter, and were a happy table. In that refuge for misery and vice—the smoking-room—I found—and this is characteristic of our day—men who had seen all the world; had been in Africa, India, China, Ceylon, Japan, Australia. They talked familiarly of those far, strange lands; but did not seem to think that they had done anything wonderful by visiting such remote parts of the planet that we inhabit. You had to ask them, to get them to tell you about oversea sights.

The next morning after starting, we find ourselves in the North Sea, out of sight of land, with our prow pointing N.E. to Norway o'er the foam. "Weather's" prophecy was right, except as to rain, and we readily forgive *that* error. Our passage is called by sailors a "moderate" one, and the term is just; though it may be observed that moderation does not preclude pitching the bows some ten or twelve feet up and down, and does not wholly shut out rolling. We have a rather long send in the sea, and there are distinct hollows in the modest waves. Still, the happy passage *was* moderate, and was very enjoyable. We are on a fine ship, of three thousand and some hundreds of tons, and find everything on board very comfortable. The deck cabin No. 7, which I shared with my nephew, was delightful, and admitted light and air to the heart's desire. The fare on board was good, and the comfort of passengers was studied with experienced care. Sailors are nearly always fine fellows, and we were singularly fortunate in the genial and efficient officers—who belonged to the Naval Reserve—of the *Midday Moon*. The ship was rather fond of rolling, and did not steam very fast; but then a rocking-horse is never a Pegasus. While I was in her she was never, I believe, driven at a speed of more than eleven knots; still, we went fast enough for quiet enjoyment; and racing against time is dreary work. "Slow fire makes sweet malt"; and who would hurry

over the glad, sunlit waves of the often tempestuous North Sea? By the way, how wrong we were in our first impressions of our fellow passengers! On the landing-stage they frowned dismally; at sea they smiled brightly, and were lovable without effort, and pleasant without pretence.

Every great book, every distinctive land, makes its own atmosphere; and possesses its own astral system of gods, of kings, and chiefs; and the thought of such things, set in suitable scenery, resembles the far-off chiming of invisible bells. Norway was rich in such suggestive associations, and in a regal roll of well resounding names. Firstly come the stern spectres of the grim old Norse mythology; of Thor, of Odin, of Jötun, and of Troll; of Hymir, of Ygydrasil; of the Valhalla and of the Niffelheim. The very sound of the names transports the imagination into the shadowy realm of Scandinavian legend and history; and the mind lingers among the vague apparitions of Halfden Hoelbein, of Harald Haarfyre, of Haakon, Eric, Olaf, Sweyn, Magnus, Hardrada, Sigurd, Knut, Sverre, of Rolf the Ganger (otherwise Rollo, who conquered Normandy), and we revel in such titles as "Bloodaxe" or "Blue Tooth." Their names are types, and their titles are denominational; and these faint memories of the long ago are set in scenes which help the thunder-roll of euphonious terminology. The land itself is in harmony with the events of history and the tales of legend; and Norway is fitly set in its own mythology, in its own stormy history.

We left the Tyne at about 8 P.M. on a Saturday, and by about 5 on the Monday morning we found ourselves somewhere near Stavanger, on the rocky coast of that Norway of which we had dreamed so much; which I, at least, had so long longed to see. It is a strange feeling to look for the first time upon a country new to your experience if old in your longings; and I gazed with keen interest upon the Bukken Fjord—the first one that I saw. Hills not yet very high; rocks and islets everywhere, and everything new. The ship anchors at Sand, from which an overland journey through the Brutlands Valley can be made. Sand is quite a little town—the first town that I saw in Norway—and resembles many others that I afterwards saw. Houses are sprinkled about on the level of the still and shining water, and the two predominating edifices are the church and the hotel. The hills behind Sand are low and unimportant. We retraced our steam steps through the Bukken Fjord, and by that time a Committee of Pleasure, a Parliament of Love, had been constituted in the ship to devise and promote amusements. We began to meet with local craft, which were not Viking galleys bearing the

bloodthirsty marauder, "Red-Gruel," to rapine and to murder, but little sloops, carrying a square sail and with very heavy sterns, which were laden mainly with wood.

It must be admitted that Norway has no mountains; hers are only hills—the true Alpine faith being that a mountain only begins with 10,000 feet of height. Life has few better calm delights than floating in smooth water through beautiful prospects on either side of a not wide frith. Deck-chairs cluster in little groups; and each group seems to be bewitched and guided by some Fairy Queen. Are ladies in their proper place at sea? A question to be asked, though it is a delicate and a difficult one. In a storm they seem out of place. Such terrible forces surround the straining ship, and there is so much hard labour and so much actual danger, that they then excite chiefly pity; but in a still fjord they are wholly in place, and lend a delicate delight to gentle rapture. A flirt in a country house or on ship-board is a most valuable institution, and is—if she do not overdo it—an ever enlivening stimulant. When the barge of Cleopatra was so deliciously womaned, it only burned the water of the river Cydnus, and silken tackle might swell with the touches of flower-soft hands; hands which would swell sadly at the rough touch of tarry, hempen ropes. Cleopatra might have voyaged with us in the *Midday Moon*; and her gentlewomen, so many mermaids, would have been made much of, and eagerly engaged for the evening dance; but Cleopatra would not have been contented, because we had no Antony on board.

If Antony were really on the ship, it must have been as a stow-away; and he never showed. Deprived of him, Cleopatra would have been a "handful." Her gorgeous progress was made in very tranquil water.

One of our ladies interested me greatly: a lady not obtrusively young, but with all Miss Blossom's hold of the freshness of youth; a lady with sad and tender eyes, which were yet the homes of the lingering sunset of idealism, and suggested both romance and sorrow; a lady so kindly that she was ever glad with that soft joy which is within the limits of becoming mirth, and is yet chastened by latent, gentle melancholy; a lady who always suggested her capacity for devoted kindness, and nevertheless excited speculative study; and who continually gave the idea of the value of her friendship or affection. Well, this lady sat upon an ordinary deck-chair, and may have belonged to our choice *octave*. I should like to give sketches of some, at least, of our pleasant passengers, but hesitate to do it, as it would seem like going to a dinner party and afterwards describing

for publication the guests that one met there. The lady alluded to forms a very special exception. We had a learned passenger who was engaged on a history of the Jameronies, an interesting people of antiquity which has left no record of itself.

The proud and boastful sea is restless and revolutionary, raging without a conscience or an aim ; and might, indeed, take a lesson from the modest fjord, with its stately somnolence and majestic repose—in which latter quality it may almost compare with Egyptian art.

The great ship glides stately along the calm waters of the placid fjord ; waters which are never turbulent, and always avoid the vulgarity of fussiness. It is ideal voyaging to drift in a great comfortable ship over still and silent lakes, beautified on either side by wild and picturesque hills ; hills sometimes sprinkled with snow, or agitated by the ferocious foam of madly down-rushing waterfalls.

Froude tells us, speaking of these Norwegian fjords : “ Here were the hiding-places where the vikings, wickelings, hole-and-corner pirates, ran in with their spoils ; and here was the explanation of their roving lives. The few spots where a family can sustain itself on the soil are scattered at intervals of leagues. The woods are silent and desolate ; wild animals of any kind we never saw ; hunting there could have been none. The bears have increased since farming introduced sheep ; but a thousand years ago, save a few reindeer, and a few grouse and ptarmigan, there was nothing which could feed either bear or man. Few warm-blooded creatures, furred or feathered, can endure the winter cold. A population cannot live by fish alone, and thus the Norsemen became rovers by necessity, and when summer came they formed in fleets, and went south to seek their sustenance. The pine forests were their arsenal ; their vessels were the best and fastest in the world ; the water was their only road ; they were boatmen and seamen by second nature, and the sea-coasts within reach of a summer outing were their natural prey.” And as our ship steamed slowly through these fjords, the evidences which support this theory were amply visible. The hills descended sheer into the deep water. There was practically very little ground for grazing or for growing ; but, wherever there was a ragged patch of uneven or sloping greenery, there was a farm, and at the level of the water there was always a boat. Very lonely and very far apart were these desolate farms ; and it was clear why men who could not find sustenance from the land embarked on the sea and became rovers, pirates, sea-robbers, and marauders. In histories, all Scandinavian pirates are termed “ Danes ” ; but the ancestors of our honest Norwegian friends furnished a large contingent of these so-called Danes.

The water is of the purest and greenest, and most translucent. Three large hotels dominate the cluster of houses ; and the ship, if not at anchor, is at perfect rest. We apply to the courier for a ticket for an inland excursion on the morrow. He gives us a card, numbered—say 49—and we shall find at the landing-place a *stolkjærre* bearing a large placard with 49 on it, and that vehicle will be ours. “Boats for the shore !” and we are tugged over the bright, clear green water to the landing-place. One of the first pieces of Norwegian that we learn is, that *vos* means a waterfall ; and we are going to-day, as an ostensible goal, to Espelandsfos and to Laatefos. I admit that I am in defective sympathy with waterfalls—perhaps I have seen too many—but I really care not much for any *vos*, but for seeing the country inland. A long procession of kariols and *stolkjærres* starts on the uphill road ; and we soon pass the snout of the Bruar Glacier. Our road, about ten miles in length, winds along one side of a valley down the centre of which rushes a foamy and furious mountain stream. The zigzags grow steep, and at length we stop at a draughty, wooden Restauration ; but it rains so hard that waterfalls become works of supererogation, if not of mercy.

Our estimable pony, cream with black mane and tail, trots hard down, without even a stumble, the long descent of the homeward route ; and at length we see the great, calm ship slumbering upon the placid water. We climb the high, black side, and stand gazing upon Odde. Some of us may never see the place again !

Our next port is Bergen, at which we arrive in the morning, after a passage through fjords. Bergen lies upon a wide fjord, and is surrounded by heaps of low hills. In Bergen there are two distinctive objects of interest—the Fishmarket and the Hanseatic Museum. I am not a proficient in Billingsgate, but I saw fish in Bergen that were new to me, though they seemed confusedly related to ling, haddock, whittings, gurnets. The fish are sold alive, out of tanks, and the scene of bargaining and buying is a busy one. You can see specimens of the quaint actual dwellings of the “agents” of the great old Hansa, houses in which women and fires were not allowed. They must have been cold without fires in Bergen winters, and the beds are set in close recesses in the walls.

We next went to Balholm, which lies upon a lake-like branch of a fjord. The hills all round are patched or streaked with winter snow, and the place is highly picturesque. A large white screw yacht came in after us, and so soon as the dark peace of night sank upon purple hills and dusky snow she woke the shattering echoes with her guns. We replied with our cannon, and then both ships

sprinkled the fire flakes of rockets upon the shadows of the still, dark night. Then, with the hills around us, and the stars above, we also sank to rest.

The scene shifts to Gudvangen. To get there we have passed through the majestic and gigantic Sogne Fjord. One is almost tempted here to call the hills mountains, so grand are they and so fine of form. Often, in these fjords, the way ahead seems quite blocked up by ranges of hills, so that one wonders whether the steamer will turn to the left or to the right. We had a fine day, though there came, at times, a hush upon the light, and then the purples became darker and more sombre. Birds swept and wheeled over the smooth water, while great fish, presumably salmon, rose frequently, and made widening circles in the shining levels of the glassy lake. Sogne leads into the Nœrø Fjord. This is, in my judgment, the finest of all the fjords, and combines all the ideal excellences of a hill-walled arm of the sea. Gudvangen resembles Odde in all essentials, but is perhaps even lovelier and more tenderly quiet in its green and hilly peace. Next day, a worthy little pony drew us to the foot of the steep zigzag path which leads up to the huge Stallheim Hôtel, which has so fine a view over a voluptuous valley; a view which, however, we did not see well, the day being grey and dull, and the valley obscured with clouds.

Next came Visnæs, and an excursion to the Loen Valley. Then Hellesylt, and then Merok, on the great Geiranger Fjord, from which we drove, through snowy regions, to the so called "Frozen Lake," which, however, was not frozen. Some of the scenery reminded me of parts of dear old Switzerland, and the air was keen and icy. Then came our last new place of call, and we stopped at Næss. It rained heavily, and the *stolkjærrer* looked drooping, cheerless; but we put on waterproofs and started for our last Norwegian drive. The way was not so shut in as usual, and on the left patches of hard snow descended low upon the hills, while the range upon the right was mostly hidden by low clouds. We saw, however, that really fine peak, the Rømsdalshorn, and the Romsdal itself; but were glad to get out of the wet, back to our dear floating palace home.

We did not steam under shelter of the islands to Bergen, but stood out to run along the open sea. This was probably done to humour the ship, which had become sulky at having had no opportunity, for some time, to roll. It was not rough, but, in her frolic glee, the big craft tumbled about as much as she could manage under the circumstances. She is gay and lively, but is light and

not perhaps a very "stiff" ship. However, we duly reached Bergen, and went ashore for the last time in our yachting cruise.

And so we found ourselves for the second time in Bergen. When we were there on the outward voyage, all was anticipation and hope; but on this second visit we were depressed by the feeling that we were returning, and that our pleasant cruise was nearly at an end. Once more, and for the last time, the steam-launch towed the crowded boats to the shore; and we had a day in Bergen, though it was announced that the last boat would leave the land at 3.30. Then came the question—what weather should we have in crossing the usually turbulent North Sea? You heard some dismal apprehensions expressed, and the prospect was not altogether cheery. The sky was as vague as the very mystic advertisement which once intimated, to all whom the fact might concern, that "two widows want washing." There was a stiff whole topsail breeze, and the waters of the Bergen Fjord were painfully agitated. At 5, the great black ship was under weigh; and the girls at home had got hold of the tow-rope, though it might be questioned whether the girls at home could be much prettier than some, at least, of the girls on board: and these latter were in no hurry to conclude their pleasant cruise in the *Midday Moon*. Dinner was, as usual, at 7, and by that hour we had got out of the near shelter of the land. Several passengers left the dining saloon before dinner was finished. They wanted, perhaps, to see what the weather was like. They found a fresh, stiff breeze, and the welter of the plangent wave. It was tolerably but not very rough; and the ship was enjoying herself with distracted activity. All portholes closed, and the vessel (I heard her) was encouraging waves to leap on board and kiss her. A pious lady once prayed, "O Lord, water this spark!" and I thought this prayer was answered, when I saw a leaping wave sprinkle one of our young swells. Deck-chairs were all stowed away, and, as walking was distinctly difficult, we had to sit and smoke on the fixed deck seats. And so the sportive hours rolled and tumbled along; and the big ship, which looked so steadfast in a fjord, gave herself up to abandoned merriment and to wanton joy. But the night held yet a great event in reserve. At about 11, the heavens were brilliantly illuminated by the most splendid *aurora borealis* that I have ever seen. The band of a rainbow seems to the naked eye to be about a foot broad, but here there were two rainbows, and the breadth of the stripes of either seemed to be a yard in width. They waxed and waned, grew intense and became pale in gorgeous colour; and one rainbow of northern lights crossed the other equally large and

equally vivid sky-bow. Along the north, pale white tongues of light, with pointed edges, flickered and darted upward ; and all the vision was reflected in the tossing sea.

The spectacle was so wonderful and so sublime that the troublous winds were hushed in awe, and the vexed sea looked on with delight, and subsided into respectful calm. After midnight, wind had ceased, and sea had dropped, so that our last Sunday morning at sea shone with sunlight, and was restful with brilliant softness. The sun set, as a round and perfect orb, slowly into the gently heaving sea ; and when night came the stars were lighting us the way to Tynemouth—and to the end of our happy voyage.

We reached our moorings at about 5 A.M., and then came the tenders and the Tyne, Newcastle, the train—and home. But we returned richer than we went. We had had a voyage ; had seen a (to us) new, fair, and foreign land ; and had made some friendships on board which we shall not willingly let die. We were fortunate in our captain ; a man as capable as courteous, who excited confidence and attracted regard.

Our yachting cruise came to its regretted end, but it lingers, though enjoyed, a joy in memory yet. The romance of life on ship-board, the pleasant society, the change from the life of the pen ; the hills, down which the wild cataracts leaped in glory ; the green shining of the calm waters of the fjords, the snow patches, the rocky islets—all these things were to remain a wonder, a memory, a charm. A very little time after a return to the old ways of life throws a soft, silvery mist over remembrance ; and I am trying here to record, if it may be, some few of the poetical impressions left by our tour in picturesque Norway. Looking back, the voyage seems to have lasted very long. A consultation of a mere almanack might show that the trip occupied only a comparatively short time ; but my imagination will not consent to fix a term of less than a vague six months ; and I hardly know whether I obtained more pleasure from *Midnight Sun* or from *Midday Moon*.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

THE SWALLOW.

[In Italy there is no more popular canzonetta than Tommaso Grossi's *La Rondinella* (from his *Marco Visconti*, Chapter XXVI.); it has more than once been set to music by celebrated composers. My English version presents the meaning and metre of the original as closely as possible.]

S WALLOW, swallow pilgriming,
 Resting on the terrace weary,
 Thou that every morn dost sing
 Thy lament so sad and dreary,
 What wouldst tell me twittering,
 Swallow, swallow pilgriming?

Lonely there, by spouse disdaining
 All forsaken and forgot,
 Art thou to my plaint complaining
 Thy forlorn and widowed lot?
 Ay, 'tis plaintive twittering,
 Swallow, swallow pilgriming.

But at least in wings confiding
 Thou art less forlorn than I,
 Over lake and woodland gliding
 With thy melancholy cry,
 Calling him to follow, follow,
 All day long, thou pilgrim swallow.

Oh that I...but bound for ever
 By this narrow vault I lie,
 Where the sunbeam enters never
 And the very air would fly,
 Whence my feebly twittering speech,
 Swallow, scarce thine ear may reach.

Soon, September at the door,
 Thou to leave me must prepare ;
Thou shalt view a distant shore,
 Other seas and mountains there
Greeting with thy twittering,
Swallow, swallow pilgriming.

Then shall I, each dismal morning
 Waking to my misery,
Frost and snow of winter scorning,
 Think I listen still to thee
In thy plaintive song replying,
Swallow, swallow, to my sighing.

One lone cross shalt thou be sighting
 When Spring calls thee back this way ;
On that cross at eve alighting,
 Softly fold thy wings and say
' Rest in peace '—low twittering,
Swallow, swallow pilgriming.

HUTCHESON MACAULAY POSNETT.

TABLE TALK.

"THE HUMANE REVIEW."¹

AMONG recent signs of improvement I contemplate with satisfaction the appearance of a quarterly periodical called *The Humane Review*—the title is expressive but not wholly satisfactory—the avowed object of which is to promote the consideration of subjects which have a direct bearing on the welfare and more humane treatment of men and animals. The humane treatment of man will, I trust, follow inevitably that of animals—man, after all, being an animal. Writers of eminence have contributed to the first number, Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. W. H. Hudson among them. So interested am I in the class of subjects with which the periodical aims at dealing, that I cannot do other than wish it success, and give it such advertisement as is within my reach. I doubt, however, if the programme as announced can be carried out. One sentence in the Introduction meets my eye on the first page: *The Humane Review* intends "avoiding politics and economics, as enough debated elsewhere." This, if it can be carried out, is eminently desirable. Yet politics, I maintain, cannot be, and are not, excluded. The subject of vegetarianism, discussed with characteristic humour by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and from a practical point of view by Mr. H. Light, captain of the Vegetarian Cycling Club, soars out of politics. On the other hand, the question of "The Kafir and his Masters" is as political as it can be, opening out precisely the matters on which political feeling surges highest. I am not saying that the subject does not call for discussion, or that the views put forward are wrong. With the latter I have, indeed, much sympathy. There is scarcely a point, however, in the paper on which a polemic may not be raised. Who, again, shall say that the question of "Militarism and Humanity" or that of "Capital Punishment" can possibly be raised without trenching on politics?

THE DARTFORD WARBLER.

NATURALLY, there are in *The Humane Review* views with which I profoundly sympathise, and articles every word of which I would adopt. What Mr. Hudson says under the heading

¹ Ernest Bell, York Street, Covent Garden.

"The Dartford Warbler" has my approval and admiration. The Dartford Warbler, or Furze Wren, once common over many parts of England, can now with extreme difficulty be traced in four counties, and there only in a few widely scattered localities. He is a small, frail, insectivorous species, a feeble flyer, that must brave the winters at home; a sweet British songster of which Gould in 1873 says, "All the commons south of London, from Blackheath and Wimbledon to the coast, were formerly tenanted by this little bird; but the increase in the number of collectors has, I fear, greatly thinned them." Smithers, a bird-stuffer, to gratify his patrons, offered the boys of the villages a shilling for every clutch of eggs, and their fate was soon sealed. Tremendous havoc has been wrought in the last fifteen years. "Fifteen years ago the honey buzzard," says Mr. Hudson, "was a breeding species in England, and had doubtless been so for thousands of years. When the price of a "British killed" specimen rose to £25 [!], and of a "British taken" egg to two to four pounds, "the bird quickly ceased to exist." Very difficult is it to legislate to meet such cases. When £25 can be got for a thing so easily concealed, the idea of frightening either a bird-stuffer or a yokel from hunting it down is preposterous. After a further description of the Dartford Warbler—which I, of course, have never seen, and which can only be seen by those who have the patience to sit motionless by the hour—and speaking of it as it hovers against the luxurious yellow of the nearest furze blossoms as "a sight of fairy-like life and of flower," Mr. Hudson declares that it is impossible not to regard with "extreme bitterness of hatred those among us whose particular craze it is to 'collect' such creatures, thereby depriving us and our posterity of the delight the sight of them affords."

REMEDIES FOR WANTON DESTRUCTION OF FEATHERED LIFE.

I HAVE quoted from Mr. Hudson's contribution to *The Humane Review* with a freedom which I hope he will not resent. What is the remedy for this state of things? I despair of finding an answer. An appeal to the humanity of those who are wholly without such a commodity is obviously futile. It has been tried again and again, and the processes of ravage go on with accelerating rapidity. Mr. Hudson, I grieve to find, is as powerless and as infertile in suggestion as myself. I had hoped to see a tax practically prohibitive put on guns. At the present moment—politics again!—the tendency is in the other direction, and the cry of the "Imperialist" is for rifle clubs to be started in every country village in England. One cannot readily or very logically encourage the use of the rifle

and suppress that of the fowling-piece. No taxing of guns, moreover, would prevent boys from stealing the eggs for which so tempting a price is offered. Can we, then, suppress the collector? I wish with my whole heart we could; but though Mr. Hudson leans to some plan of the kind, I think it patently impossible. Mr. Hudson is in favour of a law "to forbid the making or having collections of British birds by private persons." A law to this effect must sooner or later be made if we are not to witness the extirpation of whole species of birds, those especially of rich plumage or song. Can we dream of a Parliament that would dare to pass, or an administration that would carry out, such a decree? I see as well as he the expediency of some measure of the kind, but I am less sanguine than he. We can only go on "pegging away" until public sentiment is aroused. Before that time is reached the damage will be done, and we shall protect rare birds when there are no rare birds to protect.

AN ALLEGED AMERICAN REMEDY.

ONE word more, final for the present on the subject, may be permitted. I read in a newspaper that the Illinois Audubon Society has now ten thousand enrolled members. A new statute promoted by this society has been passed, making it a misdemeanour punishable by fine or imprisonment for any person to have in his possession the body, living or dead, of any wild bird, the English sparrow, the crow, and the chicken-hawk excepted. Our American cousins are in all respects more uncompromising than we, and may possibly have indulged in such trenchant legislation. Still, some difficulty is experienced in accepting the statements as they reach us. Is not the word unedible omitted, or have the inhabitants of Illinois so restricted their cuisine that no pheasant, partridge, grouse, wild duck, quail, snipe, or woodcock may enter the larder? Is even the canvas-back duck, supreme among American luxuries, to be tabooed? Is the day over of ortolans? Supposing the information to be accurate, and the laws to be no less stringent than is stated, how without a system of espionage repulsive to think of could they be put in execution? What fine would daunt a Chicago millionaire entertaining his friends? The alternative of imprisonment needs not be seriously discussed. Robins are yet fairly plentiful. It would be well, though this also, I fear, is impossible, if we could attach to other birds—our kingfishers, say—some sentiment such as that which protects

The little bird that man loves best,
The pious bird with the crimson breast.

I quote from memory, and am unable to verify my quotation.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1900.

OLD LOVE AND YOUNG.

By E. A. GILLIE.

“And thus when Nature doth create the heart
Noble and pure and high,
Like Virtue from the Star, Love comes from Woman's eye.”

THERE could be no doubt about the matter, Miss Mackay's nephew from England was certainly coming to Kirkbothal. For the grocer had declared that he had not had such an order from the old ladies for exactly three years and six months, and *then* their nephew had been coming. Their little “help” had also told her mother, who had told someone else, who had spread the story, that Miss Betsy Mackay had been fattening her chickens, and *all* of them were to be killed when her nephew came.

Therefore, with such good authorities as the grocer and the “help,” what further doubt could exist about the matter?

The small gentry of the town, who had found it convenient to forget the existence of the Miss Mackays for the last three years, began to cultivate their acquaintance again, for the nephew from the South was known to be young and unmarried, and in every way rather an eligible *parti*.

“Quite one of the rising men in the Church,” said the banker's wife, when explaining matters to a new-comer to the town. “I had it from the minister. Besides, you know, the Mackays at one time drove their own carriage, though they do take a lodger now, poor things! Yes, a sad change in their position.”

But these friendly advances were received with scorn by Miss Betsy Mackay.

“No, Frances,” she said, when her sister timidly suggested a

kinder reception might be given to the visitors. "No, Frances, we have done without them for two years and more, and we don't need them now. It's all because they want to get David for some of their daughters, depend upon it. I'm not so old yet that I cannot see."

The minister, however, was received more kindly, for whatever his behaviour might have been, not even Miss Betsy's sharp tongue would have been raised against one in his holy office. He, indeed, had remembered that his anniversary service was drawing near, and was fully alive to the advantage of having "one of the lights of our Church in England," as he phrased it, to preach for him, without any expense attending the honour.

"I should never dare to ask such a favour," he wrote, "were it not that our exchequer is so low at present, and that I may plead a long friendship with your respected aunts."

Had he seen how contemptuously "the great light" threw his letter aside, declaring that such friendship was not worth a farthing, he would perhaps not have been so elated by the reply he received, which the writer had only made favourable because it might please "the dear old aunts." When Mr. Brown called to communicate the news to the old ladies, it seemed almost as if their cup of joy would overflow. All through the long winter, the thought of their nephew's visit had helped to cheer their monotonous and uneventful lives, and now that they were within a fortnight of the fulfilment of their hopes, they were thrown into a delightful state of excitement.

The whole house had to undergo another cleaning, and Miss Betsy washed and starched the window-curtains twice before they reached a satisfactory degree of whiteness and stiffness. Her sister confined her attention to the culinary department, and was in great distress lest there should not be sufficient for their nephew's use.

"Six pots of raspberry, and six of strawberry. Dear me! I wonder if that will be enough?" she said doubtfully, shaking her grey curls as she stood before the cupboard counting the jars. "Four of marmalade; he must have it every day for breakfast. Betsy, I think we must have some more marmalade."

"Why, yes, of course; have plenty of everything," said Miss Betsy, who was deeply engaged in ironing a curtain frill. "He must have good nourishing food, and plenty of eggs and chickens and such like while he is here. He can't get these things in a town; you must bake a lot of cakes next week, Frances, so that he may have a glass of milk and a piece every forenoon. Why, with that great church he must be fairly worn out, and need a real good holiday. And you know we're not to be so saving of money while

he's here, for we've got the egg-money; and what should two old bodies like you and me need much for?" and she thought with satisfaction of the order at the grocer's.

"Saving, indeed! I should think not. But I just hope he'll finish the jam," said Miss Frances with a sigh. "I just can't bear the sight of it after he is gone. I remember last time it made me fair miserable."

"Hoots, Fan!" said her stronger-minded sister, straightening her tired back; "who would be thinking of his going before he comes? I'm just fairly provoked though," she continued, "that Miss Ellerson isn't going away; I had so counted on having her room while David was here, and the piano too—he'll miss that, and he so fond of music."

"Yes," sighed Miss Frances. "He'll be so accustomed to grandeur now in England, I hope he'll not be ashamed of his old aunts. Our sitting-room is so small and shabby. I wish Grace had been coming, too, but of course Nellie and the baby have the first right to her." She paused a moment and looked doubtfully at her sister. "We might ask Miss Ellerson to tell us a few improvements for the parlour; I dare say she knows the new fashions, and David will be accustomed to all the latest now; he was only a student last time."

Miss Betsy involuntarily stiffened herself, but she hesitated before she answered decidedly:

"No; Miss Ellerson is a nice girl, but she is our lodger, and I am not going to be beholden to her. She might think we were trying to make up to her. I noticed a bit in the magazine she lent you, called 'Pretty Rooms.' I will read that and just see what I can do. Come upstairs now, and rest yourself, Fan."

She led the way briskly to their little sitting-room, and together the two sisters pored over the article on "Pretty Rooms."

"I see they say that drapery is still used," said Miss Frances at last; "that Indian scarf of yours, Betsy, might go round the mantelpiece. I noticed Mrs. Kerr had her drawing-room mantelpiece draped with silk."

The scarf was produced, and with stiff, unskilled fingers Miss Frances tried to arrange it round the fireplace, while her sister stood watching her, declaring she had never been able to make anything of "such-like trock." But at last, after many vain attempts at graceful arrangement, Miss Frances stood back with a sigh, and her sweet mouth quivered.

"It is no good, Betsy," she said with a little tremble in her

voice ; " my hands are too old and rheumaticy to do anything but cooking now ; I can't get it to hang right at all."

" Well, never mind ; to me it looks as pretty as any of those things do. But if it does not please you, take it down ; for my part I can't see the use of trash like that round a fire—I would be afraid it caught." Then, with a look round the room, she added with simple dignity :

" I think we will just leave the room, Frances. We are too old to take up with new-fangled ideas, and I hope David will think more of us than the furniture."

And, indeed, when their great handsome " lad," as they called the minister, did arrive, there was very little thought given to the room, for his bright presence seemed to beautify everything around, and the two old ladies were never tired of gazing upon him or listening to his talk.

" For we have you just for a month, you know, David," said Miss Frances wistfully, " and the memory of that month has to last us—perhaps two years."

" And if to-night is any example of what I am to expect," laughed David Dunbar, " I shall have enough food to last me till I see you again."

" And you need it," exclaimed both sisters in a breath. " You look thin and tired and——"

" Oh ! " interrupted the minister hastily, " shall I tell you something about the people down there ? "

And without waiting for an answer he went on to tell them about his life in the South, while the old ladies listened eagerly. When he succeeded in bringing smiles to the dear old faces he laughed gaily himself, until Miss Ellerson almost wondered if she were in the same still house, where any laughter except her own was seldom heard. When their nephew had been shown to his room that night, the two old ladies returned to the sitting-room and stood silently beside the fire for some time, neither wishing to show that her eyes were full of tears and her voice not under control. At last Miss Betsy looked up.

" He is just what his father was," she said, her proud voice unusually tender. Miss Frances nodded, but did not trust herself to speak, for both sisters were thinking of their mother's dying legacy to them—that younger brother, who had been so well-beloved.

The next few days were full of delight and enjoyment for the Miss Mackays. Their mornings truly were usually spent in the kitchen, for Miss Ellerson's meals were to be thought of as well as

their own, but what a pleasure it was to know that they were making ready for the minister and that they would see him again at dinner-time. Then there were the long afternoons, when they would wander together in the woods or even venture on the river, for after the first anxious moments, when it had needed considerable heroism on the old ladies' part to trust themselves on the water, they thoroughly enjoyed these trips, although Miss Betsy declared that "it seemed a daft-like thing for two old wives like them to be gadding about on the water like young girls." But few young girls would have enjoyed these trips more, or have taken more pride in the powerful stroke of the rower, on whose broad shoulders and well-made figure the old ladies' eyes rested with loving admiration. It was a great satisfaction to them also when they saw any of their acquaintances on the banks, and they would gladly have afforded an opportunity for the whole of Kirkbothal to come and watch their nephew row. Their pleasure reached its height one afternoon when they espied Miss Ellerson on the footpath. Only that morning they had been regretting (in secret) that she had never seen "David"; now she was here, just at the right time, when they were quite close enough to be seen. But he was without his coat, and neither of the old ladies had yet realised that white flannels were a perfectly legitimate costume for boating.

"Put on your coat—quick, David!" said Miss Betsy hastily, for there was yet some distance between Miss Ellerson and themselves. The minister looked up in surprise.

"Not just yet, aunt; I want to take you a little farther up the river. You are not cold, are you?"

"Oh no, but David do——" But it was too late. Miss Ellerson had reached them, and passed them with a smile and a greeting, and the coat still lay on the seat behind. David turned and looked long after the girl's retreating figure, forgetting to laugh at Miss Betsy's anxiety about the coat. Then he pulled away up stream, and it was not till some time after that he rested his arms on his oars and looked across at his aunts.

"So that is Miss Ellerson," he said slowly, almost as if speaking to himself. "I have seen her before, then."

"Seen her before!" echoed the old ladies, who had been wondering that he had said so little about their lodger, "seen her before! Why, David, where?"

"In Wales, last summer," returned their nephew, looking away down the river. "I was preaching in a little place in Wales, and she was there with her father. They came to church on Sunday,

but," he added, "I never spoke to her, you know, I merely saw her once or twice."

"If she heard you preach she will be sure to remember *you*," said Miss Frances with conviction. But the minister laughed; he had no great faith in his preaching powers.

"We must ask her to meet you one evening," said Miss Betsy suddenly, electrifying her sister by the proposal. David Dunbar's cheeks flushed like a boy's.

"Oh no, aunt," he said quickly. "Why should she remember a casual preacher on a summer holiday? I would not like to claim an acquaintance on so slight grounds. Besides, as you yourself said, she might think we were trying to curry favour; they seemed wealthy people."

He did not add that even supposing she remembered him, he would not care to enter into explanations; for how could he tell her that the sunlit hair and earnest eyes of a girl seen a year ago in a little Welsh village had lingered, like a pleasant dream, in his memory?

"I don't care," said Miss Betsy stoutly, roused by opposition to do that which no persuasion from her sister had been able to bring about.

"It would just be a deed of common Christian charity, the poor thing has no friends up here." Miss Frances smiled. That deed of charity had been sadly neglected for some time now, she thought, but she wisely held her peace.

"Besides," continued Miss Betsy, with dignity, "I hope she is not too wealthy but that she will be proud to meet a minister of Christ's Gospel."

David's eyes sparkled, but still he hesitated. "Won't it give you a lot of unnecessary trouble having someone extra in for the evening?" he said.

Miss Betsy shook her head scornfully.

"Trouble!" cried both sisters at once, "what is an extra plate and cup? Why, dear David," Miss Frances went on regretfully, "we only wish we could have asked more people to meet you, but the room is so small and our table also—we did try to arrange it, but could not manage."

"I'm very glad you couldn't—it's so nice not to see anyone but you." Then his face clouded as he thought of the early rising and hard labour of those two, whose lives ought now to be filled with rest and quiet instead of work and worry.

"I hope you will not give yourselves any unnecessary trouble," he continued. "I wish you need not work at all."

"David! don't speak of such a thing," said Miss Betsy eagerly; "work is just the saving of us; we should not be fit to live with, without it, we should both grow ill from laziness. Frances would soon be too stout to go up and down stairs, and I should just be—just be decrepit—quite decrepit," she added triumphantly.

The minister laughed heartily. The idea of Miss Betsy with her upright alert figure and her dignity ever becoming decrepit seemed as absurd as the prospect of Miss Frances becoming stout.

"And besides," said the younger sister, who had been wondering what else to say in favour of poverty, "if we had more money, we should live in fear of our lives, lest someone might break into the house and take it."

Miss Betsy shook her head in dissatisfaction. She was afraid of no one, and would have liked to say so, but she did not wish to weaken her sister's argument, so remained silent. She was more determined than before, however, that Miss Ellerson should be asked for the very next day, and on the following morning told her nephew triumphantly that the invitation was accepted.

They made their preparations with care, and Miss Betsy thought, with a good deal of pleasure, that Miss Ellerson would now have a chance of seeing their grandmother's china.

"And rich or poor," said Miss Frances, as she dusted a cup tenderly, "she will not have seen the like anywhere."

For the first time that year they donned their black silk gowns, and shook a little perfume on to their handkerchiefs, and it would be difficult to say whether they or the minister spent most time in making themselves ready for the evening. If David had been anxious to win their approval, he should have been entirely satisfied, for they viewed him with undisguised admiration.

"After all," said Miss Betsy, scanning him critically, "I think I like nothing so well as good black cloth for a minister. That knickerbocker trock is nice enough in its way and convenient, I dare say, but for a minister—give me black."

But strange to say, in spite of their approval, the minister had never felt so nervous, even when appearing before the most critical of his congregation, as he did this evening, when the only inspection he had to undergo was that of a girl's dark eyes. But long before the evening was over his nervousness had vanished, and he felt almost as if their knowledge of each other must have begun that Sunday, a year ago, among the Welsh hills.

It was on the Sunday following that David Dunbar was to preach the anniversary sermon, and the Miss Mackays woke early, feeling that this day would be one of the happiest in their lives.

"You will be wanting to go on by yourself to church, I dare say?" said Miss Betsy at breakfast. But the minister assured her that if they did not mind leaving a little sooner, he would like to walk down with them. So the little party started off together, Miss Frances on her nephew's arm, Miss Betsy walking in stately fashion by her side, for she disdained the help of anybody's arm, even that of the minister. Miss Frances was unusually silent at first, and it was some time before she revealed the cause of her depression. But at last she said, looking wistfully into the minister's face :

"I am thinking we are two very shabby old wives for you to be going through the streets with on the Sabbath day, David. I wish we could do you more credit."

The minister looked down tenderly at the old lady :

"I never want to look farther than your face, aunt dear, and I should think most people are the same. But what is it that is so shabby, the mantle?" he added gently, touching the worn and somewhat rusty black sleeve. He would have liked to have said that he feared the egg-and-chicken money which should have been spent in clothing for themselves had been used to supply him with luxuries—but he was afraid of hurting their feelings.

"I'm ashamed of you, Frances," said Miss Betsy reprovingly ; "your mind should be free of all worldly thoughts on a good Sabbath morning."

"So it should," said Miss Frances brightly, comforted by her nephew's assurance. "I'll think no more about it, David."

But the minister determined that before the winter came on, neither aunt should have reason to sigh over the shabbiness of their "Sabbath-day mantle."

They were the first in church, but the time did not seem long to them, for as the two old ladies sat with white heads bowed and no sound but the twittering of the birds outside to be heard, who shall say how near Heaven came to them even within those four bare, narrow walls? Then the people began to drop in by twos and threes, and Miss Frances could not resist taking a look round to see "how the place was filling up," and in that glance she saw the congregation was going to be a large one, for many who had not come for worship were drawn by curiosity, and Mr. Brown, as he noted the numbers, hoped for a large collection.

When at last the two old ladies saw their nephew mount the

pulpit and heard his voice give out the Psalm, Miss Frances rubbed her eyes, while her sister fought hard for a few minutes with the lump in her throat.

There were no sleepers that day in the congregation, and when the service was ended one old elder said softly to his neighbour :

“There was a man sent from God.”

The crowd round the ivy-covered porch was a large one that day, and among those who waited to “get a shake of the young minister’s hand” there were many who lingered from no mere motives of curiosity or desire for prominence.

It was at this point that the Miss Mackays began to grow a little nervous, for there were so many invitations to dinner pressed upon their nephew, that they feared he would have to accept one or another of them, and Miss Frances began a little pitifully, “I think he——”

But Miss Betsy silenced her by a look and a frown and awaited the decision with dignity, although she was none the less relieved when she heard him decline each one, and they were able to depart in peace with their nephew between them. There were few dinner-tables that day where the young minister’s praises were not heard, and the notorious parish grumbler had nothing more to say than that “He did not like to get home before the broth was ready, but perhaps as the young man grew older he would find more to say.”

“Eh, but it’s a privilege to have lived to see this day,” said Miss Frances with glowing eyes, as they sat round their own table. “It will be a joy to us for many a long day, won’t it, Betsy?”

“Yes indeed, but give God the praise and be not puffed up with man’s words,” said Betsy, thinking that a warning against pride would never come amiss—“but,” she went on, “what took you in the sermon, David? I thought you must have forgotten your notes, you stopped so sudden.”

“Nothing, aunt, nothing; I only stopped,” said the minister abstractedly. He was wondering if the sun always chose Miss Ellerson’s head as a resting-place, and how it was he had not noticed her till he began his sermon. Had Miss Betsy been able to read his thoughts, she would perhaps have watched him more closely in the week that followed, and would not have smiled so contentedly when she saw him set out with his fishing-rod or golf-sticks after breakfast.

But both sisters were too busy to notice that the minister’s

morning expeditions now began to be of a singularly uniform nature. No matter in which direction he started out, or with what implements he armed himself, he invariably returned by way of the wood, and frequently he was laden with an artist's equipment as well as his own.

Perhaps the old ladies would have begun to notice the erratic character of these morning walks, had they continued, but they ceased suddenly and their minds were taken up with the announcement that Miss Ellerson did not wish to keep on her rooms. This trouble dated from the day that David came home late for dinner, and entered the house without whistling. The old aunts had been rather "put about" by their nephew's unusual unpunctuality, for the dinner that day was a very special one, which had caused them considerable outlay and much planning, and would spoil with keeping. They had been a little comforted to find things not so bad as they expected, and it was with an innocent pride, that Miss Frances could not conceal, that she announced dinner was ready. What was their chagrin to find, therefore, that the minister merely toyed with his food and seemed to make no progress at all.

"Don't you like it, David?" said Miss Frances timidly. The minister looked up and saw the flushed old faces which were vainly trying to conceal their disappointment, and he guessed the rest.

"Very much," he said quickly, "but I am not very hungry."

"David, you have been sitting too long in the sun, and have done yourself out with that nasty fishing," said Miss Betsy, looking sharply at his face.

"Oh no, just a headache; I shall be all right this evening, never fear." Then he took up his knife and fork again, doggedly determined to satisfy his aunts as far as possible. He spent the afternoon on the hillside, and the old ladies were relieved to find he returned home more like himself, and ready to talk in his usual way, but neither on that day nor the next did the sparkle return to his eyes or the boyish ring to his laughter. His aunts put the change down to dulness, and mourned the fact that there were so few congenial companions in the town for him, and accused themselves of selfishness for having brought him up to an out-of-the-way place like Kirkbothal. They therefore carefully tried to hide the new anxiety about their lodger from him, and though her departure would mean much trouble to them, and still further diminution of their already narrow income, they talked about her loss with affected cheerfulness, and thought thereby that they were blinding their nephew's eyes.

"But I can't think what has got her," said Miss Frances one morning when they had been discussing the matter. "She has been looking so moping these last two days, and this morning I caught her crying. She pretended it was about her picture, but I know better. What need to cry about pictures when her father has so much money? I wonder when she goes?" and Miss Frances sighed. But her sister shook her head warningly.

"It will be quite nice though to have the rooms to ourselves a little," she said brightly.

"Oh yes, quite nice," rejoined Miss Frances bravely. Then they both smiled as they thought how well they were hiding their trouble from their nephew, but had they noticed the soft light in his eyes and the quiver about his firm mouth they might not have been so sure about the matter. He was strangely restless that morning, and laid his book down many times to walk to the window, and watch the wood where some time ago he had seen Miss Ellerson disappear. At last he gave up trying to read, and taking his hat was soon crossing the field towards the fir-trees at a swinging pace, and carrying neither fishing-rod nor golf-sticks.

It was some two hours after this that the old ladies were startled by seeing their nephew appear at the kitchen-door leading Miss Ellerson by the hand.

"Aunts," he cried, and they had never heard his voice ring so joyously or seen his face so bright, "aunts, let me introduce you to my future wife."

Miss Betsy had just returned from the hen-house, and her hands were still full of eggs, but as the minister spoke she dropped them to the floor.

"The good eggs," she cried sorrowfully. "Ah, well! we are all born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards."

But whether she referred to the eggs or his announcement David could not decide.

Miss Frances, who for a moment went on stirring her custard mechanically, let go the spoon at last and ran to her nephew's side. "My dear boy," she whispered, clasping her hands round his arm.

"So that is what has been the matter with the two of you," said Miss Betsy, nodding wisely, for she had been considering the matter; "and what reason had you against him at first, Miss Ellerson?"

The minister answered quickly for his companion, who was still far from having recovered her composure.

"She thought—at least she did not know the difference between

a minister's assistant and—a minister's wife, and she did not consider herself equal to undertaking the first," laughed David.

"And to my thinking a *good* minister's wife should be his assistant," the old lady said sharply. Then, looking at Miss Ellerson, she added: "It's been terrible quick work, it seems."

"Oh, no—at least," began Miss Ellerson bravely, "I saw him last year several times, you know; and I wondered then—I wondered if I should ever see him again."

Miss Betsy's face relaxed, and the custard boiled over unheeded.

"And I," said the minister softly, "I saw a face last summer which brought me a sweet dream of what perhaps—might be. But now the 'might be' is within my reach, and the sweetness of my dream, please God, will last through all eternity."

A tear wandered down Miss Frances' cheek and she held her nephew's arm more tightly, but Miss Betsy stepped forward and, raising her hands like a patriarch of old, she said solemnly:

"My dear, dear boy, may God bless you and keep you and make His face to shine upon you and give you—Peace."

THE RUSSIAN SCHOOL OF OPERA.

WHILST of late years Russian instrumental music figures largely upon our English programmes, and whilst an ever-increasing horde of Russian pianists, good, bad, and indifferent, can generally obtain a ready hearing in our London concert-halls, it is curious to notice that what is really the most distinctive and important element in the whole Russian school of music, namely, its magnificent opera, remains practically unknown in this country. Isolated performances of Glinka's "His Life for the Tsar," Rubinstein's "Demon," or Tshaiïkovski's "Mazeppa" and "Evguèni Onègin," have been given here, certainly, but seemingly with too little success, and at too great expense to warrant a repetition. Their failure to please assuredly lay, not in any artistic disability of the works themselves—which study and comparison can prove to be as noteworthy examples of dramatic music as can be cited anywhere in the annals of musical composition—but rather in their extremely national and individual tendencies. Modern Russian opera is an immediate reflex of the startling outburst of patriotism which marks the Russian nineteenth century renaissance in every field of art, its subjects being supplied over and over again by Russian history, Russian folklore, or Russian literature. Hence, to understand this opera aright and enter into the spirit of its meaning, it is essential to have a fairly clear point of view concerning Russia herself, the character of her people, and their peculiar modes of thought. Up to the present time, however, Russia is perhaps the one civilised land of which outsiders know least, albeit, in England, at any rate, signs of a slowly awakening interest are not lacking. We are gradually opening our eyes to the fact that there remains in Europe an almost unexplored civilisation, young and progressive in its outlook, and having as its pioneers a singularly logical and flexible language, a prolific literature, and a host of painters and musicians of high rank.

Whoever makes a comprehensive, if only brief study of these different art phases, will not fail to recognise and appreciate the

significance and originality of modern Russian opera. Foreign opera has always found a market in Russia. Already, from the date of its earliest Italian beginnings, foreign purveyors conveyed their wares to St. Petersburg, where their utterances were speedily encouraged and fostered; to the total exclusion, it must be added, of any development of native talent. But the Russians are nothing if not receptive. They could hardly have a foreign school flourishing in their midst without themselves from time to time attempting to emulate its triumphs, and about the middle of the eighteenth century the idea of Russian opera, written and composed by Russian musicians, and sung in the native tongue, began to find certain exponents here and there who did not, however, embrace their own views with sufficient purpose and energy to carry all before them and oust the foreigners from high places. Still, vague as was their aim, these efforts are not devoid of interest. They resemble the faint rosy clouds which float across the horizon and announce the dawn, and in this case from dawn to full daylight has been an extraordinarily rapid transition; the soil was evidently ready to propagate even the tiniest stray seeds. For whilst the first hesitant precursors of the present Russian school of opera appeared well nigh a century later than our English Purcell, Russia has now left England far behind, and can boast what we still miss, namely, a national opera where foreign masterpieces are welcomed—yes, but where precedence is accorded, and accorded rightly, to native efforts. Catharine II. (1762–1796) may be reckoned to have given the first real impetus to this national school. It is true that the various musical posts of honour connected with her court were bestowed upon Paisiello, Cimarosa, and other distinguished foreigners. At the same time she by no means systematically ignored native talent, after the manner of her predecessors. Opera was the favourite distraction of this redoubtable sovereign. Between her constant bickerings and diplomatic schemings with her neighbours, she found time to dabble personally in art, and wrote several *libretti* which were set and performed with *éclat* by native musicians. As a result of this encouragement, over sixty Russian operas were produced during her reign. One of them, "Annette," is quoted as the first wholly Russian opera extant, composer, librettist and theme all being of native origin. The five-years' rule of Catharine's fantastic successor, Paul, was too brief and troubled to witness any very appreciable advancement in art. After Paul came Alexander I. During this monarch's supremacy the central figure in Russia's musical life was Catterino

Cavos, an Italian who settled at St. Petersburg in 1798. For over forty years Cavos was immensely popular at the Russian court, his pliable Italian nature helping him to thoroughly identify himself with his adopted country, so much so, that many writers accepted him as a Russian, spelling his name with a K and a Slavonic termination—Kavoss. He was a most industrious manufacturer of opera, employing both Russian text and Russian subject. His best-known effort, "Ivàn Sussànin," dealt with Michael, the first Tsar of the House of Romànov, and his wars with the Poles. The gist of the plot turned upon the fidelity of a peasant, "Ivàn Sussànin," who, when the invading Poles were in search of the young Tsar, misled their leaders and saved his king's life by the sacrifice of his own. Close upon Cavos followed a genuine Russian, Verstovski. Verstovski's chief operas were the "Tomb of Askold," a work built upon an old Slavonic saga, in which Askold the hero and his brother, Dir, play much the same rôles as do Hengist and Horsa in our Saxon chronicles; and "Pan Tvardovski," founded upon the weird Slavonic version of "Faust" or "Tvardovski"—a legend to this day widely circulated amongst the Polish and Russian peasantry. Yet, despite their use of Russian history and myth, the style of Cavos and Verstovski was modelled solely upon Italy, with only here and there the mildest indications of local colour or rhythm. Nor could their works be termed operas in any modern acceptance of the word. They were simply vaudevilles on a par with our old English ballad-operas, though devoid of even so much as the spice of national flavour displayed in the English examples. Nevertheless, they deserve due mention, since they were the forerunners of the Weber of Russian opera, Michael Ivnòvitch Glinka (1804-1857). The very meagreness of the national trend up to this date serves to accentuate Glinka's importance in Russia's musical evolution. He accomplished for the music of his country what Pushkin and Lèrmontov did for her literature, or what Brùlov and Ivanov did for her painting. With one sweep he removed all foreign influence, and himself became the founder and corner-stone of modern Russian music, consolidating and weaving into a substantial fibre the gossamer threads of nationalism which his predecessors had spun aimlessly.

From the very outset of his career Glinka determined to repudiate all Italian, French, or German imitations, and to compose music impregnated with the spirit of his country. It is remarkable that he never hesitated as to what form this national message should assume. He turned neither to symphony nor oratorio, neither to

sonata nor suite. He felt instinctively that the art which should most faithfully represent the Russian people must be on a large, one might say a showy, scale. It must be lyrical, and at the same time dramatic and spectacular. All grades of society alike in Russia have this much in common, that they have an inborn love of song, and revel in dramatic effects and stage glitter. This love betrays itself forcibly in the vivid colourings which outline the architecture of cathedral or cottage; or again, it peeps out in the dramatic customs and ceremonials attached for centuries to Russian rites of betrothal, marriage, or burial—rites in which singing and acting are mutually conspicuous. In opera alone could these characteristics be satisfactorily combined. It was to opera, therefore, that Glinka steadily devoted himself. Before starting upon the task of composition he steeped his imagination, so to speak, in an atmosphere of Russian folk-song. Here he had a veritable treasure-house of national material which no one had hitherto deemed worthy of serious attention, and herein lies the great distinction between Glinka and his predecessors. It might be difficult to trace a single national melody in its entirety in his work, but he caught the peculiar tonality and character of these folk-songs, also their odd irregularities of accent and rhythm, and he gave to each feature such definite shape and form that, as he himself remarked, his hearers found themselves in no foreign environment, but at home in Russia's very midst.

The two operas which led him to his goal are "His Life for the Tsar" and "Rousslan and Ludemilla." "His Life for the Tsar," it should be stated, has for its basis the same story of "Ivàn Sussànin" used by Cavos. But the material regarded by Cavos merely as a pretty romantic legend, which might have occurred anywhere and which lent itself admirably to lyrical treatment, under Glinka's hand attained to overwhelming realism and directness. Apart from his national bent he had that unacquirable gift for characterisation and contrast which is invaluable in opera. He knew also that the sympathy of the highest and lowest listeners can, after all, generally be best enlisted by placing them upon a perfectly level strata of kindred feeling and emotion, and to such a nicety did he contrive to blend every element calculated to appeal to Russians of all classes, that in "His Life for the Tsar" he evolved a monument of patriotism with no analogy in the opera of any other country. First performed in 1836 it was immediately received with tumultuous enthusiasm. Nor has time dimmed its lustre. It remains the most popular work in the Russian répertoire, a gala

performance being included as a matter of course in any great public rejoicing. In 1886, its jubilee year of existence, its 577th repetition was celebrated at every opera-house in Russia, Moscow giving it simultaneously at two houses. Any political meaning was probably far removed from Glinka's wishes, but an opera which, for over fifty years, can excite the emotions of an entire nation, may surely take rank as a governing factor, and in a country where cruelty and oppression have too often marred the actions of ruler towards ruled, its leading thought of the heartfelt devotion and self-forgetful sacrifice of the Russian people towards their sovereign is especially noticeable; it shines forth like the sunbeam which penetrates the gloomy wall of some prison.

It is chiefly monarchs and generals whom Russia honours by public statues. The place which Glinka's memory occupies in Russian regard is, therefore, all the more adequately displayed by his sculptural presentment which may be seen at his birthplace, Smolensk, surrounded by slender iron railings, in the form of the musical staff, upon which are wrought the leading melodies from "His Life for the Tsar."

His second opera, "Rousslan and Ludemilla," though far finer musically than "His Life for the Tsar," has never won the nation's suffrage. It suffers from a disconnected and patchy libretto put together by five collaborators upon Pushkin's version of a Slavonic fairy tale after the Sleeping-beauty order.

Whether a composer may be rightly esteemed the founder of a great school can only be tested by the influence which he exercises upon after generations. The current which Glinka gave to Russian opera is still unmistakably visible. To the brilliant group of his descendants belong Dargomishski (1813-1868); Sërov (1820-1871); Borodin (1834-1887); Moussorski (1839-1881); Rimski-Korssakov (1844); Rubinstein (1829-1844); Tshaikovski (1840-1893).

Each of these composers has either occupied himself with opera alone, or else out of a prolific mass of works more or less praiseworthy reached his highest point of excellence in the operatic form. And with very few exceptions Glinka's tenets have been faithfully adhered to, subject and music being imbued with Slavonic mood and colour. Typically Russian, for instance, is Dargomishski's "Roussalka." Based upon an exquisite little dramatic poem by Pushkin, its geography takes us to the romantic forest region of the Dnieper, where the heroine, Natàsha, a miller's daughter, is deserted by a princely lover. In despair she flings herself into the

river; at once she is surrounded by a throng of the Roussalky, or naiads, with whom Russian superstition peoples every brook and stream. She becomes one of their number and eventually succeeds in enticing her false lover to her arms beneath the waters. One character introduced by Dargomishski is certainly novel to foreign spectators. This is the Svaha or marriage-agent, an official personage met with even now in Russian villages.

Another of Dargomishski's works, very original though less national than the foregoing, is the "Marble Guest," which also owes its book to Pushkin, whose short and powerful adaptation of the Don Giovanni legend, Dargomishski has set to music word for word, without a single alteration or curtailment. Two songs excepted, this opera consists solely of recitative, chorus and concerted pieces being wholly banished. In this procedure Dargomishski was apparently attracted by Wagner's ascending star, though never to such an extent as to reduce his *dramatis personæ* to secondary abstractions dependent upon the orchestra, as has frequently happened with Wagner's would-be imitators. On the contrary, he had fine powers of musical characterisation and was a past master of condensation. It would be difficult to cite any composer of opera more concise or terse in his methods. The "Marble Guest," full of action admirably manipulated, lasts barely two hours.

Almost contemporary with Dargomishski was Sèrov, of whose three operas, "Judith," "Rognèda," and "Vrazhya Silla," or the "Power of the Evil One," the last is the most remarkable. Sèrov died unfortunately before the completion of his score, which was carefully finished according to the author's intentions by his friend Nicholas Soloviëv. It is founded upon a Russian play by Ostrovski, and was first produced in 1871, the year of its composer's death. Sèrov was a bold and independent spirit, an eager listener to everything new, and an outspoken critic. Like Dargomishski, he early became acquainted with Wagner's music, and heard it with so much enthusiasm that Wagner's influence over him has perhaps been somewhat exaggerated. Except that he wrote his own *libretti*, his Wagnerian tendencies cannot be traced farther than Lohengrin in the Wagnerian evolution. His style is virile and robust, and he uses plenty of local colour, not laid on in obtrusive smudges, but employed as by Glinka, with subtle atmospheric effects.

Next in order of birth to Sèrov stands Borodin, who left but one opera and that likewise incomplete. He himself wrote of it: "My 'Prince Igor' is so unmitigating in its nationality that I doubt its

ever interesting any but Russians—we latter-day Russians love to steep our patriotism in the very sources of our history, and to people our stage with the origins of our race.” He was far too modest though in thus limiting the appreciation of “Prince Igor.” As a folk-song study alone it is well calculated to fascinate its hearers in the highest degree. From first to last it breathes the very essence of the melancholy peasant-songs of the Malo-Russian or Ukraine districts, the region which is the cradle of the most beautiful of Russia’s national melodies. These Malo-Russian melodies are in a way a link between the national songs of Poland and Great Russia, at the same time preserving their own individual tonality and harmonisation. Borodln’s choice of subject, too, was quite unique. He broke entirely fresh ground, borrowing his text from the famous Malo-Russian epic of “Prince Igor,” whose adventures centre round “Holy Kiev.” He took care to emphasise the plaintive minor cadences peculiar to the Malo-Russian melodies, and he also made ample use of the exquisite and often complicated part-songs for which the Malo-Russian peasants are noted—the three lower voices supplying a foundation upon which the strains of the upper part seem improvised and embroidered.

Of quite a different calibre to Borodln was Moussorski. A wealth of invention, a keen sense of sardonic humour alternating with rollicking comedy, unbridled realism, surging vitality, almost brutal force, with yet from time to time brief flashes of delightful grace and idealism. Such are Moussorski’s salient features. He easily makes his listeners feel that the knoot and vodka are national institutions common to a people who possess sufficient stamina to survive repeated applications of the two scourges. For his best opera Moussorski took a theme thoroughly in keeping with his particular individuality. This was the mysterious and tragic episode of Boris Godùnov and the false Dmitri, a Slavonic pretender who reminds us of our Perkin Warbeck.

Pushkin has developed the story in his play “Boris Godùnov,” an historical drama upon Shakspearian lines, and Moussorski was his own librettist, using Pushkin’s material. He placed his characters against a series of effective backgrounds of the Kremlin, Russian village, or battlefield, and so realistic were his results that his “Boris Godùnov” has been called the most definite musical portrayal of a page of history upon record. It is to be regretted that a life of excess and dissipation prevented Moussorski from doing full justice to the magnificent natural gifts exhibited in this opera. His unfinished sketches for it were orchestrated and revised after his death by

Rimski-Korssakov, a musician at present in the zenith of his musical activity. Rimski-Korssakov has further collaborated with a pupil, Glazounov, in editing and putting on the stage Borodin's aforementioned "Prince Igor."

To have dealt with these incomplete fragments of Borodin and Moussorski is justified by reason of their historical bearing, as well as by their reception when finally presented to the Russian public. For their production praise is due to the untiring perseverance of Rimski-Korssakov. Uncommon skill and insight enabled him to deal equally well with two such opposed natures as Borodin and Moussorski, nor has he once lost the substance and texture of their individuality. His own creative powers are of a high order, as may be judged from his "Snegourtchka" (Snow Maiden), his "Mlada," his "Christmas Eve," or his "May Night," the two last operas being derived from the inimitable Cossack stories of Russia's greatest humourist, Nicholas Gogol.

The Russo-German Rubinstein was more prolific in German than in Russian opera; out of twelve operas though, the one which best reflects his genius is Russian to the very core. This is "The Demon," which has deservedly found a lasting place upon the Russian stage. Its origin was a poem by Lèrmontov, which is a household word so popular throughout Russia that illustrations to it adorn pretty well every Russian home. Its scene is laid in the wild mountainous province of the Caucasus, where an evil spirit, the Demon, hovering restlessly over the earth, becomes violently enamoured of a young girl. This demoniacal character is drawn with a supreme force and mastery which can recall Milton; but whereas Milton's Satan is dominated by intellect, Lèrmontov's conception quivers with passionate emotion. The human beings over whom the Demon exerts his direful sway, though only lightly sketched, are instinct with life. When at last, after many machinations, the Demon has gained the young girl's pity rather than her love, and clasps her to him, his first touch kills her. In impotent fury he endeavours at least to enchain her spirit to mingle with his own, but here an angel interposes and warns him that her pure soul is for ever beyond his reach. The exquisite word painting which illumines Lèrmontov's style is perforce lost in opera, but it would have been fairly impossible for Rubinstein to fix upon a subject richer in dramatic and musical possibilities or more perfectly akin to his own complex nature.

The passionate force and shrinking gentleness which are the key-notes of the two leading characters touched him to the quick. They

contained the very germs of tenderness and strength which made Rubinstein pre-eminent as a pianist, and if nowhere else, certainly in "The Demon" his creative power as a composer rose to the heights of his reproductive talent at a piano. The musical portraiture of the Demon and Tamara, the unfortunate Circassian girl, may be justly compared with his superb interpretation of the Schubert-Liszt Erl King piano transcription, in which, as he played it, he himself always seemed to impersonate by turns fiend, father, child, and storm.

Yet another thoroughly Russian opera of Rubinstein's is "The Merchant Kalashnikov," a lyrical comedy which gives full rein to the composer's strongly developed sense of the ludicrous.

Tshaïkovski essayed every form except oratorio in which music has yet been couched. His ambition was to excel in opera, his ideal being Mozart. He left no less than ten operas: "The Voyevod," "Snegourtchka," "Opritchnik," "Vakoulla, the Smith," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Evguèni Onègin," "Mazeppa," "Tcharodeyka," "Queen of Spades," and "Yolande." Space does not permit to comment upon all of these—they merit indeed a volume to themselves. Two of them, which are masterpieces lyrically and dramatically, are "Evguèni Onègin," inspired by Pushkin's Byronic poem of the same name, and the "Queen of Spades," for which Tshaïkovski's brother, Modeste, made a capital libretto, extracted from an extremely clever short story of Pushkin's.

Here we have neither history nor myth, but pictures in music of modern Russian life, drawn with that emotional intensity which habitually distinguishes Tshaïkovski's *genre*. An English audience would probably prefer to eliminate the last few pages of the "Queen of Spades." A solemn and extremely beautiful church chorale, when it follows abruptly upon a scene at a gambling-table, jars upon our English notions of what is congruous and seemly. Not even the baldest outline of Russian opera may omit a passing word upon its ballet. The Russian composer does not regard ballet as an adjunct to opera, often most inappropriately introduced, but rather as an integral branch of music in itself. Hence the entrancing ballets of Rubinstein or Tshaïkovski are designed for a whole evening's performance. Of great beauty too are the choral ballets, a cultivated variety undoubtedly first suggested by the wild choral dances in vogue at certain seasons of the year amongst the peasantry. To the Russian, dancing remains a fine art which may be fitly wedded to the most poetic and refined music.

One very healthy symptom in Russian opera is the intellect and

purity of the average libretto as compared with the books of other schools. That the Russian censor has had much to do with this is unlikely, since that body is more prone to examine the politics of stage or press than to question their moral aspect.

Summed up as a whole, and setting aside its national predilections, the general principles of Russian opera come under several clearly-established headings. Its authors maintain that opera is first and foremost a vocally-dramatic and not an instrumental art. They have a keen perception for what an American writer aptly defines as the "scenic idea." As noticed at the outset of this article, this perception is in a great measure a national heritage. But they have never allowed a love of scenic effect to outweigh their artistic instincts. They might so easily have sought to dazzle their public with the meretricious gaudiness of a Meyerbeer, instead of which it redounds to their credit that they strenuously insist upon the absolute subordination of scenery and orchestra to voice and action. From their standpoint then, a perfect opera will consist of the component parts of voice, action, orchestra, and scenery, placed in their categorical order of precedence and forming together an inseparable entity.

Thus, though the Russian composer has frequently expressed himself as utterly antagonistic to Wagner, in the main, if perhaps unconsciously, he has accepted Wagner's dictum that opera should be regarded as a dramatic and musical unity. With this important difference, however, that the functions relegated by Wagner to the orchestra, the Russian composer would jealously confine to the voice. An odd coincidence connected with the group of musicians whose work has here been rapidly reviewed, is that each of them except Rubinstein began, if he did not end, as a *dilettante*. Glinka was trained for an administrative post under Government, so was Dargomishski; Sèrov was intended for a lawyer; Borodin attained a high reputation as a savant in chemistry—a friend once said of him in joke that he was "le plus chimiste des musiciens et le plus musicien des chimistes"; he was, moreover, a prime leader in promoting the higher education of women, for whom he founded a medical college at St. Petersburg, where he lectured on chemistry for some fifteen years. Moussorski was an officer in the army; Rimski-Korssakov went through the whole course of training necessary for the Russian navy before he determined to apply himself seriously to music. Tshaïkovski studied law up to the age of twenty.

That well-educated men of high birth and assured means—army

men, naval men, lawyers, engineers, what not—should at the same time represent the most characteristic art movement of their country, is an anomaly met with only in Russia, the land *par excellence* of paradoxes. Such a situation is scarcely comprehensible to the generality of English musicians, who as often as not struggle through a weary despond of pedantic examinations in order to make music a bare means of subsistence as badly-paid organists, unless, indeed, they become the successful financiers of some Royalty ballad.

What impresses one most in the Russian *dilettante* is his amazing facility and technical grip. If "His Life for the Tsar," "Roussalka," or "Prince Igor" are amateur products, what may we not expect from Glazounov, Arenski, Vitol, Liadov, Rachmaninov, and a dozen or more professional musicians who belong to a vigorous young contemporary school?

"The twentieth century belongs to us," was the exultant proclamation of a recent Slavonic writer. Another fifty years, and in music, at least, the blatant prophecy may have become something more than an empty boast.

A. E. KEETON.

THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS.

THE Mourne mountains and their district deserve to be better known in England than they are. Most of us have noticed the mountains in chromo-lithograph at Euston and other stations of the London and North-Western Railway Company, but they do not in that form appeal greatly to us, and of course the framed colours are either too strong or too bright for credence. And yet, if you have the luck to land at Greenore on a clear summer morning, you may almost be astounded at the gorgeous display of the hill masses across the water at the mouth of the sea inlet of Carlingford Lough. There is a lustrous green foreground where meadows, corn fields and woodland patches slope to the water; behind stands gay Knockchree, all emerald and crimson; while beyond and above Knockchree, which is but a thousand feet high, are the purple and black summits of Mourne's higher peaks, rounded like the Mucks, or wildly broken like Slieve Bingian. With a little cloud-play on the mountain tops, the view from the calm iridescent lough, where the water slides in a race towards the open sea, is not to be forgotten.

Roughly, the district, with all its mountains, covers an area of fifteen miles by ten. There is no haunting railway within this area, though at Newcastle to the north and Warrenpoint in the west one may get into the train. The brakes and jaunting cars which, it must be confessed, keep the main coast road lively in summer, have not yet managed to thoroughly sophisticate the little towns and villages they traverse. As for the mountains and glens north and west of this main road, they are left comfortably to Nature for the most part. There are not here, as in our Lake district, well-worn tracks to the crests of every mountain. The valleys trending to the east are, however, rather tiresomely populous, winter and summer, for hither come the workers and carriers of the granite which is delved from the sides of Slieve Bingian, Slieve Lamagan, and others. The little white cottages of the quarrymen rise as high as six or seven hundred feet towards Mourne's summits, and the quacking of the geese of these homesteads follows one a few hundred feet higher—especially when

the mounted goseman in his famous white frieze coat has just paid one of his devastating visits in the neighbourhood. But even from this side, after the first three or four miles, there is an end of inhabitants. Beyond, the granite mountains, lovely with heather and laced with streamlets, hear no voices except their own, that of the wind and those of the shepherds crying to their sheep.

Mourne was not of much account in England until Queen Elizabeth's time. Then, however, one Sir Thomas Smith received from Her Majesty a grant of territories here inhabited "by a wicked and uncivile people, some Scottish and some wild Irish." This poor enterprising gentleman was, in 1573, murdered in Mourne or thereabouts—"thrown alive to the dogs" by his own servants, says tradition. Probably he was not a very amiable master, since kindness towards the "wild Irish" was not general among English colonisers in that century. However that may be, it is interesting to note that Mourne is still, as then, quite as much Scottish in its blood as Irish. Presbyterian Chapels are, if anything, more numerous than Catholic Chapels, and at least as many of the people look to Belfast for their articles of political faith as to Dublin. But, of course, they are not "uncivile" people here now. Quite the contrary. The stranger on their roads has to keep up an intermittent flow of responses to the remarks tossed to him so cheerfully of: "Fine morning!" "Brave day!" "Looks coorse!" and so forth. It is nothing in objection that these phrases are often quite inapt. Two ladies in succession have tendered me prompt "Fine mornings" when the rain was pounding steadily. One may excuse the failings of the head if the heart be sound. And yet I have laughed at a crowd of little boys bound from the uplands for school, when they too, in one breath, have proffered the same inconsequent greetings.

Proof of the Scottish element in Mourne lies eloquently in the little town of Annalong, midway on the coast. It is anything rather than a fascinating place at first sight, but quite half its population seem possessed of the name of Gordon. The Christian names of John and Alec are just as dear to these assembled Gordons as the surname Gordon itself to the settlement. Hence arises confusion. For several days I lodged here in the house of one Alec Gordon, believing I was with his cousin, another Alec Gordon. The industry of Annalong is chiefly granite. Now and then, however, one of the Gordons buys a steamer that has outlived its usefulness, and brings the poor thing to Annalong to be broken up. There was one such on the beach close under my bedroom window, in a miserably dissected state, and each inflow of the tide washed the red bolts

and fragments higher up from the rusted skeleton of the vessel itself, which lay half in and half out of the water. Furthermore, on the wall outside my Alec Gordon's house, was a notice, of which the following is a literal extract :—

Annalong

April 4 1897

Any, person, found, on, bord, the, Clairebel, without, leve, or, taking, any, timber, or, other, matereals . . . from, the, vesal . . . will, be, sumonsed.

A, Gordon.

This singular composition I for days attributed to the wrong Alec. To be sure, it was no such grievous crime, yet when I add that my Alec, whom I made responsible for it, was wont every Sunday to gather religious worshippers into his house and conduct two services, from the hymns to the sermon, it will be seen that I did cast an unconscious slur on his intellect. So, too, when one John Gordon pressed me with such kindly earnestness to go out in his boat afishing, I really did not know to which of the various Johns I owed my subsequent attack of sea sickness. Only in one matter could I be sure of not erring: when I ascribed to all the Gordons of Annalong the virtues of canniness, courage, goodness of heart and thrift.

Kilkeel, six miles to the south, and also on the coast, is as thoroughly Irish as Annalong is Scottish. One sees it in a moment: the loafers in the market-place with pipes in the mouths under their wicked red noses have the easy-going Irish air, and their names, like those to the shops all round, either begin with "Mc" or end with "gan." In the sixteenth century Kilkeel and Mourne were interchangeable names, the former being recognised as the capital of the latter. The town has a very charming situation between the sea and the mountains. Of the peaks none looks so majestic from Kilkeel's granite houses as Slieve Bingian, whose sharp pyramid seems hence almost inaccessible. Crimson and green are again the prevailing colours, though the misty grey of unsettled weather has a tendency to domineer and confirm the old Irish authority who once said that "the rain is very ordinary in Ireland."

They live largely by the herring in Kilkeel, and when that fails them there is a considerable falling off in the local whisky sales. Also, there are here not a few comely villas in which lodgings may be had for the sake of the sea, which rolls in bravely from the south-east upon the shingle of Kilkeel Bay. But Kilkeel is spared the invasion of the hordes of excursionists shot into the outlying towns of Newcastle and Warrenpoint by the railway companies.

The little school children just outside the place are quick to entreat for coppers, and one meets with not a few mendicants of the old type—"Pity the poor dark (blind) man, yer honour," and that kind of thing. Otherwise, Kilkeel is fairly snug and self-centred, even in the middle of the holiday season.

The visitor to either Warrenpoint, at the head of Carlingford Lough, or to Newcastle, at the northern extremity of Mourne, will be impressed favourably or not, according to his humour. If scenery is enough for him, he will be delighted with both places; but if he chances upon either town in the heat of an August day, especially a Saturday, he may be almost disgusted.

Newcastle's natural situation under Slieve Donard, the highest of Mourne's mountains, and with two or three miles of firm sand to its shore, is as alluring as it could be. Donard is not at all a sensational peak, but on its Newcastle side it seems remarkably abrupt, and the thick woods at its base, almost touching the coast, much add to its beauty. No doubt it brings a great deal of rain upon the little town. This, however, soon dries on the granitic roads, and the fresh bright colour of the mountain afterwards really does compensate for a few undesired soakings. So the Belfast populace seem to think, for nothing in the way of meteorological forecasts prevents them pouring into the place on summer Saturdays. I am sorry to say they are not above getting tipsy in public. They dance in convenient meadows besides. Late in the afternoon disorder ensues, and the local police have to use their truncheons and keep several of them at the sea-side for at least a day or two, much to the discontent, under the circumstances, of their wives and accompanying friends. The peace of Newcastle, even in the height of its season, is quite strangely emphatic on the Sundays following these boisterous Saturdays.

The little town may be briefly described as a street of lodging-houses a mile or more long skirting the shore, with four or five small churches of different persuasions and about a dozen shops. One buys newspapers, groceries, whisky, pills, photographs and tobacco at the same shop, which is also obliging enough to play the banker and turn Bank of England £5 notes into Bank of Ireland £1 notes for a charge of sixpence. Shops scarcely seem required here, as a matter of fact. Small trading carts and brawny persons with baskets perambulate the town from early morning until dark. The cry of "Lobsters or Crows!" wakes one betimes. Later, the butchers visit house after house, leaving a trail of meat bones on the road. And as of the butchers so of the greengrocers, the bakers, and half a dozen

other itinerant hucksters. The sheeps' shin bones in the streets are quite a feature of Newcastle.

The Belfast and County Down Railway Company have an interest in this delightful little health resort. Their local hotel, recently built, is one of the most assuming things of its kind in Ireland; and already they give every Newcastle householder who is rated at £15 and upwards a free railway ticket to and from Belfast. This ticket is good for ten years. If the rolling stock of the company were more comfortable than it is, so substantial a premium would probably bring many people to little Newcastle, which is distant some thirty miles from Ulster's capital. The privilege is valued, but it does not seem to tempt Britons to cross the channel and settle even in Mourne's salubrious atmosphere. This, too, though the Newcastle golf links, on a gay little strip of heather and sand between the Dundrum River and the sea, are famous for their excellence.

Warrenpoint is much more devoted to the daily excursionists than Newcastle. It has more, scenically, to offer them, though only about a mile of rough beach for them to spread their thousands over. The local confectioners and hotel-keepers lament volubly, however, about the smallness of mind of these happy holiday seekers, who seem almost invariably to be accompanied by their dinners. It is a touching sight, for instance, to see the latter dispersed in hundreds up the oak woods from the lough by Rostrevor, picnicking gaily, though with marked simplicity, from their own baskets and bundles. Such money as they do spend in the district goes into the pockets of the carmen who drive them at cheap rates to Rostrevor. The traffic of this kind is little less than astounding, and so is the dust that is its consequence.

Approached from the lough, Warrenpoint is not only pretty but dignified, standing as it does on a spit of land where the lough begins with the sudden widening of the Newry River. The hills rise from the water on both sides. To the south is Carlingford mountain, an impressive serrated rock mass nearly two thousand feet high. It was on this summit that Finn MacCoull the giant strained himself in casting across the water the granite block which gives its name to Cloughmore by Rostrevor. The stone is an object of constant pilgrimage, and well it deserves to be, for the glorious view of the lough and the neighbourhood it yields. Cloughmore and the wooded slopes of Slieve Ban, beneath and amid which Rostrevor nestles, are the absorbing features to the north of the lough. Warrenpoint also looks right out to sea, though the land does not end for six miles or more, and the breezes of St. George's Channel do not therefore reach

it with absolute freshness. This explains why Warrenpoint's bathing is also of second-rate quality. Nothing, however, seems quite able to justify the place for the remarkable audacity of the ladies and girls who bathe here, under the eyes of the multitude, in gowns of ample disabilities.

Rostrevor by Warrenpoint ought to paralyse the pen that attempts to describe it. Yet its charms may be easily suggested. It lies in the mouth of a wooded glen where this widens somewhat upon Carlingford Lough. There is a weak little stream among the trees and meadows, and the crimsoned summits of Slieves Dermot and Ban look down over their wooded bases at the white cottages and tiny church spires of the villages. This seems almost lost in the foliage that encompasses it and keeps it perennially sheltered and rather damp. But in summer at any rate it is readily found by following the trail of jaunting cars along the high road from Warrenpoint; for Rostrevor is the Mecca of the majority of the cheap trippers to Mourne. These do not, however, enjoy its graces with the quietude such sylvan and romantic surroundings seem half to enforce. And to them one owes it that roadside vendors of oysters, buns, lemonade, oranges, and so forth also people the solitude and add to the echoes of Rostrevor.

Up the glen of Kilbroney River one may perhaps escape the thick of the crowd of these excursionists, past the bleaching meadows with their hundreds of yards of white linen on the green grass to the weird old church of Kilbroney. Yet hither also most visitors at least mean to come—if only to see the long grave of the famous Rostrevor giant. There is a cunning, winsome old sexton to this churchyard; the craft with which he shuffles one set of visitors into the midst of the tombs without letting any man shuffle modestly aloof from them does him a certain amount of credit. He will have his talk with all his clients, and whoever hears him but for five minutes is sure to feel a debtor to him.

The church itself is a ruin: there are mellow turfed graves in its very aisle. But the number of its tombstones is really extraordinary, and our loquacious old sexton will tell tales about the sleepers as long as you please to listen to him. These do not all strike one as sensible. Not that it matters; he has so seducing and suave a tongue. I inform him, for example, with doubtful taste, that I wish to order a grave for myself in the peaceful place.

“What, for yourself!” cries he. “Divil a bit. So fine a man won't be wanting one these forty or fifty years, I do hope.”

It is more or less plain, by his eye, that this flattery comes as

easy to him as plucking clover heads. But to try him again I tell him my age in answer to his polite inquiry.

"What!" he exclaims, with uplifted hands. "Your honour's laughing at me. Sure and there's divil a woman in the country'd take you for more than five years less."

Was this not the very refinement of blarney? And when the excellent old fellow, in the course of a homily on giants, as we stand by the eight-foot grave mound over poor Pat Murphy, makes it plain to me that I am of the right height for a long life (Pat being eight feet one inch died at thirty-two) and that all the virtues essential for felicity are writ in text-hand on my countenance, he convinces me that such pleasant lies are cheaply bought for a mere sixpence or a shilling.

Peace be to this typical Irish keeper of the dead. As for Pat Murphy, there is no doubt of his enormity while he lived. He was born here in 1834 and died at Marseilles, where he was being exhibited in 1862. There are Rostrevor people living who can tell of the astonishment he caused them by his increasing length as a youth; also of his kind heart and love of children. He lies under a very handsome granite cross for which his Rostrevor friends subscribed.

Before reverting to the mountains themselves there is a little church, three miles from Rostrevor, on the lough shore, which demands to be noticed. It has in this matter a sentimental connection with the old hotel in the village square—the one with the cyclist's wheel on its wall, and the trees so thick in front of its rather dark porch. Major Yelverton, heir to the peerage of Avonmore, being wounded in the Crimea, fell in love with Miss Longworth, his nurse, at Galata Hospital. They subsequently arranged to be married in Mourne, and in 1861, having spent the previous evening at this old hotel, they one morning took boat and rowed down the lough to Killowen Church, where they were married. Lawyers will remember the suit that followed coldly on this warm romance, and the final blow inflicted by the House of Lords in annulling the marriage. Major Yelverton does not to the common man seem to have been entitled thus to cast away one wife (though he and she were of different creeds) because he later took it into his head to marry again. The Irish jury who at the outset gave the injured lady a verdict do, on the other hand, seem entitled to our plaudits.

The little church itself is a poor plain building in a lovely situation under the shadow of one of the heather-clad hills of Mourne. It is now disused, and is quite pathetic with its boarded

windows, the thirteen granite steps of its staircase which worshippers no longer ascend, its belfry with the cross on it and the bell beneath with a silent tongue. Though dirty-white in its coating of plaster, and transcendently ugly in design, it is beautiful in its outlook at the lough, with Carlingford mountain immediately opposite. Trees cluster around it and shed their leaves on its roof, and the Killowen children sing-song their lessons in the school house by its entrance. It was too bad of Major Yelverton to tarnish the romance of such a spot, though the romance itself would never have become public property if he had not thus barbarously wrecked it.

And now for the mountains, without which Mourne would be nothing but the quaint patchwork of small fields—yellow, brown, green and dark red—characteristic of the level country north and west of it.

To understand and climb them, it seemed to me best to settle at Annalong, and here for a fortnight I abode as the one visitor, and a somewhat earnest and entertaining spectacle for the barelegged children of the quarrymen and fisherfolk of the place. These at first fled before me with cries whenever they set an eye on me: later, they were much less shy, and the very small girls did not then mind diverting me with their vanities as they strutted about the horrible beach (heedless of iron nails and cods' back bones) playing what they called "the leddy" under parasols that no metropolitan rag picker would appropriate from a dustbin. I was persuaded that I should like Annalong (since I had determined to stay in it) when I was better acquainted with it. And that is what happened. Though a Presbyterian community, with not one Catholic in its midst, the place's principles were not of the distressingly strict kind. The men drank whisky with freedom on Saturday nights and on the Newcastle regatta day, when an Annalong boat won the chief prize, the word "revelry" might be applied to the proceedings of the subsequent evening. Nevertheless, innocence has distinctly set up her engaging throne in this little town of Mourne. In the second week of my sojourn here a strapping comely maiden of twenty thought nothing of coming to me as I stood at my house door in the gloaming and, having with bright eyes shown me a fortune-card she had drawn from an automatic machine in Newcastle, told me that she hoped it would all come true. I did not know the lass, save that her name was Gordon, but since she seemed to wish it I echoed her wish, that, as the card assured her, she should wed "a handsome young man with blue eyes, a kind heart, and plenty of money." She could not have been more prettily excited

about it if her own minister had informed her solemnly that he had the young man in question safely secured for her under lock and key.

From this little village I ascended daily or so into the mountains, not a little to the astonishment of the honest carters bound for the quarries, whose morning routine took them in the same direction. No one else in Annalong would dream of becoming intimate with the granite summits of Mourne, except for so much the day or hour. Had I asked for a guide I might have got one, and also I might not.

But that is the best of the Mourne mountains. Given clear weather and any sort of a map, and no man need lose his way. The entire mass of hills covers so small an area, and from any mountain top you may ascertain your whereabouts promptly, thanks to the sea in the east. Following the course of the Annalong River, in four miles I was in the very heart of Mourne, past the ultimate quarry scar on the hill sides, with Slieve Donard close to the right, its crest about an hour's steady climb distant, and the attractive peaks of Bingian, Lamagan, and Cove mountains handy to the left. In August, when all higher Mourne dazzles with its crimson on the white granite, and there is not a little gold of the gorse and bracken on the deep slopes and by the dark-red furrows of the river and its small affluents—their lush green sources all also in sight—these headquarters of the little Annalong stream are quite charming.

The best mountain of the group, however, was not comfortably accessible hence. This is Slieve Bearnagh, more to the north-west, with the deep bed of the upper Kilkeel River dividing it from Lamagan. In elevation it is only 2,400 feet, but the fantastic castellated crags of its summit give it the dignity of twice that height. The granite crops out nakedly for nearly a hundred feet on its grassy uplands; walls of it and boulders the size of cottages, and it is no child's task to clamber to the topmost rock when the Mourne winds are blowing, or to sit perched above the precipices for long at any time.

Of the Cove mountain, which faces Slieve Donard to the south-west, a deep glen head alone intervening, there are eccentric tales told in print and tradition. I was warned against it by a cheerful boy who one morning walked two miles with me towards the mountains. He mentioned mysterious caves and witches. Indeed, he was over timorous as regarded all the summits.

"Ye must take care," he said solemnly, "ye don't go to sleep on any of them."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, they'll cut yer throat, indeed."

"Cut my throat! Who? Robbers?"

"No, no; just weasels and things."

"What things?" I pressed.

"Oh, rats and claighs—them that make the cows startle."

This showed how even its own denizens neglect the fair hills of Mourne. True, there were sometimes unnecessary "claighs" or horseflies about, but as for the weasels, I saw none, nor was my throat ever in danger when I did doze under the hot sun, half buried in the honey-sweet heather bloom of the hills.

It was Cove mountain, however, which brought my neck nearest to peril. This rock mass is riven from its summit by a long sloping gash between perpendicular granite walls. The gash drops down to the head of the Annalong glen. Seen from Slieve Donard, it looks too steep to be ascended. This, however, it is not, but the loose granite dust and the unstable rock masses more or less embedded in the dust make the slope quite a grave business when one has got half up it. Pent as it is by these walls, there is an ominous gloom about the concluding part of the climb, which moreover increases in precipitousness and insecurity. I was exceedingly glad when, at last, I pulled myself out of this gulley and could afford to look back without the risk of misgivings. A gang of navvies would in a month make a sublime staircase here, worth travelling far to see. At present it is a wild piece of work, and of three sheep that tried it at least one would either break its neck or be smothered in an avalanche. And so, perhaps, it is as well they should have legends about Cove mountain which do not encourage the Mourne lads to become unduly familiar with it.

Slieve Bingian is the mountain of Mourne which makes the boldest show when the group is viewed from the south. Its slope on that side looks as if it had been smoothed with a plane—the whole at a worrying angle, with precipitous knots of granite crags on its summit. But it is a very pleasant mountain when taken calmly from the north, though the rutted road of the quarries is not an ideal beginning to the expedition. There are ice-cold springs near Bingian's crest on this side, and in August millions of bilberries, though the best of these are on Slieve Donard's eastern slope and on the sharp southern flank of Slieve Commedagh, which is a sort of young step-brother of Slieve Donard. I may be wrong, but I believe it is only in the berry season that the boys and girls of the seaward cottages of Mourne venture into the mountains. Even in Annalong I detected sundry sets of blue-black lips and teeth one Sabbath evening when I went with a friend to the Evangelist's tent in the

meadow above the harbour head, and listened to much torrid eloquence about "hell-deserving sinners" and "rellums of glory."

The view of Mourne from Slieve Bingian is one of the best in the district. Most of the peaks are in sight, all the lakes, and the pretty valley of the meandering Kilkeel River lies mainly at one's feet. If anything, Mourne's romance and solitudes are rather exaggerated in this prospect. There are, for example, humble little homesteads here and there in the glens, though from Bingian they are not seen.

The phrase "all the lakes" must not be permitted to deceive. Mourne is really deficient in water. There are babbling streams enough, but of lakes actually none just yet. Even Lough Shannagh, with the sandy margin, which lies high among the mountains about two miles north-west of Bingian, is a mere tarn. The Blue Lake under Lamagan, and Lough Bingian, by which one passes to reach Bingian, are the only other pools, and candidly one must apologise for mentioning them, though I was led to expect great things from the former. But when Belfast has settled its arrangements, we may in progress of time look for a lake worthy of the name in the middle course of the Annalong River. Belfast's inhabitants will then drink an excellent pure water, and the votary of the picturesque in Mourne will have nothing to grumble at in the intrusion of man's handiwork upon Nature's. A cottage or two will be drowned, but a new charm will be given to the district.

And yet, on consideration, it will be a pity to destroy even but one of these bright little Mourne homesteads, whether it have yellow thatch or blue slate to its roof. They are all so redolent of downright domesticity without being, like the hovels of Connemara, disagreeably redolent of smoke and swine also. Better still, happiness seems much at home in them, though they may have only the earth for a floor and the rafters be black as coal and thickly furred with peat soot. I spent many hours in one of these little nests on the fringe of the mountains, with the Irish Channel lying blue across the threshold, some three miles distant. Here was wont to take tea of an afternoon, when the day's work was over and my face was turned towards Annalong. It was a two-roomed cottage and the hale gudewife had, she said, reared a brood of ten in it. If they were all as well worth rearing as the one girl who now, alone of them, kept her company during the day, she had something to be proud of. I do not deny that this mountain maiden was one reason why I found it convenient to take afternoon tea here so often.

She was seventeen, neither tall nor short, neither plump nor thin, with brown cheeks touched by the rose, grey eyes, a nose such as

we call Grecian, though not statuesquely severe, small ears and a laughing mouth ; and she had a gay soul as well as an industrious pair of hands. Pretty highland girls are not uncommon in Ireland, but this one was beautiful far beyond the common. One day she would be whitewashing the walls of the cottage, the next she would have just returned from a market, healthily flushed and singing, while on the two successive afternoons I should find her quietly seated in a broken rush-bottomed chair, either making lace or embroidering initials on cambric handkerchiefs for a Belfast haberdasher at fifteen pence the dozen. Quietude, however, was not instinctive in her, and sooner or later she would throw down her needlework and laugh and sigh as she groaningly wished she had not been born to a life of work.

I was given to understand that this pretty maid had many suitors, and scorned them all. Yet she lived in a cottage with an uneven flooring of native earth, and most of her indoors life was spent in this room, with one large uninviting pink bed in the corner, the other furniture being little besides two or three rickety chairs and a fire-pot. But she had a refined nature that dignified such surroundings and reflected even on her mother, whose large bare feet were without pride.

This cottage, like so many in Mourne, had a little brake of flowering fuchsia in front of it. Indeed, in recalling the district, one thinks inevitably of these fuchsia hedges and wind guards by the one-storied white-faced homesteads. In places they are ten feet high—testimony to the kindly local air. They add welcome colour to a land that already abounds in colour.

Lastly, let the Mourne air be formally eulogised. I, for my part, have breathed the air of many countries of Europe and many pleasure resorts of Great Britain, but nowhere have I found so sweet and yet tonic an air as this on the Mourne coast by ugly little Annalong, between the mountains and the sea. It is dry, of course, for the soil is of granite dust, which will not hold moisture ; and it is equally, of course, absolutely pure. They told me that people live long on this eastern side of Mourne. It could hardly be otherwise, assuming, as one may, that there is enough to eat. Among the more placid pictures of this winsome district may be mentioned the calm, white-haired old men and women sitting at their cottage doors, framed by the fuchsia bushes, while their mature children and grandchildren bustled about with songs on their lips in and outside the house. There was also a certain dame in a wee house along the coast south from Annalong with whom I often exchanged words. She lived by

herself and was about ninety, though able not only to tend her potatoes and do her housework, but also to tie the big stones to the ends of the hay ropes which gave the thatch of her roof some security against the sea storms. At high tides the water swept to her very walls. One evening, when Bingian was parting with the crimson of early sunset for the gold of the later hour, I surprised this old lady sitting at ease, with a cutty pipe, in a boat drawn up not far from her house. We had some moderate conversation as usual.

"Healthy!" she exclaimed suddenly, catching at my words. "Ay, it's healthy enough, but" (with a head-shake and a pause) "it's lonesome."

Still, there are no doubt persons who would gladly accept even friendlessness as an inevitable accompaniment of longevity. To them the Mourne district of County Down, Ireland, may be recommended with confidence.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

GEORGE SAND IN HER OLD AGE.

ONE November day in the early seventies a young French soldier sat idly tracing some lines in the still empty journal which he had brought with him to a dim old common room, *la cantine*, where other youngsters like himself sat, drinking, joking, discussing Heaven knows what inanities or worse within the dingy barracks of that picturesque and historic town which once saw France's warrior-maid bound to the stake of martyrdom.

He was a conscript—and a gentleman; condemned, for his prescribed year of service, to the parade-ground and the common dormitory of the ranks, to the coarse companionship, the rough jealousies, the ignoble aspirations and still more empty successes of that life; and as he wrote on of his utter sadness, his weary disgust at scenes and sounds passing round him, of how “nothing interests me, all displeases me, I am discontented with others and with myself,” a sudden impulse came to him. He, who was “feeling himself so utterly alone,” who needed some star of hope to help him look forward to the future, to brace him to the endurance of that uncongenial twelve months of discipline he must needs pass through ere he could throw off uniform and servitude, and go forth a free man into the world again, thought, all at once, “What if I should write to the greatest genius of the century, to George Sand, and ask her to be my guide?” After all, if he did venture a letter, and it remained unanswered, what harm would it be? So he wrote:

“Will you read this letter, Madame? I know not, and I dare not hope so. Nevertheless, as you see, I have written it. Why this contradiction? It is because, in writing to you, I yield to an impulse of my heart which I cannot reason over. I would fain be able to tell you the thoughts, the feelings which your works have awakened in my heart! If I could but do so, I should no more be a stranger to you; you would read down into my heart, and you would see that from a mere child filled with hesitations and doubts you have formed a man, and you would feel for me I know not what impulse of protection and of gentle pity. Will you believe it? I

have not a single thought which has not taken birth from your works, or at the least been nurtured by them. It is you who have taught me to love art, music, all that uplifts the soul and brings it near to the ideal ; it is you, always you, who have taught me that selfishness is the worst of evils, that those who give and those who forgive know the highest joys.

" But perhaps you think, Madame, that this is the extent of the influence which your works have had on my life? It is not so. I am twenty years old, and although my whole being yearns after love, I have never loved. Do not smile at this confession—there is nothing which causes more suffering than emptiness of heart. I have read all your books, 'Mauprat,' 'Jacques'—all, in fact, and having read them I have formed so high an ideal of love that I have preferred solitude, with all its cruel sadness, to the union of two beings unsanctified by love.

" And now, Madame, if you have read this letter, if you have recognised in it the expression of a truth, tell me that you do not blame me for such expression. One word from you may have the greatest influence over my life: will you not write it? You may ask, Who is he who solicits such a favour? Alas! a nobody, an infant—a future law-student, a present conscript for a year.

" Deign to accept, Madame, the assurance of the very great admiration and of the profound respect of your very devoted
H. AMIC."

This somewhat highflown epistle, duly penned (after a rough pencilled copy, which, found lying on the common-room table by the *cantinière*, that jovial soldier's friend well known to history, gave rise to some "chaff" from his sergeant on the score of its being a "love-letter"), was posted, and the journal entry thus chronicles its supposed vicissitudes.

" Nov. 5.—My letter has now arrived! It is going to be read. . . . It has been read this morning. The thought makes me uncomfortable. I do not regret having written, if I could be sure that Madame Sand would read it herself, but perhaps some secretary has opened it. . . .

" Nov. 6.—To-day, when post-horn came, the signal sounded . . . my sergeant read out in his gruff voice the names of my comrades, sorting a huge packet of letters, till the last was given, and—nothing for me!

“*Nov. 12.*—My hand trembles ; I can scarcely see ! I feel as though I wanted to laugh and cry, all at once, and then I relapse into solitude and silence, smiling, with tears in my eyes. We were all shut up in doors on account of the rain, and I was chatting quietly with Alain, when my corporal brought me a letter. I took it, glanced at the writing, and turned pale. I did not hasten to open the envelope. I felt keen pleasure in holding between my fingers this little square of paper of whose contents I was ignorant. I was not sure that it was a letter from George Sand, yet I could have sworn it was ! At last I tore open the envelope and looked at the signature. I was not mistaken. Then I tried to read it, but for the first moment the letters swam before my eyes. (I think they must have been full of tears.) Finally, I read thus :

“ ‘ Yes, I have read your letter, Monsieur, and I found it good and true. I thank you for it, and, though I have a disabled hand, I must answer it. You ask me a question to which my own experience of life readily supplies an answer. It is, remain pure and marry young, a woman whom you love. You will have fine healthy children, and that is the chief object in life [*le but de la vie*]. Quite the half of these beloved beings languish or perish through the father’s fault. And if from physical we pass to moral causes, what riches are accumulated in the soul which has known how to wait, and to restrain itself. What health ! What strength and power ! And that a transmittable one, like the other. Think for a little on the progress which might have been made by the human race, and the disasters which might have been averted, had it not been for the intervention of vice, which has destroyed so much energy for good—from father to son, and from mother to daughter. Be, then, you of the limited number of those men who mount the ladder which others have descended—an infinitely small number indeed, but to whom the future belongs, while all the remainder are condemned.

“ ‘ Adieu, Monsieur. Have the firm will to uplift substance, both spirit and matter, towards its highest and most necessary expression, which is what we call—God.

“ ‘ Yours in heart,

“ ‘ G. S.’ ”

This somewhat curious letter will probably suggest many thoughts to the reflective reader, and one doubts whether the proffered remedy were quite adequate to the complaint. At all events, an interesting

comment thereon will be found in the fact that M. Amic ever remained, and still is, a bachelor.

He wrote her a letter of thanks, and the year of soldiering went by. At its close he began the legal studies which were to be his life work ; but, as happens with many young law students, his tastes lay rather along the paths of literature than within the dry precincts of the law. He wrote a comedy, and, "wondering whether it were good or bad," the thought came suddenly, "Madame Sand would tell me." So he wrote to ask her, and received the following gracious little note in reply :

"Yes, dear Monsieur, come and see us ; you can read me your work, and we will talk over it. Stay a few days with us, you will give us pleasure.

"Tout à vous,

"GEORGE SAND."

Such were the simple words which opened to a youth of twenty the magic portals of world-renowned Nohant, and the friendship of a woman of genius. It was by no means easy—so one learns from other sources—to acquire the freedom of that city, the old-age home and for ever sacred Berrichon ground whence sprang "La Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," and so many more of the immortal creations of that ever busy pen. "How did you manage to penetrate into an enclosure so hermetically sealed as that of Nohant?" asked Madame Adam of him at their first introduction to one another, under George Sand's own roof in Paris. "Are you a sorcerer? If you are," she added playfully, "pray don't disguise it from me, for I myself believe in *cartomancy*, *cheiromancy*, *graphology*, and all the occult sciences! . . . It is true that this is all I do believe in!"

Every step of that first journey, or rather pilgrimage, to Nohant is chronicled as a precious memory. We are told how, arriving an hour before midday, by carriage, he stopped at the village inn to eat an omelette rather than indiscreetly arrive at lunch hour, while his buxom hostess, hand on hip, thus smilingly interrogated the stranger :

"May I ask, sir, where you are going?"

"I am going to Madame Sand's."

"Ah, you are going to the château to see our lady?" (*not dame*).

"You know her?"

"Of course. Not that one sees her often ; she never goes out now. But one knows her, and one loves her, because there is no one in the world better than she ! Women like that, you see, sir, are not

made any more—the mould is broken! One might throw into a mortar forty heads of the most intelligent and clever men to be found anywhere, and grind them to powder, but it would not produce a head like our lady's. And so good! Why, anyone in the place would willingly be chopped up into pieces for her."

So he drives on to the château.

"In the hall I was received by Madame Sand's grandchild, her son's youngest, a girl of six years old. 'I will go and tell grandmother,' she said; while the servant, a country girl wearing the Berrichon cap, ushered me into the drawing-room. How my heart beat! Presently I heard a voice approaching, its sound somewhat grave, yet sweet, and Madame Sand entered, preceded by her two little grandchildren, Aurore and Gabrielle."

"Here you are at last, my dear child!" she exclaimed, with open arms. Then an hospitable inquiry as to lunch, a gentle reproof as to his not "making himself at home," and, "we will talk later about the comedy; now let us take a turn in the garden."

So, freely and graciously, he was admitted at once into the family life—a life as homely, as tranquil, as unstrained, as that of any quiet provincial household to-day. Thanks to the journal kept by the youthful visitor, we read his daily record in all its first freshness of enthusiasm rather than in the more temperate measure of a "recollection."

"At six o'clock," he writes, "the dinner bell rang. M. Edmond Planchut was in the drawing-room, talking with Maurice Sand"; and a bright little dinner followed, after which everyone played hide and seek with the children and "commerce"; then, when the little ones had said good-night, a game of four-handed dominoes, in which Amic had the honour of being Madame Sand's partner. "In this quality I caused her to lose the game, at which she only laughed. Then, one by one, the others retired to bed, and I was alone with her. 'Now, don't feel yourself obliged to stay up with me,' she admonished me; 'stay or go, just as you like, and, above all things, feel that you are free!'"

But what young and enthusiastic hero-worshipper would forego the delight of remaining *tête-à-tête* with his idol? Needless to say, he sat on, watching the old lady painting a little picture and explaining that "If I amuse myself by painting, it is because I can never remain idle, and it is a way of resting my mind. One cannot go on writing always, it would be too fatiguing, and that fatigue would have its effect upon the work, which must be avoided." So they talked; that disjointed, pleasant, dropping conversation of

minds in harmony while midnight draws near, over Michelet, Louis Blanc, Rochefort, Voltaire, Rousseau. Then Maurice looked in for a chat, and the young visitor asked them whether, as he had heard, they believed in spiritualism? Mother and son laughed good-humouredly for all reply, and, "What is so strange," said she, "is that even clever people believe in such rubbish. Delphine Gay (Madame E. de Girardin) never travelled without her little table, which her servants were forbidden to touch. That woman, intelligent and clever as she was, was perfectly persuaded that if her precious little table were touched by any other hands than her own, the spirits would answer her with improprieties! We do not believe in the marvellous under any form," went on his hostess. "We live uprightly and we believe in God, without even saying so, because it seems quite simple to believe in Him."

And with this thought her two hearers bade her good-night and left her, half an hour after midnight, to begin her writing, to be pursued until the dawn of day.

Next morning she came down as usual to the family *déjeuner* at twelve o'clock (before which hour no one was allowed to intrude upon her privacy), and after the daily garden walk which followed that repast, when the rest of the family separated each to his or her daily avocations, Amic was told that the time had come for him to read his comedy to the authoress. They went up to her *bureau* or study, and "I am going to paint while you read," said she; "I shall listen all the better."

The comedy—we are not told its plot—was duly read, and "Your first act is good, the two others not so good," was the judgment passed upon them; and she proceeded to a detailed criticism, adding, "You are gifted, you write with facility and your style is pure; but that is not enough. Before attempting to produce you must learn, dig well and incessantly, so to speak. Study law, natural science, history; read much, without ever ceasing to write, only not for others but for yourself. Above all, learn to vary studies so as to renew your intelligence: everyone who writes needs to do this. If we compared your mind to a balloon, I should tell you, my child, to take great care to fill it well that it might take its flight upwards, and I should advise you not to let it get empty by your own fault. People don't guard enough against that. When you are thirty years old you will begin to know a tolerable amount. Then you can attempt to write; you will be armed for the combat. But beware of the theatre; any successes that you may obtain in that direction do but wear you out, as gambling does! Write

novels, and you will live tranquilly and in peace. The success that you get by a book depends on yourself alone, while your success in the drama depends as much on the actors as on the author. Such is my belief; but at all events work, that is the important point, later on you can do what you like. . . . I repeat again, do not be too eager to produce; it would only be to waste your natural qualities, and they would vanish away like smoke. You must treat them as you would good wine, and let them ripen with age. Live now, observe, know how to profit by what you see, and write nothing but that which you have felt yourself, not something which you imagine that others feel. Fill your head and your heart simultaneously. Our brains are like a cup. When the cup is full, one drop of water is enough to make it overflow. It is for that drop that the preceding ones have prepared. That drop of water which overflows out of the writer's brain should be the need of writing or of literature, if you prefer the word."

Nowadays, when almost every third reader among us is a writer also, these words of Madame Sand should fall on many ears as willing and as full of need for guidance as were those of young Henri Amic, who drank in with docile eagerness the counsels of that "first woman-genius of this or any age," as Elizabeth Barrett Browning calls her. "I talk to you as if you were my own son," she told him, smilingly, as they closed the three hours' talk which were to him perhaps the most precious three hours of his whole life. Nor did the harvest end here; he was pressed to stay longer, introduced to the famous marionettes of Maurice Sand, to the tiny home-theatre where Arnold-Plessy, Ferrand, Sully, George Sand herself had time after time trodden the boards; where the hostess-author essayed her newest dramas and had them played before Parisian managers ere producing them in public; where her peasant-plays, "Claudie" and "François le Champi," had been rehearsed before a peasant audience of her Berrichon villagers that she might see whether they could read her meaning therein—"and I had the joy of seeing them weep," she told her hearer, "and I was glad to feel myself understood by these simple souls; it is not always so easy." Then, as she rolled her endless cigarettes, or fingered the cards of her almost as endless games of patience—her daytime relaxation after nights of work—she would go on pouring out thoughts, comments, answers, all faithfully recorded and evidently written down at the time by the young journalist. "'André'? My novel 'André'? Really, mon enfant, I scarcely remember it now. I am a very bad judge of my own doings. As soon as I have finished a novel I

forget it, and think of nothing but the next one which I have in my head—for I have always one going on—and that one, until it is finished, always seems to me very superior to the preceding ones. After which end, it shares the fate of the others."

They talked of painting, and Madame Sand, something of an artist herself, thus comments on the realists in art, in words which now seem singularly applicable to their brothers of the pen.

"These gentlemen seem to make out, I don't know why, that truth means ugliness. This error revolts me, and these pretended realists seem to me simply dolts (*des niais*). Nature may be more beautiful at certain hours of the day and less lovely at others, that is certain. But those who choose, just exactly for painting, those latter moments, those who absolutely take the utmost pains to look for ugliness instead of for beauty, are simply wanting in taste and discernment, and do not deserve to be called artists at all!"

Other visits to Nohant and its châtelaine followed in succeeding years; for young Henri Amic became, like Planchut, Lambert, Cadol, and a few others, one of *les intimes de la maison*; no lightly won privilege, as we have gathered from Madame Adam's remark. But those who had gained the *entrée*, who had received the freedom of the city, as it were, found the Château de Nohant less the house of a friend than a home. Eugène Lambert, for instance, an old schoolfellow of Maurice Sand, came to spend one holiday time with him, and stayed—fifteen years! Cadol, the novelist, *only* eleven months at one visit; while Edmond Planchut—introduced to her under somewhat romantic circumstances and afterwards editor of the "Revue des deux Mondes"—came year by year to sit by her fireside at Christmastide, and tell once more to a younger generation the tale of shipwreck and disaster which had brought him to her side. "Dear Nohant!" he writes but lately of it, "in old times so full of life, so brilliant, so widely open to the exile, to the indigent, to sick and suffering friends; but so sad now that she who was its light has gone, and that Maurice too has followed her to those blessed regions where sons find their mothers once more!"

No one could ever quite have known George Sand who did not know Nohant. It was part of her life, from the time when, a baby of four years old, she was first laid in her grandmother's big four-poster there, down to the hour when all that was left of that fragile frame lay, white and emaciated, on "a small iron bed drawn up to the open window," its last breath fled.

The house itself—for it was more a country house, properly speaking, than a château—was half constructed, half restored on

former ruins by its then proprietor, M. de Serennes, shortly before the Reign of Terror, which drove him to emigrate and abandon his property. The grandmother of Aurore Dupin, a woman of illustrious descent—for she was the natural daughter of Maurice de Saxe (son of Frederic Augustus de Saxe, King of Poland)—and twice widowed before 1793, bought Nohant and its surrounding land, and spent considerable sums of money on it, laying out parks, gardens, greenhouses, planting trees in profusion, and opening outlooks to the surrounding country, whose wooded slopes were broken here and there by village roofs or the grey old walls of some neighbouring château.

To this home of her old age Madame Dupin welcomed, in August 1808, her son Maurice, on his return from the Peninsula, where he had served brilliantly as one of Murat's *aides-de-camp*. He brought with him his little four-year-old daughter, Aurore, who, laid to rest that first night in her grandmother's big four-post bed, with its plumed corners, double curtains, and piles of downy, lace-edged pillows, "thought herself in Paradise," and remained thenceforward under her grandmother's care at Nohant, running wild in its parks and gardens, taking long solitary rides through its surrounding woods, or sharing with the young peasants about her their birdsnesting and blackberrying and all other rural delights, meeting doubtless with many a "Françoise" or "Fadette" for future immortalisation.

It was at Nohant that she learned of trees and flowers and birds, that she developed that passionate love of nature which is the keynote of her best works. For a time she left it, to spend a brief school period at the "Couvent des Anglaises" in Paris, but, her impressionable spirit becoming touched by the gentle influences round her, old Madame Dupin feared a conversion, or even a vocation, and brought back her granddaughter to Nohant, to the half Pagan and wholly un-Christian influences in which she wished her to develop, placing in her childish hands the works of Chateaubriand, Gerson, Mably, Locke, Condillac, Montesquieu, Bacon, Aristotle, Leibnitz, Pascal, Montaigne, and the classics, and of her late husband's former friend and companion, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. At seventeen years old Aurore Dupin had read all this—and had forgotten how to believe.

The hand which wrote Victor Hugo's *Life*, "par un témoin de sa vie," has left on record how in his boyish years he was turned into a circulating library by his mother—in France!—and told to "read *everything*." The old librarian of the place expostulated with her, but was sharply bidden "not to interfere." The grandmother of Aurore Dupin acted in like manner, and with like result.

After a stormy period of existence—Venice, Paris, and the rest—

that which the world knows best of her life—Aurore, now George Sand, came broken-hearted back to Nohant, resolved to die. Her friends, whom she summoned to receive her last wishes, rallied round her, expostulated with her, spoke of duty, showed her her two children, and told her to “live for them.” Maternal love triumphed, and she took up the threads of life again, till, at the time of which we write, both her own stormy past and her absorbed and sympathetic interest in the political agitations of 1848 had given place to a serene old age, to the writing of pastoral romances and graceful plays, and to a happy family life with her son Maurice, his wife, and his two children, Aurore and Gabrielle, who formed the little circle into which young Amic had now been introduced.

Another pen than his has pictured for us the external aspect of George Sand's earliest, and latest, home :

“An imposing looking iron gateway, flanked by an empty *conciergerie*” [“thank Heaven, it has never yet been occupied !” comments the writer], opens into a courtyard shaded by acacias and lilac trees, whence the visitor has but to pass through an unpretentious hall door and cross the spacious vestibule to dining- and drawing-rooms, the latter a stately looking apartment with vaulted ceiling and great Venetian glass chandelier.

Here, among the old Louis Seize furniture of her grandmother's days, stood two pianos. One, old and worn, but sacred to the memory of Chopin's magic touch, as his dying fingers strayed over the keys alternately with those of its mistress as she lingered over the airs of her favourite Mozart ; the other, new and brilliant, had thrilled in later days beneath the fingers or voice of many an artiste-visitor.

In the middle of the room stood a large oval table—very solid, very strong, strictly undecorative and un-drawing-roomlike ! “Oh, what a table !” wrote its mistress of it. “It is long and it is oval, it is true, but there is room enough round it for many people. Its legs would make you die of laughter ; they are legs which could only come from the brain of Pierre Bonnin (the village carpenter), that great inventor of uncomfortable and unusable shapes. A table which is not much to look at, but yet a solid, a faithful, an honest table ! It has never turned, it does not talk, it does not write, but perhaps it thinks not the less. It has lent its patient back to so many things ! Foolish or clever writings, charming designs of mad caricatures, sketches in water-colour, studies from nature, thumbnails or skits of the moment, copies of music, epistolary prose from one, burlesque verse from another, bundles of wool, silks for embroidery

costumes for marionettes, games of chess and of cards ; in fact, all the various occupations which are to be found among a family in the country during the long autumn and winter evenings. What would one do without that table of an evening, even in summer, when a storm fills the air and the rain drives in stray guests and belated moths? And then everyone brings his work or his recreation, sitting close together to make room for all. There has been a question more than once of replacing the big table by several smaller ones, but *grand'mère* rejects this unwelcome innovation. The fire crackles upon the hearth : the wind whistles among the trees : while the hail beats against the window-panes. Some belated cricket comes, in winter, under the table to join in the universal murmur."

Year after year "Pierre Bonnin," as the carpenter's table was nicknamed, held its honoured place, and round its homely circumference all work or worries were prohibited in favour of gay pranks and wholesome recreation. "How often," writes Edmond Planchut of those happy days, "has a book, aimed adroitly by her little hand, struck my head on some evening when, tired after a long day's hunting, I nodded over old 'Pierre Bonnin!'" For to her dying day George Sand loved a practical joke, and her *intimes* would find their hairbrushes hidden in their beds, the clocks put back to puzzle a hungry visitor, and other childish tricks of like nature. "She always teased those whom she loved best!" her friend said of her. And her almost childlike gaiety was inexhaustible, as she tells young Amic in one of her letters of how they had been celebrating the double festival of carnival and a servant's wedding: "Dances, rustic ceremonies, disguises, *que sais-je?* Our little ones enjoyed themselves immensely, only saying every moment that if you had been there you would have enjoyed yourself also and they would have amused themselves ten times as much. I did everything they wished. I dressed myself up as a Turk with a false nose, and as a harlequin with a powdered face. I made them dance themselves to exhaustion. Maurice was dressed up also, and Lina. Planchut was dressed as a baby, with pink swaddling clothes, a cap, and bib. He was hideous!"

But to return to Henri Amic and his first visit to Nohant. The following letter tells its own tale, and from this time until her death in 1876 their correspondence, with its occasional interregnum of visits—on his side to Nohant, or on hers to her little *piéd-à-terre* in Paris, where from time to time she went to keep in touch with the literary and artistic movements of the day—was uninterrupted.

Nohant, Octr. 22, '74.

"DEAR CHILD,—What do you thank me for? For having liked you at first sight, and even before, from your letters? Is it not quite natural, since you showed unique confidence in me? It is quite natural, also, that, receiving thousands of letters as I do, I should have learned to discriminate between the good grain and the tares, and not to waste my time over fruitless relationships. That is why I have still some left to bestow upon worthy ones. I might therefore say, like you, that I am selfish and that I act for my own interests.

"Believe me, I have given you nothing which was not already within yourself; the only thing I have done is to find the form which makes you see. I am only a little lamp to help the steps of him who is already on the road towards the land of truth. God has given you a good supply of inner light which needed none of mine, but you love the latter because it happens, so to say, to suit your eyesight. We shall find out, by looking into the matter, that I am only a pair of spectacles, which will never make the shortsighted see clearly, but will help to preserve good eyes a little. Dear child, you must not be surprised at being welcomed and received warmly by nice people. At the first glance one feels your goodheartedness, your frankness, and the delicacy of your mind. Faces do not deceive one. Even animals have instinct to know those who love them, and still more do children and rightminded people feel instinctively whom they can trust. So—you will come back to us, will you not? And you will not be surprised any more at being made one of us."

With the friendly, half-maternal interest Madame Sand took in her young correspondent, we find her giving him an introduction to a certain professor of legal studies, whom he finds "full of profound disdain" for the study of the Civil Code, and liking to diverge into discussions of all manner of side questions with his pupil. They have a violent discussion on "the right to make revolutions," an old but burning question among French students, who love to assert, like Amic's professor, that "le droit des revolutions est un droit sacré"; and agree to appeal to the authoress, who answers by eliminating politics, and requiring the consent of conscience as to whether a particular revolution or *coup d'état* will "tend to elevate the human race." But, as she gracefully ends her letter, "I am not a judge, I am only a friend. I know nothing about anything, save to love and to believe in an ideal." Later on, during Amic's second visit, she assured him in one of their long talks that in her opinion the

Commune "was not a revolution, but a crime"; only, in her womanly delicacy of feeling, she "did not like to thus express herself in writing, fearing to wound" the eccentric professor, who had taken part in "that most criminal insurrection." So talking, her fingers were busy, not, this time, over paintings or "patience," but dressing her son's marionettes in preparation for a grand representation in the mimic theatre over which he spent much of his time and which has become almost historic in interest. From revolutions they went on to talk of more personal matters, and she told him about some of her annoyances caused by the individuals who would persist in fancying themselves depicted by her in her various novels. "One day I had a visit from a sort of housemaid, very old and very ugly, who came to reproach me with having revealed in 'Lélia' her own most secret thoughts! Really, I know of nothing more imbecile than these people, who insist on recognising themselves in all sorts of fictitious characters. Romance, the drama, everything which appertains to the imagination is so very far from reality. Even the semblance of truth is very far from being the truth. This is too much forgotten. Truth (*la vérité*) is not artistic. Verisimilitude (*la vraisemblance*), on the contrary, is art in its entirety. To wish to reproduce the character of a man or of a woman whom you have known without making any change in it, any modification, is impossible. Even facts should not be taken exactly as they occurred. . . . What would you think if I told you that the Empress Eugénie fancied she recognised herself in one of the personages of 'Malgré Tout,' a Spanish adventuress in search of a husband? It seems hardly credible, and yet it is so. I don't say that there was not a certain likeness between the heroine in question and the wife of Napoleon III.; but it was in no way intentional, I assure you. Yet the Empress complained of me to Flaubert, and was convinced that I bore a grudge against her; and she accused me of ingratitude, too, because she had offered me the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which decoration I refused."

The first time that Madame Sand paid one of her occasional visits to Paris her young friend was summoned to her side, and "I asked myself how I was going to find Madame Sand, and whether she would not seem different in Paris from what she is at Nohant"; but no. "She is well, she looks happy, she does not dream of changing either attitude or manner of life," he writes rapturously in his journal. And she takes him with her everywhere, to the opera, the green-room of the theatre, the picture or statue galleries, the restaurant where they dine, "eating fast and well," for "Lina and I

Nohant, Oct. 22, '74.

"DEAR CHILD,—What do you thank me for? For having liked you at first sight, and even before, from your letters? Is it not quite natural, since you showed unique confidence in me? It is quite natural, also, that, receiving thousands of letters as I do, I should have learned to discriminate between the good grain and the tares, and not to waste my time over fruitless relationships. That is why I have still some left to bestow upon worthy ones. I might therefore say, like you, that I am selfish and that I act for my own interests.

"Believe me, I have given you nothing which was not already within yourself; the only thing I have done is to find the form which makes you see. I am only a little lamp to help the steps of him who is already on the road towards the land of truth. God has given you a good supply of inner light which needed none of mine, but you love the latter because it happens, so to say, to suit your eyesight. We shall find out, by looking into the matter, that I am only a pair of spectacles, which will never make the shortsighted see clearly, but will help to preserve good eyes a little. Dear child, you must not be surprised at being welcomed and received warmly by nice people. At the first glance one feels your goodheartedness, your frankness, and the delicacy of your mind. Faces do not deceive one. Even animals have instinct to know those who love them, and still more do children and rightminded people feel instinctively whom they can trust. So—you will come back to us, will you not? And you will not be surprised any more at being made one of us."

With the friendly, half-maternal interest Madame Sand took in her young correspondent, we find her giving him an introduction to a certain professor of legal studies, whom he finds "full of profound *érudition*" for the study of the Civil Code, and liking to diverge into *divagations* of all manner of side questions with his pupil. They have a violent discussion on "the right to make revolutions," an old but burning question among French students, who love to assert, like *Amic's* professor, that "*le droit des révolutions est un droit sacré*"; but *Amic* appeals to the authoress, who answers by eliminating politics and requiring the consent of conscience as to whether a particular revolution or *coup d'état* will "tend to elevate the human race." But she gracefully ends her letter, "I am not a judge, I am only a friend. I know nothing about anything, save to love and to believe in an ideal." Later on, during *Amic's* second visit, she assured him in one of their long talks that in her opinion the

Commune "was not a revolution, but a crime"; only, in her womanly delicacy of feeling, she "did not like to thus express herself in writing, fearing to wound" the eccentric professor, who had taken part in "that most criminal insurrection." So talking, her fingers were busy, not, this time, over paintings or "patience," but dressing her son's marionettes in preparation for a grand representation in the mimic theatre over which he spent much of his time and which has become almost historic in interest. From revolutions they went on to talk of more personal matters, and she told him about some of her annoyances caused by the individuals who would persist in fancying themselves depicted by her in her various novels. "One day I had a visit from a sort of housemaid, very old and very ugly, who came to reproach me with having revealed in 'Lélia' her own most secret thoughts! Really, I know of nothing more imbecile than these people, who insist on recognising themselves in all sorts of fictitious characters. Romance, the drama, everything which appertains to the imagination is so very far from reality. Even the semblance of truth is very far from being the truth. This is too much forgotten. Truth (*la vérité*) is not artistic. Verisimilitude (*la vraisemblance*), on the contrary, is art in its entirety. To wish to reproduce the character of a man or of a woman whom you have known without making any change in it, any modification, is impossible. Even facts should not be taken exactly as they occurred. . . . What would you think if I told you that the Empress Eugénie fancied she recognised herself in one of the personages of 'Malgré Tout,' a Spanish adventuress in search of a husband? It seems hardly credible, and yet it is so. I don't say that there was not a certain likeness between the heroine in question and the wife of Napoleon III.; but it was in no way intentional, I assure you. Yet the Empress complained of me to Flaubert, and was convinced that I bore a grudge against her; and she accused me of ingratitude, too, because she had offered me the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which decoration I refused."

The first time that Madame Sand paid one of her occasional visits to Paris her young friend was summoned to her side, and "I asked myself how I was going to find Madame Sand, and whether she would not seem different in Paris from what she is at Nohant"; but no. "She is well, she looks happy, she does not dream of changing either attitude or manner of life," he writes rapturously in his journal. And she takes him with her everywhere, to the opera, the green-room of the theatre, the picture or statue galleries, where they dine, "eating fast and well," for "Lina and I

cannot bear to wait an hour between each course !” a not infrequent grievance of *tables d'hôte* everywhere. “And then,” she tells him, “when we come to Paris we have no time to lose, there is so much to do ! Friends to see, shopping, commissions, business visits, and lastly, the true object of my visit, a hasty review of all that is being done, or that is coming out in the world of art and literature. When one writes, one must neglect nothing ; it is the best means that we have for renewing our ideas ; thus we go to the theatre nearly every evening.”

On one of these busy evenings, on which he had been invited to dine and meet M. and Madame Edmond Adam, he arrived at the “gentil rez-de-chaussée,” which formed Madame Sand's Paris *pied-à-terre*, only to learn from the servant that her mistress was “ill since last night.” “Don't be alarmed, Amic,” said Madame Maurice, cordially, “it is only fatigue, and I knew it would come. When *bonne mère* is in Paris she forgets her age and the passage of years, and she goes on and on until she is so wearied out that she is obliged to stop. And then a rather strange thing invariably takes place. She goes to sleep, and sleeps on for sometimes as much as thirty or thirty-six hours ; and when she awakes she is perfectly well again. I am not in the least anxious about her ; and I let you come all the same, because I don't at all want to dine alone with M. and Madame Adam. M. Adam does not appal me much, but the fair Juliette overawes me a little, and besides I am afraid she would be dull alone with me—that is my real reason. Do you not know Madame Adam ? Well, then, you will make her acquaintance. She is a handsome and a charming woman, as you will see !”

And, indeed, when the visitors appear, Amic thinks, and tells in his journal afterwards, that she is “*ravissante !*” It seems that she is already a grandmother ; but it is pure coquetry on her part to tell one so, so impossible does it seem. I know that she writes under her maiden name, Juliette Lamber. She is much puzzled to find me on such intimate terms with the Sand family. . . . M. Adam seems an excellent man. He adores his wife, and takes visible pleasure in hearing her chatter about everything that comes into her head. And, in fact, it would be impossible to talk in a more amusing and *spirituelle* fashion than does ‘Juliette Lamber.’”

Meanwhile Madame Sand slept on ; but next morning, as her daughter-in-law foretold, when Amic came to inquire for her, he found her up, well and bright as ever, sitting at her bureau and affixing her autograph to a great pile of volumes, some twenty-five or thirty of them, which some business-like friend had brought her to

sign. On Amic asking after her health, she told him—it is too interesting an episode not to find place here—that, to reassure her daughter-in-law on the subject, she had sent for “her friend, Dr. Favre.” This Dr. Favre was somewhat of a character; an oddity, or rather a scientific theorist, ever developing new ideas or reasons for physical facts, which he expounded “with the air of an apostle.”

“Sometimes he launches out into the most incomprehensible discourses,” she told Amic, “which leave you under the impression that he is mad; and then the next moment he is reasoning with an extraordinary power of deduction, and telling you more or less ordinary facts with such marvellous colouring as to strike at once the ear and the imagination as something unusual. It was Alex. Dumas who introduced him to me; he thought very highly of him; and it was from him that Dumas took that interminable history of the Jews which runs through ‘*La Femme de Claude*.’ Dr. Favre’s influence, whether for good or ill, is strongly evidenced in Dumas’ later works, and will probably not stop there. It is not surprising, indeed, that it should be so; for Dumas is an artist before all things, and it is therefore natural that he should be impressed by Favre’s scientific formulæ. To-day he really interested me very much,” she went on; “he makes out (this is a new fad of his!) that every human being is guided, from birth to death, by one dominant passion. Starting from that, he set to work to find what has been the dominant passion of my life. ‘At your age it is less easy to discover it,’ he remarked, ‘because the feelings are partly blunted. If you would help me, however, I think we should discover it.’ ‘I am quite willing; what am I to do?’ ‘Reply to the questions I am going to ask you.’ ‘Very well, go on!’ ‘Are you proud, or vain?’ ‘I don’t think so!’ ‘Selfish? Avaricious?’ ‘Not at all.’ ‘Lazy? I will not even ask that! Then envious?’ ‘No, indeed!’ ‘Greedy! Sensual?’ ‘Not that I know of! Really, my dear friend, you are making me make my confession!’ ‘Perhaps. Yours is a curious case; I do not see to what motive to attribute your line of conduct, and that puzzles me.’

“As I saw that he was really puzzled, I came to his help. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘since you are speaking seriously, I will reply in the same way. If I understand your idea, I think I can give you the explanation you seem to desire so much. My dominant passion, as you call it, has been maternity. In all the sentiments, in all the loves of my life, there has been something of the maternal feeling, which makes one feel that those one loves belong to one.’ Favre listened very

attentively to me, and went away convinced and satisfied, as one always is when it has been proved to one that one is right !”

It needs, indeed, but slight reflection over George Sand's life history to entirely endorse her own statement, that her ruling passion was the maternal instinct ; and Amic received a curious testimony to the same effect from Madame Adam, who showed him one day “ a very curious correspondence between Madame Sand and a friend of Jules Sandeau, dating from 1830, when she had not yet begun to write, which has lately come into my possession.” He sat down then and there to read the precious bundle of letters, which Madame Adam would not let out of her house, and he describes them as “ filled, not with passion, but with I know not what maternal sentiment.” Her chief preoccupation is to avert all danger, all possible misfortune, from the beloved object ; and for this, and this only, she disquiets herself perpetually.

Money becomes rare in that “ bachelor's quarter ” where she has taken refuge, and with the exception of her own small allowance she has no other resources ; so she begins to seek some occupation which may help her to live. She thinks of writing, but a thousand difficulties present themselves to her mind. She tries painting on wood, but soon gives it up. At last Jules Sandeau (who at that time wrote under the pseudonym of “ Jules Sand ”), began a novel and fell ill before he had finished it. His companion took up his pen, and completed, brilliantly, the already bespoken work ; and, the wings of her imagination once essayed, “ Indiana ” and “ Valentina ” and the rest followed. She “ awoke to find herself famous.”

She was never, however, in the slightest degree the posed, self-conscious “ authoress ” ; and few who pictured to themselves the imaginary “ George Sand ” of so many legendary exploits—dressed like her wild student or artistic comrades, and sharing their unrestrained Bohemian life in theatre, *parterre*, or café joviality—would have recognised the quiet, feminine, almost shy and very “ womanly woman ” who would scarce open her lips before strangers in her own salon at Nohant.

“ An insurmountable timidity prevented her from speaking to strangers,” writes Edmond Plauchut of her ; and he reports that “ ever silent before strangers, she became animated and communicative with her intimates. Whoever has never heard her talk, in the twilight, with not more than two people beside her, has never known her.” Amic discovered this for himself, when, during one of his visits to Nohant, a lady presented herself one day who had lately brought out a novel for which Madame Sand had been persuaded by

their mutual publisher to write a few words by way of preface, though unacquainted with the writer. Maurice Sand, called down, in the absence of his wife, to help entertain his mother's visitor, somewhat thoughtlessly invited her to spend the remainder of the day with them, bringing in her two children and a governess, who were waiting outside. They stayed to dinner, and "quel diner!" writes Amic in his journal. "Madame Sand spoke absolutely not at all except to the governess and the little girls to see that they had all that they wanted. As for Madame Fould, she was visibly uncomfortable; she talked away, very fast and very much, without having anything to say. . . . Now I understand why the various opinions on Madame Sand do not always agree. Those who have only seen her in the world have not been able to know her or to judge her; even those who have known her without being admitted into her intellectual intimacy could not even guess what she really is."

In another part of his journal he remarks that

"Our circle was enlarged. . . . I regretted it the more that, ever since we are more numerous, Madame Sand hardly speaks; she only listens to others. I have, in fact, already remarked that she only talks when one is alone with her. Whatever she says, she says for the individual she is speaking to, and not for his neighbour; and therefore the presence of a third person makes her uncomfortable, and she is silent."

A certain anecdote, which seems to have been well known to all her little circle, still further illustrates this peculiarity. It appears that Théophile Gautier was very anxious to make the acquaintance of the author of "Lelia," and Dumas, as her privileged friend, took him down to stay at Nohant. On the evening of their arrival Gautier, with a natural desire to shine in the presence of the authoress, launched forth into one of his most brilliant conversations, or rather monologues, directed, of course, to his hostess. George Sand listened with interest, but did not reply a single word: and when bedtime came, the guests retired to their rooms. No sooner had Dumas entered his than in came Gautier, with a very long face, "crowned with a nightcap."

"I am very sorry I ever came here!"

"Why? What have you got in your head now? What is the matter?"

"What is the matter? You ask me that! Why, it is evident that Madame Sand dislikes me. She did not speak one single word

to me the whole evening, either to agree or disagree with what I said. Isn't it a fact?"

"But . . . I assure you . . ."

"Oh, I had better leave at once?"

"Tu es fou, mon garçon!" And Dumas without more ado caught him by the arm and dragged him along the passage to the study, where their hostess, seated before her writing-table, had already begun her nightly work.

"Here is Gautier going off at once, because you have not spoken a single word to him this evening!"

She looked up at him with her big, speaking eyes, and in her own naïvely serious way, replied:

"Vous ne lui avez donc pas dit que j'étais bête?"

The ice was broken; "Théo" did not leave, but he, Dumas, and Madame Sand talked all through the night till morning dawned. Nevertheless, Gautier never quite got over his first impression of constraint, and Planchut notes that "during his stay at Nohant we had but one thought, that of amusing him as much as possible, with marionettes and other diversions."

Flaubert was on a very different footing; he was the "spoiled child" of Nohant and its inmates, and spent his days in melancholy railings or bitter diatribes against the world, against his literary brethren, against love, and life, and art, and every human interest, until even the large-hearted woman at his side was weary of his persistent pessimism. M. Planchut tells how "one day, when Flaubert had been railing against the world with even more energy than usual, Maurice Sand, seeing that his mother was tired of it, suddenly organised, with me and his two little girls, a sort of *charivari* or masquerade in the next room to that in which they were talking, and we began to dance and sing, wielding pokers and tongs and all sorts of incongruous weapons. Flaubert rushed in, crying out that we were a set of low jokers and did not appreciate him, while Madame Sand, following him in, caught up a shovel and joined in the wild dance. Flaubert flew to his room, and in a few seconds was out again among us, costumed as an Andalousienne, a Basque tambourine in his hand, dancing the fandango!"

Edmond Planchut himself was one of the most sympathetic of guests, and all through Amic's journal the references to him are frequent and affectionate.

"As for Planchut," writes Madame Sand, "he is playing pominoes very badly! It seems like a softening of the brain, which

makes me quite anxious. He can now only sleep for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and this insomnia quite depresses him."

In another letter: "Planchut received your invitation this morning. He thanks you with all his heart, but we are preventing him from leaving. He sleeps so well here! Where could he sleep better?"

Again, she tells him that "Nohant is very silent since we no more hear the 'hounds and the horn' of Planchut, your games of ball and big gallops of an evening with the children. The children run about out of doors, and I have a grand silence to work in, but I regret the noise and hope it will come back."

A less congenial style of visitor did occasionally penetrate the peaceful seclusion of these quiet lives, as when Amic tells us that—

"This time I found a new guest at Nohant, M. Rollinat, uncle to the poet of that name. He had just published in the *Temps* an article on Nohant, in which he relates that one day, on a beautiful summer's evening, Liszt and Chopin sat there together, and played the piano one after another. He described how the brilliant execution of Liszt had first surprised and then enchanted every one present, but that when Chopin in his turn took his seat before the instrument, after having first extinguished all the lights according to his custom, every one was melted to a state of ineffable and indescribable rapture, and they forgot the brilliant and sparkling melodies of the first player to become lost in the more thrilling harmonies of his successor. The writer added that this unforgettable evening ended gaily with the discussion of a huge bowl of punch, served in a silver salad bowl. I referred to this article in a conversation with Madame Sand," writes Amic, "and she answered, with one of her most good-humoured smiles, 'Yes, it was a very pleasant article, and a most exact description of Liszt's and Chopin's playing, only—it is a pity that the whole story is simply an invention! Liszt and Chopin were never here together, and I regret to say that I have never even seen the famous silver salad bowl in question!!!'

"'And you did not contradict it?'

"'What would have been the use? It amused the public, and earned a little money for poor Rollinat, who needed it!'"

She did not always support the "interviewing mania" of our own days with the same magnanimity, however.

"You had better question me," was her dry response to the

amenities of an Englishwoman who, note-book in hand, had succeeded in finding her way into the salon at Nohant, armed with a decoration to be presented from some British association.

"At what hour do you work, Madam?"

"I never work."

"Ho! But—your books? When do you make them?"

"They make themselves, morning, evening, and night!"

"What is your own favourite, may I ask, among your novels?" pursued the baffled questioner.

"Olympia."

"Ho! I do not know that one!"

"Perhaps . . . I have not yet written it!" And the victimised author rose with this, and beat a hasty retreat, "ready to burst," as she caught her own *espigleries* being duly jotted down in the formidable note-book before her.

The growth of modern thought in literature has of late years been so rapid that one is almost surprised to find George Sand criticising, as her equals and contemporaries, those who are still with us. Thus she discusses Zola with young Amic, and remarked that he had great talent. "I have just read 'Son Excellence Eugène Rougon,'" she said; "it is very powerful and very living; a little brutal sometimes, but that in itself helps to give an air of reality to his descriptions. I think, however, that art and taste lose what realism gains." Going on to speak of Gaboriau and his detective stories, Amic remarks in his journal that "all these imaginative stories fascinate Madame Sand; she takes extreme pleasure in reading them. The ingeniousness of their intrigues amuse her, as fairy tales do children, and the mazes of police investigation even prevent her from sleeping at night."

Among the conversations recorded during this second visit to Nohant is one which gives a glimpse of "the divine Sarah" as she was in earlier days.

"I must, my dear child, put you on your guard once for all against your future interpreters. Actresses are perhaps even more dangerous than other women (and that is not saying little!), which is perhaps natural, as their profession itself makes them more intelligent, because it develops their minds, and they rarely use their minds properly. The habit of feigning sentiments which they do not feel—in other words, of acting—leads them easily to untruth and disloyalty. They study their parts outside the theatre. . . . And, again, most actresses traffic in love in much the same way as ordinary courtesans. Shall I give you an example? One evening

they were playing 'L'Autre' at the Odéon. I went up to see Duquesnel, and found the whole place in an uproar. I was told that the artiste who was playing the part of Hélène, Sarah Bernhardt in fact, had just made an attempt to poison herself. I went up to see her; I reasoned with her; I spoke to her of her son, to whom she owed her tenderest care. I said everything that a woman and a mother could urge under such circumstances. Sarah burst into tears—she assured me that she had a horror of the life she had led up to that moment, that no one had spoken to her as I had done, and that she would never forget my counsels.

"Some days afterwards I arrived rather late at the theatre, and, as I was going up the stairs who should I meet coming down them but Sarah Bernhardt and her sister Jeanne, both dressed as men, going off to the *Bullier* ball. That, my dear child, was all the effect of my sermon."

An American commentator on the subject of these pages remarks that "the power which George Sand showed to act on herself is what gives her life its peculiar interest. She might justly say of herself: 'I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair has been the work of my will, and of a new way of understanding life which is the exact opposite of the one I held formerly.' She had, in fact, learned the solemn lesson that

" Bitter is duty ; bitterer were the love
Bought with the gold of duty."

And from the hour that she learned it she never ceased to teach her new belief.

"I believe that work is the only, the true, the great remedy for every evil, for all evils, and even for the greatest evil of all, which is old age; and therefore I counsel it to all whom I love. It is not true that work fatigues; on the contrary, it revives one, and the habit which it becomes tends to enlarge, to redouble our forces."

The same thought, as will be seen, runs through the following letters, and through all her correspondence with her young disciple. He complains to her that he finds his legal studies irksome and uncongenial, besides being irrelevant to the career he intends to follow in after life—that of a literary man. Madame Sand, however, knowing his parents' wish that he should complete his legal studies, thus assures him:

"Dear child, give me two or three days to answer you. I am writing to your mother, for I want to know whether she has any special wish as to the line of study you should follow, and why she wishes it. What is certain is that you must work, and that whatever work

you undertake you will have a hard and dry commencement ; what is also certain is that to be discouraged is a weakness of mind and of character, and that one risks being discouraged a second and a third time by allowing discouragement once. Your letter saddens me ; I had thought you more courageous. However, I will say nothing as yet. Let me consult your parents, for your happiness will always depend upon a perfect unity of views with those who love you above everything, and I should give you very bad advice if I told you to isolate yourself in your decisions."

A week later he received the following letter, through his mother, to whom Madame Sand sent it, open, for him :

"My child, I have thought over your discouragement : truth to say, I do not approve of it. In vain do I turn over in my mind the reasons which you put forward, I do not find them worth anything. Are you idle? No, that is impossible, since you have heart and intelligence. Idleness is a powerlessness, an infirmity of a weak mind, and you, on the contrary, have a great mind. No, you will not draw back before the inevitable aridity of all beginnings. You are criticising, and you have made up another ideal for yourself, but your criticism does not fall in the right place. You say that the theory and the practice of law contradict themselves ; well, let us suppose this to be true—it is one reason the more for knowing the theory of law and tracing the history of this theory in the human mind. It is the history of civilised man upon earth which you scorn to learn, and you think that you can become a good writer by deciding in advance that you wish to be ignorant—why, it is wishing to suppress the reason of your being. Have I not told you often that this very ignorance has been one of the miseries of my life, not only as a civilised and active being, but as a writer and artist. There is a closed door in that direction for me ; and you, it is opened wide for you, and you refuse to enter, when you have youth—that is to say, facility, memory, and time—before you.

"Yes, time ! Spoiled child that you are, you complain of leading too worldly a life. Whose fault is it ? You are 'interrupted,' because you let yourself be interrupted. When one chooses to shut oneself up, one does it ; when one chooses to work, one works, in the midst of any noise. One accustoms oneself to it, as one becomes accustomed to sleeping in Paris in the midst of all the noise and rattle of its streets.

"You want to be a literary man ; I have already told you that you can be one if you learn everything. Art is not a gift which can do without knowledge—an immense knowledge, extending on every

side. My own example is pernicious, perhaps. You may say to yourself : ' There is a woman who knows nothing and who has nevertheless made for herself a name and a position in life.' Well, *cher enfant*, I know nothing, it is true, because I have no longer any memory ; but I have learned much, and at seventeen I passed my nights in study. If the things which I then learned have not remained consciously in my mind, all the same they have ' made their honey ' within me.

" You are struck by the want of solidity in the greater part of the writings and of the productions of the day. It all comes from the want of study. Never will a mind be formed, trained, unless it has overcome the difficulties of all sorts of work, or at least of certain works which necessitate the sustained action of the will.

" There is the dinner-bell ! I want this letter to go this evening. I will continue it to-morrow, and I embrace you to-day, begging you to make a strong appeal to yourself before saying that shameful word, ' *I cannot!*'

G. SAND."

A second letter, dated the following day (March 27, 1876), supplements this :

" DEAR CHILD,—I wrote to you yesterday in haste ; I was late. Did I hurt you ? I am quite sad about it to-day. All this is hard, but you must understand that I talk to you just as if it was I who brought you into the world. I have said plenty in the same strain to Maurice when he, too, was under the influence of the languors and irresolutions of your age. He listened to me, and he has remembered it. He has found it well, now that he is a man as well as an artist. That is the great question. You have the instincts and the taste for art, but you can prove for yourself at any moment that the artist who is only an artist is powerless ; that is to say, either mediocre or excessive—in other words, mad. You have not been impelled from your infancy by special instincts to become a painter or a musician. If you had to go in seriously for either of these studies you would find them just as arduous as the law, and they would necessitate even more hours of hard work. You would have to labour for at least ten years before becoming productive.

" The natural studies will be very good for you—necessary, in fact, if you want to be a writer ; but Maurice, who works both easily and perseveringly and has an excellent memory, spent twelve or fifteen years before being sure of anything, and to be as practical as

he wanted to be, the great solid basis of mathematics lacked with him.

"I see clearly that you think yourself able to produce without having first amassed. I have repeated over and over again to you, and I now reiterate it, that in order to make a little honey one must have sucked all the flowers in the field. You think one can get through by reflections and counsels. No! one cannot do so. One must have digested much, loved, suffered, waited, and laboured continually. In fine, one must know how to fence before wielding the sword. Do you wish to do like those small literary scribblers who think themselves something because they put in print a few platitudes? Fly from them as if they were the pest, and don't be like them in anything. They are, for the moment, the *vibrions* (molecules) of literature. No, no! art is a sacred thing; a chalice not to be partaken of save after fasting and prayer. Forget it, if you cannot bring forward the study of the sources of things. You will come back to it more healthily, more readily, when you have made an act of strength by the will, the persistence, the vanquished distaste, the sacrifice of amusements and of idle loiterings.

"Be a law-student (*licencié en droit*) in order to be *someone*; then, after that, we will study literature together as much as you like, and if I see any real talent in you I will tell you. Then you will go on in that line, all the while furnishing your mind and polishing your tongue, which is its instrument, not its breath.

"Forgive me for going against you, you whom I care so much for; but, believe me, I should love you very ill, very selfishly, if I spoke in any other strain. Change your life and your surroundings if the present ones prevent you from working seriously.

"How did my nephew René do, who went through his legal studies in the country, and only went up to Paris for his examinations? He needed no professor to apportion his work to him. He assimilated it for himself. He willed to succeed, and you see he is none the worse now. You have the misfortune to be rich, my dear child; it is pleasant, but pernicious. Think seriously over it. Take your heart in your two hands and make it obey you. *Richesse oblige*. Tell me that you will to will, and presently you will be able to will much. I embrace you tenderly, for myself and for us all. Maurice, whom I have told that you are a little discouraged, is of my opinion. He wishes that he had studied law himself. He regrets the six years of his young life that he spent in delicate health, and would fain make up for them now."

She did more for him, however, than merely write thus. She lent

him her own little apartment in the Rue Gay-Lussac, near "ce vieux Luxembourg avec son palais Florentin et des coins de solitude," where "in spring time, when I open my window of a morning, the perfumes of its gardens come up to me like those of Nohant." And other letters, too long to quote, give careful little maternal details as to his food and household arrangements.

She talked of going up to Paris that spring, but was detained by one cause or another, her own languor and Maurice's neuralgia, of which she speaks in what proved to be the last letter he was destined to receive from that faithful pen, which goes on to say :

"I am reading Renan's book, which is very curious ; it is the interior combat of a soul at odds with the faith of the past, struggling with the lights of the present. He disputes over some spars of the great shipwreck. Berthelot's letter commends the work as of great worth, and contains a great truth which had already been enunciated by Pierre Leroux and many others ; it is that in the hypotheses of idealism, sentiment alone should be consulted. Nothing else leads to any solution, and it is but a dream to wish to prove God by any reasons other than those of heart and conscience. But Berthelot himself recognises that these same reasons have a value failing which the human race would degenerate into the brute.

"Good-night, *cher enfant*. Let us love one another—that is the true philosophy of all time. Your little friends embrace and love you.
G. SAND."

Good-night ! The hand which traced these words was soon to grow cold and still at the approach of the eternal night whose waking is not in this world. Some days after the receipt of this letter Amic learned from one of the family that she was ill and suffering ; then worse ; some telegrams passed, and then one from Maurice Sand—

"Ma mère toujours très mal ; venez."

He went, with bursting heart and head on fire with its anxious, bewildered, tumultuous thoughts, tracing, as he went, the memories of "his first visit to Nohant." The first glance at Madame Maurice was enough ; he saw that all hope was gone, and when they asked if he would see her, his unruly sobs made her add, "But you know you must not cry ; I will not let our sorrow add to her suffering."

So "to-morrow" was talked of ; a morrow which never came.

For the agony became greater, and through the sweet spring air, resonant with song of birds and perfumed with budding verdure, the sorrowing watcher, pacing to and fro beneath the open windows of

her room, heard weary moans and cries of pain throughout that terrible day. And as he, alone and heart-wrung in that terrible helplessness to aid or alleviate which every watcher beside a deathbed knows, thus listened to the voice whose gentle tones had so often spoken the kindly, wise, or thoughtful words he was wont to hang upon, now so pathetically changed to feeble, pain-filled wailings, a quiet, black-robed figure passed up the garden path, and paused at the door to ask for admittance.

Madame Maurice received him.

"Madame Sand is fully conscious, Monsieur," she spoke, "but since she has not asked for you, we dare not risk affecting her or making her suffer more by allowing you to see her. Should she express such desire, I promise that I will summon you at once."

So he took his leave; but, like young Amic, the venerable Curé of the parish lingered long beneath the open windows of the room where that long agony was so pitifully wearing itself out in cries and half-uttered groans before which human science stood powerless.

Someone from the house, noticing the silent, slow-pacing figure, approached and asked him wherefore he lingered.

"I heard the suffering cries of the poor sick one," he answered, "and I have been praying God to have pity on her and to receive her in His Infinite Mercy—and then I blessed her. If my benediction is not rejected, *it will reach her.*" And he went away.

All that night the agony lasted; and it was not until ten o'clock on the following morning that the doctor, entering the salon where some friends—Amic among them—were assembled, pronounced the words "It is over!"

Then Amic went upstairs, and saw all that was left of that "greatest genius of our time," lying on the narrow iron bed which had been pushed up close to the open window that she might, if possible, breathe more easily.

Later on, her couch was covered with flowers out of her own beloved garden; and then the stream of visitors, heart-mourners every one of them, began.

Most of France's greatest sons flocked to see that frail body laid to its long rest. Dumas, Flaubert, Ernest Renan, Prince Napoleon (her grandchild's godfather), Edouard Cadol, Paul Meurice, Eugène Lambert, Planchut, and many another illustrious name in literature and art came to render a final homage to the beloved dead. By her son and daughter's wish some last ceremonies of the Church, funeral prayers and merciful absolutions, were given over the mortal remains, within the humble little village church, all too small for the crowds

which followed them, and for the weeping peasants who, recking little of literary or worldly fame, lamented the loss of "not' bonne dame" of Nohant. The friends spoke "discourses" (Victor Hugo's telegraphed to his spokesman, Meurice), the more immediate mourners filled the grave above the coffin with branches of laurel, distributed by Madame Maurice, till it was literally "buried in flowers," as Planchut tells us in his memories of Nohant; and then, amid silent tears, under the grey mist of a fine, fast-dropping rain, they all turned away and left the silent, flower-strewn grave.

T. L. L. TEELING.

THE FINGALIAN LEGENDS:

THEIR SOURCE AND HISTORIC VALUE.

IN dealing with traditional lore, the difficulty which at once presents itself of separating the historic from the mythic, the true from the false, is so formidable as to prove in some instances wholly insurmountable. The so-called early histories both of Scotland and Ireland furnish illustrations of this assertion. The transparent fictions of John of Fordun and Hector Boece are hardly, if at all, more reliable than the ancient chronologies of Ireland. To determine the exact historic value of legends may be difficult, but should not, in most cases, be impossible. Frequently, the historic facts are buried in a mass of legendary matter—the growth of centuries—which has crystallised around them. If the historian can be found who is capable of clearing away the accretion of rubbish, he will lay bare the basis of truth upon which the falsehood has accumulated. History and tradition bear the same relation to one another as the vein of gold does to the nonpayable quartz through which it runs. Much labour may be, and generally is, involved in striking the “reef,” but the difficulty of finding the golden streak has never yet proved its non-existence. It is here proposed to examine the source and the historical value of those legends which are known indifferently as Fingalian and Ossianic.

Perhaps there are no legends connected with any country that have given rise to more acute controversy than those associated with Fion or Fingal, and his reputed poet son, Ossian. A hundred years ago and more, Macpherson's “Ossian” exercised critics as did no other literary problem. The transcendent, if uneven, genius which the poems displayed was generally acknowledged, but that they were really the work of Ossian, or Oisín, a poet and warrior of antiquity, was scouted by the majority of the critics of the day. Macpherson and his friends emphasised their Celtic origin, and by so doing undoubtedly fanned the flame of hostile criticism, which was represented in Scotland by men such as Pinkerton, a rabid anti-Celt, and in England, by Dr. Johnson, a powerful but hopelessly

prejudiced adversary. "Can any good come out of Celtica?" asked the anti-Celts. "We have Ossian's poems," was the triumphant reply. The criticisms of Laing were of a different character, but he, too, was plainly influenced by racial animosity. The controversy was complicated by the known fact that a body of legendary matter relating to Fion and the Fianna existed in Ireland, and it was a question, which is even yet argued in all seriousness, whether Macpherson borrowed his poems from Ireland, or the Irish borrowed their legends from Scotland. The Ossianic heroes were of the same name in both countries—if Cuchullin be excepted—but there was a wide difference in their presentation. The Irish Fion was a giant and a magician; the Highland Fion was primarily a hero. The prowess of the Irish Fion was inferior to that of Diarmuid, Goll, and the peerless Oscur; Macpherson's Fingal was incomparably the greatest of the Finnic warriors. The Irish Fion, although a giant, was morally not immaculate; his Scottish namesake was emphatically a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*. The Irish Fingalian legends are full of trivialities and magic; the Scottish collections of Ossianic poems, from Macpherson downwards, are dignified and sane. The point to note is that we have two sets of entirely dissimilar legends, one Scottish and the other Irish, each claiming to have a common Celtic origin.

No one at the present day who has any acquaintance with the subject disputes the fact that, apart from Macpherson's "Ossian," there have existed for centuries in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, stories of the Fingalian heroes and their exploits; and whatever manipulations these stories may have suffered at the hands of Macpherson, the material existed long before his time. Similarly, no one can doubt that for centuries a mass of traditional lore relating to the Fianna was in existence in Ireland before any attempt at systematic collection was made. It is not improbable that if judiciously organised research were made, even at the present day, in the more remote districts of Ulster and the Hebrides, to collect Finnic fragments, the labour would bear good fruit.

That "Fingal lived and Ossian sang" is a proposition which has been frequently and strenuously maintained, and as frequently and strenuously assailed. It really matters very little whether they were men or myths. That a Scottish Homer, whose name may or may not have been Ossian or Oisín, once lived in the Highlands is quite compatible with the known facts. The beautiful imagery in Macpherson's "Ossian" was certainly not the result of the translator's genius. The "Address to the Sun," in "Carthou," for example, is

proved to have been known almost in its present form by people in the Highlands who had never as much as heard of Macpherson. It is, therefore, quite in accordance with the probabilities of the case to suppose that the Finnic legends were done into poetry by one or more bards of outstanding genius, whose work has come down to posterity by tradition as the poems of Ossian.

It is not difficult to believe that Fion or Fingal is merely the eponym of a tribe or nation. Irish writers maintain that their traditions cluster round the person of one Fion MacCumhail, a noted hero, who is stated to have been killed at the Boyne A.D. 283; and the same parentage is given to Macpherson's Fingal. He was the reputed chief of the Fianna, an organisation which was in existence before his time. That the Fianna of Ireland and the Feine of Scotland were one and the same people admits of no reasonable doubt. Their traditionary settlements in Scotland lay in the "Roughbounds"—the Western Highlands and Islands—and it is probable that they belonged to a pre-Celtic race. It has now passed beyond the region of dispute that long before the Celtic tribes found a foothold in those districts, they were inhabited by non-Aryans of Iberic or Finnic origin, perhaps of both. Modern ethnologists think they have traced the descent of some of the inhabitants of the Western Isles from Finnish aborigines, and this conclusion appears to be by no means unreasonable. It is generally admitted that the earliest settlers in Scandinavia, if not of a much larger part of Europe, were of Finnish origin, and it is known that they were driven northwards, and in all probability westwards, perhaps by Celtic, and certainly by Gothic invaders. That they found their way to the British Islands at different intervals, in larger or smaller bodies, is a supposition which agrees with the migratory tendencies of historic times. They may have been preceded, or succeeded, in those islands by an Iberian population—traces of whom, it is asserted, are discoverable in the present inhabitants—but whether Finnic or Iberic, or both, it has been demonstrated almost to a certainty that the early inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland were Turanians. Celtic scholars state that the farther back one goes, the more prominent do non-Aryan, non-Celtic roots appear in the old Gaelic of the Highlands, and these can only be attributed to the language of the people who preceded the van of the Celtic immigrants. There are place-names in the Hebrides that bear marks of the same origin; they are neither Gaelic, English, nor Scandinavian.

It is not an untenable theory that the Fianna, Fiona, or Feine

of Ireland and Scotland were the descendants, in part at least, of these Turanians. The word Fin or Finn, Fion, Fionn or Fhion varies as much in meaning as it does in orthography; so much so, indeed, as to render any derivation more or less arbitrary. It has, however, been almost invariably held to mean "fair," and the literal translation of Fingal or Fingall—a name first applied by Macpherson to Fion—is thus "the fair stranger," an application the significance of which is apparent. By Macpherson himself, however, it was held to be a corruption of Fion na Gael, or Fion of the Gael. Yet we find in one of Ossian's poems—"Cathloda"—a description by a dying member of the Feine of the circumstances under which his ancestor Colgorm, "the rider of ocean," left the land of his fathers for Albion; clearly he came from Scandinavia.

The root "Fin" enters into combination with a good many words in Irish and Scottish topography, and the name Fingal with variants was not uncommon in Irish and Scottish history. It must be confessed that it is difficult to see why the same root should have an entirely different signification, when applied to the names of places and of people in the North of Europe, from that which has just been noticed. It will not be denied that, when used in connection with Scandinavia, it is neither of Celtic origin nor does it signify "fairness" or any similar characteristic. It seems, therefore, more reasonable to suspect that Fion, Feine, and Fianna are all variants of the word Finn, *i.e.* the Finnish nation, the *Fenni* of Tacitus. We find the same word in the ancient name (Fionia) of the modern Danish island Funen, where Odin is related to have first settled—hence Odinsey, Odin's island—as well of course as in Finland, Finmark, and the common Scandinavian name Finn.

The Irish legends relate that the first inhabitants of Ireland were Finntan, of the blood of Seth, and Kesàra his wife, Noah's niece, who fled from the East to escape from the Flood. Finntan at his death found a habitation in Tir-na-n-oge, the land of youth, where he remained until a "white Druid" (Saint Patrick) set him free to depart to a brighter and happier home. The same legend is told of Oisín himself, who is said to have been baptized by St. Patrick. This myth may conceivably have reference to the Finnish aborigines of the island, and the release of Finntan from "the land of youth" perhaps symbolises the dissipation of their religion by Christianity. It is noteworthy that, according to Manx traditions, the first ruler of the Isle of Man was one Mannanan-Beg-Mac-y-Leirr (or little Mannanan, son of the sea), a Druid "who kept the land under mist by his necromancy," and who was ultimately baptized by St. Patrick.

By at least one Manx historian this magician has been identified with King Finnan of Scotland.

That the Druidic rites as practised in Ireland and Scotland were neither Celtic nor Semitic, but Turanian in origin, appears to be highly probable. The belief in Druidism has undergone some violent fluctuations. Two hundred years ago it was rampant: Toland and his wild theories were received with open arms. A hundred years ago a complete reaction set in, and some critics refused to accept the Druids at any price: no such organisation, they argued, ever existed. In a modified degree this is the modern attitude, but the modification is of some importance. It is generally accepted as a settled point that the so-called Druidic circles were by origin grave enclosures, but it is also freely admitted that, at a subsequent period, Druidic or other religious rites may have been performed within some at least of the groups of standing stones. The Roman historians distinctly affirm the prevalence of Druidism in Britain, and Irish and Highland traditions alike appear to offer confirmation of their accounts, so far as Ireland and Scotland are concerned. It is quite reasonable to give some degree of credence to these evidences, without accepting the elaborate system of Druidism which some writers have evolved from their imaginations. We may believe that a comparatively pure form of Pantheism, into which debasing influences gradually crept, may have prevailed, and that its rites may have been conducted in consecrated groves, and later, possibly, within the grave circles. The latter were certainly used in historic times for judicial and similar functions. It may be remarked that the Sagas describe the primitive Thor's temple as a structure similar to the grave circles of this country; the dom-rings of Scandinavia are supposed to have been used for the worship of Thor. It is also not impossible of credence that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls and other tenets of religious creeds in modern times may have been held by the Druids. But it is clear that the most noteworthy feature of the Druidic religion was its claim to magic arts. The word Druid is probably derived from the Sanscrit root *druh*, which, according to Professor Max Müller, means "mischief," or "power of darkness," hence the Anglo-Saxon form of *dry*, a magician. The Irish Fingalian legends are full of the magical exploits of the Druids. They were reputed to have power to raise or allay tempests at their pleasure, and to envelop themselves or others in a magical fog thicker even than that which conceals their own history. St. Patrick in Ireland and St. Columba in Scotland are related to have had many encounters with their magical arts, from all of which, of course, the

Saints emerged victorious. We are told by Adamnan that the Pictish kings were the patrons in Scotland of these magicians. The Irish Fion himself was a wizard not to be despised. By sucking the thumb which had pressed the "Salmon of Knowledge," he could see every concurrent event in Ireland. The poor Druid Fion, whom the youthful son of Cumhail robbed both of his name and his "Salmon-scope," is deserving of our sympathy. The Danaans who, according to Irish tradition, came to Ireland from Denmark and Sweden, were mighty magicians. They ejected their kinsfolk, the Firbolgs, from the island, and were themselves subsequently deprived of their possessions by the Milesian Scots, against whom their Druidic arts ultimately proved unavailing. We are told that the Danaans taught the simple (Gothic) Scandinavians their black magic.

If we examine the primitive religion of Scandinavia, as set forth in the Eddas, we find a close similarity between it and the fragmentary traditions of Druidism which have been preserved. The Eddas, supplemented by the Sagas, give us a picture of magic similar to that of the Druids, of giants, ghosts, fairies, witchcraft, and second sight, which is faithfully reflected in Scottish and Irish legends and superstitions. Even the mistletoe, which is exclusively associated with the Druidic religion of Britain or with its accretions, must perhaps go to the credit of Scandinavia, for we find that it was this apparently insignificant, but actually potent, plant that was the instrument of the death of Baldur, Odin's son, whose memory even at the present day may be unwittingly perpetuated in some parts of the Highlands by the May-day fires which were, and perhaps still are, lit on the hill-tops.

From the Eddas and Sagas we learn that the Finns were mighty in the arts of *black* magic, as opposed to the *white* magic introduced to Scandinavia by the Gothic Odinists. By some Scandinavian antiquaries the dwarfs or black elves of Northern mythology are said to represent the short, dark, Lapponic aborigines, while the name *Jotnar*, or giants, was given by the Lapps to their successors, a much taller people, but who, physical disparities notwithstanding, are held to have been a branch of the same Finnish stock from which the Lapps sprang. Traces of both branches are found in the British Islands; ethnologists are generally agreed that the bronze men who supplanted the short, dark neolithic tribes were "round-heads" of the tall, fair Finnish type which is found at the present day along the shores of the Baltic and elsewhere in the North of Europe.

There are superstitious relics of the dwarf people and their powers of magic still extant in Scandinavia, Scotland, and Ireland, where stone

wedges—called “elf-arrows” in Ireland—are preserved by the peasantry, being supposed to afford protection—in Scandinavia against “Lap-shots,” and in these islands against “elf-shots.” These are alike evidences of the once popular belief in the magic potency of the stone arrows used by the dwarfish, elvish, uncanny aborigines. The pigmies of Hebridean tradition are possibly this Laponic race. There is an Isle of Pigmies in the Hebrides, concerning which many popular superstitions are related. In 1831, when the fine ivory chessmen now in the British Museum were discovered by a peasant in the parish of Uig, Island of Lewis, the finder, we are told, ran from the spot in alarm, thinking he had encountered an assembly of elves. The pigmies of the Upper Congo who were discovered by Stanley, Lloyd, and other explorers, are curiously suggestive of the mythological and traditional elves.

The giants, too, were possessed of magical powers, and Saxo Grammaticus points out that the name was sometimes used to denote magical, rather than physical, prowess. It is clear at any rate from the Eddas and Sagas that the Finns, as a race, were believed by their Gothic conquerors to be past masters in the arts of witchcraft. It seems clear also that the people who related stories about a giant race must themselves have been of shorter stature—which appears to afford a further proof that the Fingalian so-called giants were racially distinguishable from the Celts. It has been shown by a modern Danish antiquary that the stone-surrounded giants' chambers—or passage graves of the Stone Age—in Denmark and Ireland are identical in construction, and must have been the work of the same people; these graves, it may be added, are also found in Scotland. In the Fingalian legends they are represented to be the stopping-places of Diarmuid of the fatal beauty spot, and Grainne the frail wife of Fion—the Launcelot and Guinevere of Ireland—when they fled from the wrath of the outraged husband. The general view is that the passage-graves of Denmark and Sweden were constructed by the Finnish aborigines, and although this view is not universally accepted, there is strong evidence to show that they were in any case not the work of Celts: they are unknown in Germany, where the Celts long had their habitation.

There is every reason to believe that after the establishment in Sweden of the authority and religion of the semi-historic warrior priest Odin and his Sviar, an amalgamation of the primitive and Odinic religions must have taken place, or rather the old religion was ingrafted on the new. But it is clear from the Eddas that an antagonism both of race and religion existed long after this sup-

posed union. The enmity between the native Finns and their Gothic conquerors is well symbolised by the Eddaic accounts of conflicts between the gods and the giants. The Gothic tribes claimed Thor as the son of Odin, but, according to the mythical accounts given in the Sagas, he was a Finnish king—the son of king Snow—and his son was Norr, from whom Norway took its name. The same accounts relate that the Kvens, or Cwenas, a Finnish race, sacrificed to Thor. By the Norwegians he was held in greater honour than Odin himself, and they remained faithful to their tutelary deity until Christianity replaced Paganism. Even after their nominal conversion to Christianity they frequently fell back upon Thor in times of extreme danger, showing how firmly ingrained was their belief in the Thunderer, a belief acquired in the first instance from their Finnish predecessors in Norway. It appears highly probable, therefore, from the accounts, both in the Eddas and Sagas, that Thor was a god of native origin, and that the primitive beliefs gradually crystallised around him as representing the beneficent aspects of nature; the frequency of the sacrifices which his worshippers in historic times offered to him seems to confirm the latter theory. The recurrence of such Norwegian names as Thor-fin, Thor-kill, Thor-mod, Thor-stein and others in Viking times—some of which names subsist not only in Norway, but in the Hebrides—testifies to the prevailing belief that the prefix of the tutelary deity's name provided a special safeguard against danger. According to Finn Magnusen, perhaps the greatest authority upon the Eddaic religions, Thorism must have consisted in stone worship. Traces of this worship, according to Professor Nilsson, are to be found at the present day in the remote mountain districts of Norway. In the Outer Hebrides "healing-stones" are still held in reverential regard, being sometimes built into the walls of the dwelling-houses. Among certain Finnish tribes, says Nilsson, God and Thor are synonymous terms, which fact affords an apparent proof of the origin of Thorism. Traces of the black magic of the Finnish race are suggested by the belief in the spells of witchcraft, which, in the present year of grace, is prevalent in the more distant islands of the Hebrides. That Thorism was evolved from the primitive nature worship of the aboriginal tribes of Norway is an assumption which is not incompatible with the evidence at our disposal.

When we come to examine the poems of Ossian from an historical standpoint, we are met by the remarkable circumstance—
noted by so acute a critic as Skene—that the descriptions which

they contain of Odinism are perfectly accurate in their details ; this, at least, is the testimony of Finn Magnusen. Our knowledge of Odinism has been derived from the Eddas, the first portion of which was not published until 1787, years after Macpherson published his "Ossian." It is also noteworthy that the annals of Tighernac, published during the present century, and recognised as the most trustworthy guide in ancient Irish affairs, are in agreement with "Ossian" on matters concerning which previously published annals of Ireland were at variance with the poems. These facts appear to afford internal evidences of the historical value of the Ossianic relics, if we are not too exacting about the precise periods with which they deal, and if we confine our faith to their veracity in describing the manners, customs, feuds, and religions of the different nationalities who played a part in the ancient history of Scotland and Ireland. We read in all the Fingalian legends of the deadly enmity which existed between the Feine and the Lochlans. If we refer to King Alfred's version of Orosius, the Spanish presbyter and geographer, who was born in the latter part of the fourth century, we find in the account of the three voyages in the ninth century of the Northmen Ohthere and Wulfstan, which is incorporated in Alfred's work, that the same state of perpetual antagonism prevailed between the Cwenas—the Finnish tribe before mentioned—and their neighbours, the Norwegians, each race taking in turn the offensive against the other. These Cwenas, we are told, were also called Quaines, and by Latin writers Cayani, who may have been the Catani mentioned in Pictish chronicles. It is not an unwarrantable assumption that the Finnic Cwenas, or Cayani of King Alfred, the Catani of the Pictish chronicles, the Feine of Ossian, and, perhaps, the Fingalians or Fingalls of the Irish annals (whose name survives in that of the premier Earl of Ireland), may have come from a common ancestry.

In "Temora" we read of another race, the Bolga, perhaps a tribe kindred to the Feine, with whom the latter had a feud. This race is clearly that of the Firbolgs, the "men of the bags"¹ of Irish tradition, whom Irish historians call Belgians. It is possible that they may have been a tribe of the Bulgars, the Turanian race who conquered Bulgaria in the seventh century, and gave that country its present name. The Firbolgs are related to have been driven out of Ireland by the Tuatha de Danaans, and to have taken refuge

¹ Literally, "men of the leather bags," according to some authorities. It is curious to note, in this connection, the custom in vogue among the Vikings of sleeping, when ashore, in leather bags.

in the Hebrides, whence, according to Keating, they were afterwards ejected by the Picts. The Picts themselves, according to Nennius, Bede, and nearly all succeeding writers who have ventilated their views on that elusive people, came from Scandinavia. That they were a non-Aryan race is now generally believed by the best authorities, including Professor Rhys and other Celtic scholars. The particulars given by Tacitus of the Caledonians who fought against Agricola suggest more than one feature which they possessed in common with the Feine and the Picts, with the latter of whom they have usually been identified. The description of their appearance tallies with that of the Bronze Age men, whom modern ethnologists consider to have been of a Finnish or Ugrian stock.

It has been stated that the Odinic religion as pictured in Ossian's poems is in accord with the Eddas, from which source our exact information on the subject was derived at a period subsequent to the publication of Macpherson's work. It is clear from the poems that Odinism was practised only by the invading Lochlans, and Mr. Karl Blind discovered some years ago traces of it in Shetland, where certain Odinic lays or spell-songs were brought to light—relics, perhaps, of the lays which "the greyhaired Snivan" sang round the Circle of Loda ("Fingal," Book III.). What, then, was the religion of the Feine? This can only be discovered by inference, but the inferential proofs are not too obscure. It is clear that the Fianna of the Irish legends were believers in the magical rites which have been attributed to the Druids. The heroic phase which the Scottish Fingalians represent leaves little room for pictures of their religious observances. A belief in ghosts and spirits appears to be the only creed which the Feine of Ossian's poems professed. The spirits, like the *Disir* of Scandinavian superstition, sometimes appeared when important events were about to happen: and, among other attributes, they were endowed with the power of calling forth storms at their pleasure. But a closer examination reveals something more. One of the most striking passages in the whole range of Ossianic literature is that in "Carrichthura," which describes the conflict between Fingal and the spirit of Loda, the latter name being apparently a variant of Odin. Its symbolism is significant as its imagery is beautiful. We see here what may well be accepted as a picture of the antagonism between the old religion and the new, between the deities of the Turanians and the Aryans, between the Druidism, or wizardism, and perhaps the Thorism, of the aborigines, and the Asar

creeds of the Goths. That the native religion should conquer, as Fingal conquered Cruth-loda, is probably in accordance with historic facts, for we have no reason to believe that Odinism ever obtained any ascendancy among the pre-Gothic settlers of these islands. The "circles of power" and "stones of power" alluded to, both in Irish and Scotch Fingalian legends, are, of course, the rings of standing stones with which tradition attaches religious associations. If used at all for religious observances, they were doubtless so utilised both by the Odinists and their predecessors. That the Feine were Thorists there is no direct evidence, unless we accept the fact that Fingal found his last dwelling-place in the "chambers of the thunder," as a figurative reference to his religion. The "cloudy hall of Cruth-loda," the "misty Loda," the "house of the spirits of men" of the poems are all plainly references to the Walhalla of the Odinists. There is presumptive evidence in such Ossianic place names as Inistore—which may mean the islands of Thor (probably the Outer Hebrides), which the Feine appear to have held in special regard—to warrant the belief that they were traditionally associated with the religion of the Thunderer; the great circle of standing stones at Callernish in the Island of Lewis may, conceivably, at one period of its history, have been utilised as a temple of Thor. The Tora and Tura of the Ossianic poems, and the Tara and Tory Island of Irish history, are not improbably variants of the name Thor; the Finnish Tschuwaschers called the Deity by the name of Tura, and Tara was the name given by the Esthonian Finns to the God of Thunder. In modern Scotland such place-names as Thurso, Thorisdale, and others clearly indicate the same origin.

Professor Max Müller states in his "Science of Language" that the literature of the Finns, and above all, their popular poetry, "bear witness to a high intellectual development in times which we call mythical." Their "epic songs still live among the poorest recorded by oral tradition alone, and preserving all the features of a perfect metre, and of a more ancient language." He goes on to say that "from the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected, equalling the 'Iliad' in length and completeness—nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful!, not less beautiful."

This epic poem, "Kalevala" ("Abode of heroes"), according to the same authority, "possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the Iliad," and will claim its place as the fifth epic of the world." It is

therefore casting no dishonour on the Ossianic poems to argue the existence of a common source between them and "Kalevala." The similarity of the material from which the Iliad of the Finns and the Iliad of the Scottish Highlanders were composed is so striking as to suggest that further investigation may possibly lead to the discovery of fresh bonds of union between the two.

W. C. MACKENZIE.

BORROWING A BOOK.

A TAP at the door of Mrs. Hedges's kitchen. It is the wide, low kitchen of a small farmhouse—never too light at any time—dark now because the rain is falling steadily from a leaden sky, and the window is half blocked with wet June leafage. Gertrude for a moment can hardly make out who it is that says "Come in." Yes, there is the old woman, sitting in the oak armchair beside the open hearth on which embers glow red, keeping "Black Betty" in a state of subdued simmer. Decent and decorous she looks, in her full white cap, cross-over and checked apron, as out of date as the treasured pewter noggins that crown the high chimney-shelf above her head.

"Lend 'ee a book, Miss?" she says, with pleasure twinkling out of her keen old eyes. Gerty is her favourite of the family of three, mother and two daughters, who have been her lodgers for the last month. "Why, h'aint 'ee got books upstairs? Most broke the back o' Milly a carrying of 'em up, they did."

"Read them all, Mrs. Hedges, every one. Lend me one of yours, now, do."

"There they be, Miss. Take whichever on 'em you do please, and welcome. But rich and poor be made different, surely. Sixty years ago I were counted a scholar. But I don't mind reading nought but them on that shelf, 'cept now and then a bit of 'Saint's Rest,' as come to me from my mother's father, as knowed Mr. Wesley and preached his own self. Often and often he preached, so she would tell I, just where Doctor Dench have got his new house. There wern't but little going on in the church in them days, and 'twas that cold, it were like going into your grave nobbut to set foot inside of it. So she did say. And you 've a read through all o' them books upstairs! Well, to be sure!"

"And what became of 'Saint's Rest,' then, Mrs. Hedges? That is a pretty name."

"Ah, 'twere better nor pretty, Miss. Good words they were, and writ by a blessed man. What come on it? Well, now, that's

more nor I rightly know. 'Tis going on for forty year now since old John Hedges he died. He were my man's brother, Miss, and that were how this here house did come to we. Afore that we lived up street. So when he died we come over here, and what books there was did come along wi' us. And they h'aint been stirred since, not to my knowledge, not since the day my daughter and I we put 'em in that box as is again the wall. Not unless Sarah she took it when she married."

"Now, Mrs. Hedges," said Gerty coaxingly, "this is such a wet day, and you have nothing to do till tea-time. Suppose we get them all out and arrange them all nicely up there on that shelf where there's nothing but a couple of jugs. They will look ever so nice. And if we find 'Saint's Rest' you shall lend it to me."

"You wouldn't set no store by un, Miss. 'Twern't wrote for the likes of you. Poor folk, and them as be old, them 'tis as reads 'Saint's Rest.' Not the rich, not as I ever heard on."

"'No rest for the wicked.' Is that it, Mrs. Hedges?"

"No, you bain't wicked. I don't see no signs on it in your face, nor yet in theirs. And there's a rest promised you the same as I; don't you go for to think I should say there wern't. And you take the book (if so be you finds un) and read un, and lay un to heart. There, who knows as there bain't words in un laid up for ee? Now you call Milly. Drat that girl! Once my eye ain't on her and she's off and round the corner like a wizen cat!" [Query: Weasel?]

"Never mind Milly, Mrs. Hedges. Tell me what to do. I can do it every bit as well as Milly. See," laughing and turning up her sleeve.

"Ay, you be a well growed young woman. Well, if you be so minded, you take and open it, and lay out the linen orderly on that there dresser, and at bottom you'll find they books, half a score and more, and big uns they be, some on em."

Gerty went down on her knees and inserted the key the old woman produced from a capacious pocket. The box might have been the Old Oak Chest itself; the lid was as heavy as she could raise. She rested it softly against the wall and took out layer after layer of lavender-scented napery, sheets, and tablecloths and dusters, which she arranged sedulously in their exact order upon the indicated dresser.

"Skilful you be with your hands, Miss," said the old woman. "You could arn a livelihood, if you was brought to it. God forbid as you should, and asking your pardon for the word."

"Do you know, Mrs. Hedges," said Gerty, pausing a moment in her labours, "I'm not sure it isn't the best thing you could wish me. No work, no rest, you know."

"You stay in that station of life to which it did please God to call ee, that's what *I* do wish ee," said Mrs. Hedges, laughing. "He'll find ee work, you leave it to Him, and rest arter it. And now you be pretty nigh through wi'ut. Out a do come!" as the girl upheaved a heavy volume.

It was one of a Cyclopædia, and was followed by four more.

"There's a sight of learning in them books, I've heard tell," said the old dame, taking each from her hand and piling them beside her on the floor. "All the learning of the world, so my man did say. And there's two more as you'll come upon, most as thick as these be. Sermons they be, as was preached by a bishop. My mother, she read em continual, and beautiful she did say they was. But she couldn't lay em to heart, not rightly, along o' the words in tongues as was strange to her."

Gerty had come upon them.

"'Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester,'" she read out "Esmond's old friend," she thought. "I wonder what he had to say?" Then,

"Here is our book!" she said delightedly, putting a well-worn brown volume in the old woman's hand. "And now I will just take out the others and put back all this nice linen, and then I will dust them all and put them in a row on the shelf."

"You do as you please," said Mrs. Hedges. "I won't neither meddle nor make. I do see as you like to have all up to Dick, as the saying is. Ay, this be he," she said, opening the book with her thin, shrivelled hands. "*He* bain't changed, though there be come heavy changes over I. Husband, and son, and daughter—all gone since the day I last took this here into my hand."

Something dropped out. Gerty picked it up and put it softly on the table beside her.

"Why, whatever be this here? Bit of a letter as some un put in the leaves and forgot. Read it out, if you will be so good, miss. My eyes bain't good enough for written hand."

It was a sheet of note-paper, one page covered with bold, irregular writing:

"— after. I do not mean that you should not write. I am glad to get your letters, but I do not wish you to make it a daily task. You ought to know that I am quite aware of the fact when circumstances compel me to put off a visit. I hope to be with you

some time next week. In my present position to 'promise' would be absurd.

"Yours,
"C. M."

Gerty looked inquiringly at Mrs. Hedges, surprised at her look of terror-stricken interest.

"Who was it?" she said almost in a whisper.

"'Tis a sad tale, miss, a sad tale if so be what I do think is true. And I do believe it, so sure as there's truth in this book," and she laid her hand on the Bible that lay on the table beside her. "But it ain't fitting to tell to the likes of you."

She was silent. Her eyes seemed to lose consciousness of what was before them, and to be gazing into a past made present to actual sight by the visualising power of startled memory. The rain dripped from the eaves and pattered upon the wet lilacs outside. Gerty could hear each drop in the stillness that fell upon the dusky room.

"Tell me," she said softly; "was it here, in this place?"

"Sure enough, Miss, in this village as we're in at this blessed minute. In my house she stayed, and in my house she bore her child, and out of my house she went to her death. This rain makes me mind the drip of the eaves the day she bid me good-bye. A wet Michaelmas it were, and yaller leaves a-flying across the street. I do mind it well. And there were a bit o' red in the west, mid they ragged clouds. And she stretched out her hand out o' the gig ('Thomas Barton's it were) and took hold o' mine and 'Good-bye, Mrs. Hedges,' she says, 'and thank 'ee.' And 'Good-bye, and God A'mighty bless 'ee and the little un,' I says. And there he sat alongside of her and never a word out of his mouth!"

"Who were they, Mrs. Hedges?" said Gerty, awed in spite of herself by the passionate anger of the last words. "I can't believe anything dreadful could happen here. It all looks so quiet."

"I were thinking to myself," said the old woman, "no later nor this very morning, a-looking at the laylocks and golden chain and tulips springing up so gay, and the sun a-shining, as the Garden of Eden weren't no better. And the serpent he come in. But if so be you be minded to listen, sit you down there in front so as I can see 'ee while I do tell. I can't make no hand o' telling, not if I can't see folks."

So Gerty sat down obedient on the stool at the other side of the hearth, and fixed her young, deep eyes on the keen blue sparks that glinted under the shaggy eyebrows of the old dame, as she stooped forward and held her with her gaze, as a story-teller should.

"They was here from Easter to Michaelmas ; a bit afore Easter it were they come, ten days it might a been. An early Easter it were, and the blackthorn out in the hedgerows, and she'd a broken a branch and held it in her hand. I do mind how she looked. He'd a come afore and took the rooms as I had to let. A many comes here now and they did come then, artises and such like, but not so many, and Easter were early times for em, so I did count myself lucky. I seed how it were wi' her so soon as he helped her light down from the gig, and I was drawed to her like, she were so young to be that way. Now, don't 'ee go for to think no harm, Miss. She were his lawful wife, wedding-ring on her finger, and all according. And she come o' God-fearing folk, went to church reg'lar, she did, and, once in a way, she'd go and hear a preacher. There wern't no chapel then, but they did come on round. But the folk he come of was higher nor hers, by what I did reckon to make out.

"He might have been twenty-five or thereabout. Hair over his mouth, he had, they all do have it now, parsons and all on 'em, but then 'twere not to call uncommon, but only some did have it so. Forty-one year it'll be, come Michaelmas, Miss, and there's a deal o' changes in forty years. It come to me as he were a young gentleman from Oxford, as had married unbeknown, and were for hiding of her away till a should be free to do as a would. But they be younger, them as is in colleges, and when he did come, 'twernt from Oxford way. Once in a way he'd come a foot, but most times she would tell I, and I would tell Thomas Barton to fetch him from station in 's gig. She did pay reg'lar to the day, and allus a shilling for the girl, and allus a good word. A sweet creetur, pink and white like a hedge rose in June.

"From what she would tell I, it were a traveller he were, in business like, and *that* it were as should keep him away. But *he* wern't like no traveller, not as ever *I* seed. No chat about un. Stand off, if you please, and no words about it. Sometimes they would go on the river, the same as you do, Miss, and she would walk down to the lock with un, but that were only at the first.

"She were main fond on un, but a bit frighted like, wi'ut, and close as death. What letters come for her was all in one hand, so I come to understand as she and hers were not folks" [not on terms].

"Well, she were brought to bed in June. A girl it were, and a prettier baby I never set eyes on. Everything were paid handsome. Doctor Dench (that's the grandfather of this un) and Mrs. Webb, as lived up street, and the christening. Alice Maunsell,

as you may see it for yourself in the register book as is kept in the vestry.

“Main proud she were, I can tell ’ee, and pretty she looked; and when he come, you can just think, Miss, how she put herself about to make him welcome.

“Then, arter that, going on two months it were, he never showed his face. She didn’t seem to take on much, not then she didn’t, what wi’ the baby and the letters as she were a-writing of continual. C. Maunsell, every one on ’em, at a house in London. And letters come for her, once a week or so.

“And then, towards harvest, he come and stayed nigh on a month. I didn’t hear no words, not to call, but they were two folks, like, and then, arter he were gone, she took to fretting and lost her looks.

“And the letters she wrote, Miss! Just continual! On that bit of a table as stands alongside o’ the big chair as your mother sits in, Miss. It come over wi’ us along o’ the rest of the things. And not one answer to a dozen of ’em!”

Gerty gave a little shiver. She had written more than one letter on it herself.

“And she told I as she might have to go, unexpected like, and her wash and things was ordered according.

“At last one day she says, ‘Mrs. Hedges,’ she says, ‘Mr. Maunsell is to fetch me away this evening.’ I were sorry, I tell ’ee, Miss, main sorry I were. ’Twern’t the money she paid—though that were summut, no doubt—but I’d got to cleave to her and the baby like as if they were my own flesh and blood. And I doubted she wern’t going into good hands. But there, it’s an ill job to come atween man and wife.

“And then he come, afoot, and Thomas Barton, his gig were to take ’em away with their things and be left at the Station Arms at Blackford. Being well known, Miss, Thomas Barton would trust ’em wi’ the gig and fetch it back next day, they paying charges at the inn. There wern’t no room for a driver, along o’ the things.

“They was to travel by a train as come by Blackford late, and they didn’t start from here, Miss, not till going on dark. A wet night and the river roaring in flood, as you could hear it plain. And the house being empty like, and my man asleep arter ’s work, it come over I, as I sat again the fire, as she were going to her death, and, if you’ll believe me, Miss, I could see her as plain as I see you this minute, a setting as it might be there, whenever I did shut my eyes. And I says to myself, ‘Why ever do she come back wi’out

the baby?' 'Cos when I thought on 'em they was allus together. I knowed it wern't ought but my fancy, Miss. I don't hold wi' them as talks o' spirits coming back.

"Well, there they was, gone, and no word of 'em. And neither scrap nor rag was left behind. If the earth had opened and swallowed of them up, they couldn't a' gone cleaner out o' sight. But she were there in my mind, there constant. And she come wi'out my thought. Not that I didn't think on her, Miss, when I were so minded, her and the baby. But 'twern't *then* as she'd come. Cooking a bit of victual, or scrubbing the bricks o' the floor I were, and there she would be, Miss, so clear I could most a sworn I seed her wi' the eye. Now, don't 'ee go to think it's spirits as I should mean, Miss. It were in my *fancy*, I tell 'ee.

"February next year come in wet, and wet he went out, and never were seen such a sight o' water in the river, Miss, not since the stone were put up as you've seed, no doubt: 'This stone do show where Thames did flow.' And it were early in March as James Pettifer he come by one morning and says, 'They've bin and found a body as has been in the river time out o' mind and dredged up like by the boughs of a tree as is come down with the flood.' 'And where might it be?' I says. So he recounts as it were nigh on two mile down stream, under where the lane runs atop o' the bank out o' the Blackford road. 'And whose is it?' I says. And 'Lord bless you, Mrs. Hedges,' says he, 'why, there bain't nothing to tell by, nothing but bones and scraps o' flesh as the fishes has left. But there, it's enough to turn your stomach,' he says; 'it's a woman by the hair and the bits of gownd as is left.' So when I heard that they was to carry it to the 'Plough' for the Crowner to sit on, I up and down to see, along o' the rest.

"'Tain't fit for you to hear, Miss, what it were like. But I says to myself, 'Now or never,' and hardens myself like this bit o' wood' (clutching the arm of her chair), 'and takes and touches of it. And my courage comes. And when I come to see the feet, I says, 'That's my lodger!' She had feet, Miss, as you'd a' wondered how she made it out to get about on 'em, they was that small. And the constable he says, 'Stand back now, and whatever 'tis you have to say, say it to the Crowner,' he says.

"And so I did, Miss. And my husband, he were on the 'quest as sat upon the body wi' the rest, and there I had to stand up and tell 'em. And then 'twere seen, Miss, what 'tis to have money. For Doctor Dench, he had been treated liberal by Maunsell, or whatever he should call himself, liberal he had been treated, Miss,

and he spoke according. There never were a husband as loved his wife better, and, as for the body, it were his opinion as it were years and years as it had been in the river. And it were a scandal as folk should harken to such a pack of foolishness as I did tell. And the Crowner, he asked very pleasant if there wern't nothing I could swear to in the bits o' rags as hung about the bones. But there wern't, nothing. And then it were, 'How did he and she live together?' and I couldn't say but what they was *peaceable*. And Mrs. Webb, she said the same, and all o' them as was called. And there wern't no wedding-ring on the finger. And so the verdick were as there were no saying who she were, or how she come by her end, and as how Doctor Dench should say as there was years and years since she'd bin there. And my husband when he comes back, he says, 'Mary,' he says, 'they was all in one tale, and I couldn't go again em. But 'tis borne in on me,' he says, 'as you be right.'

"And there she lies in the corner of the churchyard as is next the school, wi'out no stone nor nothing. I do go now and again to look at the sod as she lies under. And she never come to me in my thoughts no more, not unless I be minded to think on her. 'Tis like she wanted her rights in the churchyard, and the words said over her as keeps the soul down.

"And now, Miss, I've told 'ee all about it. And take your book and lay the bit o' writing where you did find it and she did put it. And God give us all his rest, my dear, her as is dead, and me that be pretty nigh tired o' living, and you that be standing in the sun of a May morning like. And mind to come again when you do please."

Gerty kissed the kindly, withered face and went away silent, with her book.

J. KENT.

VILLAGE LIFE IN MEDIAEVAL ARCADIA.

THE village stands in a thickly wooded country, once a forest, and of which part is still known as the Chace. Below the village is a stretch of flat, damp land, and on the edge of this, when it was an extensive marsh, and when waterfowl and fish abounded in it, a monastery had sprung up. The rocky streets of the village climb up to the church, which occupies the highest point of the hill on which the village is built; and farther to the west, under the lee of a wooded hill, behind whose purple depths the sun sets, but standing also on a hill of some account, is an expanse of ground occupied by the ruins of a great Border castle. Here then we have a mediæval village: first, the castle of the lord of the manor, who was indeed in this case the lord of many manors, one of those great barons whose power was hardly inferior to that of the Crown; then, gathering around it, the little houses of the dependents, who sheltered themselves under its protection and could fly to it for safety, and even drive their cattle (valuable, as we shall see, to the lord as to themselves) into its vast courtyard, when threatened by wild Welshmen from the near Welsh hills; the church for prayer; the monastery by the marsh, which supplied what is now supplied by the poor-laws of to-day.

I am but describing a real village—a village which I knew and loved long ago. The castle is a ruin; the abbey is a farmhouse—a picture of its still beautiful buildings, stained with yellow lichen, looks pleasantly at me as I write; the church alone remains—a church five times too large for any congregation which has ever assembled under its fifteenth century roof—the church and the village streets, which still follow mediæval lines. But enough links with the mediæval village remain to make us wish to know more of the life lived there in the days of old and the years that are past. The men who worked in the fields around—the men whose steps turned to the church in life, who were carried to its shelter in death—is it possible to know something of them? Do any echoes of

the past linger around the old walls? "What mystery," says Charles Lamb, "lurks in this introversion? or what half Januses are we that we cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert." . . .

Let me for one moment recall some of the outward aspects of this village in mediæval days. We must picture to ourselves the same steep, rocky streets, and it may perhaps interest us to recollect that a twelfth century religious, writing in the abbey by the marsh, complains much of the steep ascent to the church, which is still so "terrifying," to use a Herefordshire word, to the old people of the village. The cottages—because in this district the laminated strata of the rock flakes up into slates, and cannot be made use of for building purposes—are of wattle and dab. Many cottages of this type remain, and, if not fourteenth or fifteenth century work, they are yet the sixteenth century imitations of the cottages of that date, and one of which is still standing at Alfriston in Suffolk. They were universally thatched with straw, and a curious indication of the rarity of any other roofing is shown in the fact that one house is still known as the slated house, because formerly it was the only one which had that distinctive covering.

This village of good substantial cottages was surrounded by a fringe of open fields, and beyond wild moor and woodland. These open fields are a very marked feature of mediæval life. They consist of long, narrow strips of land, divided from each other by rough "balks." The usual acre was an oblong measuring forty perches by four, and the half-acres followed the same rule. I know two fields of this, to us, strange shape still remaining in the village of which I write. But by the fifteenth century hedges were beginning to take the place of balks, and we must recollect that, if hedges are not as old as the fields that they divide, they are yet interesting as indicating the old landmarks, sometimes the old balks. A bird's-eye view of the fields would reveal to us many things if we had the eye to discern them—old measures of land, old customs, old foot-paths. . . .

Piers the Ploughman, so valuable for the picture he gives of the life of the days which we are here recalling, keeps these open fields in our remembrance. He saw all manner of men working and wandering in the open land undivided by any hedges—some setting and sowing, some putting them to plough, some looking on—and the divisions are half-acre strips, separated by what he himself calls balks, covered, he tells us, with brakes and brambles, wherein the illiterate priest, who can hardly say his paternoster, knows well how

to start a hare. We must, as Mr. Seebohm has shown us, picture our village as surrounded by these open fields, divided into furlongs, and the furlongs further divided into acre or half-acre strips. Beyond again is open, wild country, broken in on by the next village and its own fringe of cultivated land, which must, I fear, have presented the same unbeautiful appearance as do our modern hedgeless allotments. And when there were no hedges how many a wild flower must have been homeless indeed.

Most of the dwellers in our own old village were simple "cottiers," holding an acre or half-acre, for which they paid rent in kind or in service to the lord of the manor. These payments vary infinitely in different manors, but in no case were the demands unreasonable or excessive. The village carpenter repairs woodwork, the village blacksmith repairs armour and does an ordinary smith's work, and pays no other rent. The ordinary cottier works one day a week for his lord all the year round, and does special work according to the season of the year—one day's nutting in autumn, one day's gathering of rushes in early summer, extra work in harvest time; and he also supplies a certain number of eggs, some fowls, honey, or feed for one of the lord's hounds, in which I like to think I see a relic in the "walking" a hound for the modern hunt. The villein, who held sometimes as much as thirty acres of land (and most of the larger holdings in my Arcadia to-day only run to this same measure), gives more service than the cottier. He ploughs for his lord two or three days a week, providing the oxen; he harrows, he takes messages, bears loads and hauls wood; and this last item reminds me that within the last fifty years the farmers of the village to which I refer were in the habit of hauling coal for the vicar free of charge—a remnant surely of this mediæval custom. Both cottier and villein have rights in the forests and wastes beyond the village. One such right was the wool which the sheep lost on the rough brambles of their pasture; and in an old manorial court record we read that no man must gather it before eight in the morning, lest dishonest men should pull the wool from the sheep in the darkness. Gathering "turves" was another right—pieces of turf which were dried and stacked for winter fuel; and the idle ones of the community were peremptorily ordered to do this, lest when winter came they should steal or borrow from more thrifty neighbours.

The records of the manorial courts are a perfect mine of old village customs, of which I hope to say more at a future time, and in some places manorial law has not yet been altogether superseded by more modern legislation. Court leet and court baron are words

still familiar in local newspapers and in country places, and before the formation of county courts manorial courts did not only the work of county courts, but of parish councils also. Some of their records reveal that sanitation was admirably cared for, and that its neglect was characteristic of a later England than that of which we write. And those of us who have acquaintance with old manorial estates will remember many a link with mediæval days. It is by no means uncommon in one such estate which I am recollecting to find a nominal chief rent the only rent paid for some holding, the other, and in earlier times more important, rent of service having lapsed through change of customs. Heriots are still in force—a commutation of the custom of paying the best horse or other animal to the landlord at the death of a tenant; and this takes us still farther back to Saxon times, when the lord provided his tenant with stock, live and standing, and on the death of the tenant the whole of his goods reverted to this lord, who had given them in the first instance.

The living in the cottages was doubtless rough enough, but plentiful, or England would never have sent out the soldiers of Crécy and Poitiers. A tax on personal property made in the fourteenth century reveals in its returns that the houses of the poor were scantily furnished, although probably hardly as poorly as appears in these returns. Nicholas the woodcutter had in his possession only a super-tunic (a smock frock) and a pig; John Orpede, a butcher, has a silver clasp, a bed (old and crazy), a robe, a brazen platter, two oxen, and seven flagons; John Scott, also a butcher, has in his house “nothing,” in his shop meat, suet, fat, a knife, and an axe. We feel there is something wrong in these returns, but, if they give us an idea of little furniture, there is, as a rule, much good food in store.

Of the manners in the cottages we have, alas! little record; those in the houses of the great, in that castle which still overlooks our village, will surprise us as much by their refinement as by their lack of it. Here are some instructions taken from some mediæval “books of nurture”: Children must kneel on one knee to their father, mother, or the lord whose pages they are on coming into their presence; they must look straight at those to whom they speak; must answer briefly, pronouncing their words plainly, without stuttering or stammering, for “to stut or stammer is a fowl crime”; must hold themselves up straight, must not lean their elbows on the table, must not throw bones under the table, or stroke dog or cat at meals; if the lord or lady speak to any one touching the house-

hold, they must not busily "put in their word"; they must not dip their meat into the saltcellar, or hang their heads over their plates, or put so much into their mouths that they cannot speak; and after dinner they must bow to their lord and thank him, saying "Much good may it do you"—words which have somehow come down in the world. These and pages more of the like instructions give us an idea of a civilised household, and the mediæval cookery books which we possess reveal much refinement in that art, although here again some of the dishes are unusual.

More interesting than these photographs—for such the old records seem to us—of life in the castle are the photographs of the life which centred around the parish church, for there rich and poor are alike cared for, and we get glimpses of the habits and even of the minds of both. Such a record is found in Mirc's "Duties of a Parish Priest," which dates from the early fifteenth century. There are, indeed, many such treatises in existence, but the one to which I refer was written by a canon of the grand Augustinian monastery of Lilleshall in Shropshire, and not far from the village which has suggested this sketch, and it was likely to have been among the books possessed by the canons of the abbey by the marsh to whom the living and cure of souls in my village belonged. John Mirc has treated his subject in such a manner as to win our respect, not only for himself, but for the age in which he lived, and he makes us think with more affection of these mediæval villages and the life they lived.

For while Piers the Ploughman's heart is so torn with fierce indignation at the abuses of the Church that he can see little else, Mirc writes in the kindly spirit of a Chaucer, and believes the parish priest to be such as was "the poor parson of our town." Very simple, very kindly, he is a pleasant revealer of the country life of his day as it rippled gently around the parish church.

If we had entered one of those churches in the days when Mirc wrote—churches which are still standing among us, and around which some of us still love to linger, listening for echoes of the past—we should see no pews, and, indeed, no seats, except perhaps a stone seat along the wall, the right only of the aged and infirm. The porch had its seats—a charitable institution, that those who had trudged far through rough ways might sit and rest before entering the pewless church. But, curiously enough, the modern countryman, although he loves to stand by the church door until the last bell has ceased, never sits in the porch at all. By the door we see the stoup for holy water, and here, in our own days, are

placed six diminutive loaves, now the perquisite of certain poor widows, but the representative of that curious mediæval custom of the holy loaf. In the same church it was, until comparatively late times, the custom among the old parishioners to curtsy or bow to the pulpit on entering church—a relic, again, of a mediæval custom strangely perverted. For hanging over the high altar, suspended by chains under a canopy, was the pyx, the mediæval representative of a modern tabernacle, and to this reverence was done on entering the church—

Then look to the high altar,
And pray to Him that hangeth there.

The parishioners, having assembled in their church, are, says Mirc, to be warned against chattering; and I suppose those of us who know the country and notice the ways of country folk will recollect how dear to the feminine country heart is the low-voiced conversation before service begins, the men of the congregation outside the church door, as we have seen, doing a little gossip there on their own account. But the parish priest of mediæval days is to warn his congregation against this, and to teach them to employ their leisure time with their beads. To leave these beads "locked away in the coffer at home" is, like the modern cottager's habit of keeping the great Bible safe and unused under a crotcheted cloth with books atop, looked upon as neglect of duties. The beads were sometimes very ornate; we shall remember Chaucer's Prioress with beads of coral with green gawdies—"gauded all with green."

When service commences in our mediæval church we should notice a to us curious fact. The parish churches of the middle ages had, as doubtless our own observation has taught us, no vestry, and the chasuble was laid on the north side of the altar and put on in sight of the people. Indeed, the "Hereford Missal," which would obtain in the village of which I write, directs that this should be so. The vestments were kept in those beautiful chests which are still found in most churches. In Gloucester Cathedral are two grand fan-shaped chests, in which the copes were spread out unfolded; but parish churches were content with smaller chests, often richly ornamented, and, as far as my experience of them goes, always containing two smaller divisions, in which stoles and maniples (the fanons of mediæval days) were folded apart. The vestments and altar hangings must have been very beautiful and of very varied materials. Black velvet, tawny damask, old "prest" velvet, branched silk, blue sarsenet (a testimony that the present prohibition of blue was of later growth), yellow "say," black "chamlet," red

fustian, tawny sarsenet, old "badkyn" work, copper gold wrought about with birds and beasts, blue worsted, white "bustyn," white satin embroidered, blue and purple striped—I am quoting at random to give some idea of the beauty of these old materials. It may, perhaps, be of interest to notice that white was the colour for Lent and Good Friday.

The sermons of those days were short, plain, and very much to the purpose, if we may judge from those examples which have come down to us. The "my brethren" of to-day is not unknown, but "dear men" and "dear people" seems to have been more efficacious in gaining the attention of the hearers. They were, almost universally, an exposition of the Gospel for the day which had been read with much pomp from the rood loft, pulpit, or altar step, according to local use. Another departure from our modern custom is seen in the "offering" when the congregation come up to the chancel to give their mass penny, and the unseemly jars as to precedence in this duty, immortalised by Chaucer, led to its disuse. These offerings were the right of the priest, but we find no exhortation in Mirc to give more plentifully. He is as dignified and judicious here as any modern English gentleman would be, and dismisses the subject of tithes in few words also. "I hold it but an idle thing to speak much" of that, he says.

In parish churches there were no deacons or sub-deacons, only the boy "who helpeth you to say mass," a functionary who survives in the shape of the parish clerk of our own day. One of his duties was to bring the pax down to the congregation after the blessing for the kiss of peace. The abuse of this custom, again in the shape of quarrels for precedence, led to its disuse. The pax was often very beautiful—carved, painted, or enamelled; and most of us recollect how our old friend Bardolph, led away perhaps by these beauties, meets his end because he has stolen a pax, and hanged must be ". . . for pax of little price."

Although I have by no means exhausted the relics of mediæval customs which still linger in our old village church, I must briefly glance at John Mirc's teaching, which we may take to be a fair example of the teaching given in these churches in his day. He first teaches the parish priest what his own life must be, and then proceeds to tell him what he must in turn teach his flock, and all is marked by common sense and kindliness. Besides instructions in weightier matters, he is to warn them against leaving gates open so that beasts wander into other men's land, or into the open fields; riding over young corn when "thou mightest have gone by the side";

destroying grain, corn, or any growing crop; coming to church late, or hindering others from going, or neglecting it for cold or heat. He must teach all in his flock to come to shrift directly they have sinned, "lest they forget by Lenten's day"; but if a stranger come to him he must not shrive him unless he bring a written permission from the priest of his own parish, or be a soldier, sailor, or traveller, and even then the penitent must at the first opportunity go to his own priest to be shriven anew. When he hears shrift he must pull his hood over his eyes, and must "sit as still as any stone," lest a movement seem to betray loathing of what he hears, which will discourage the penitent. And if the penitent stammers or hesitates he must encourage him with such fatherly words as—

Peradventure I have done the same,
And perhaps much more,
If thou knewest all.

The instruction as to meeting a priest bearing the host to a sick person, preceded by the boy ringing the "sanse bell," is a revelation of a very picturesque feature of mediæval life. Those who see must kneel down, whatever the weather or the road may be—

Fair nor foul, spare them not,
To worship Him who all hath wrought,

for many blessings, says Mirc, follow this meeting of the host. On that day meat and drink shall not be wanting, a man shall escape sudden death, shall not lose his sight, and every step out of his way that he takes to see this holy thing shall stand him in good stead in time of need.

Only a village, a cluster of few cottages folded in by sheltering apple trees, overshadowed by a grey church, but to me the very foot-paths across the fields—trodden first, perhaps, by Saxon feet when Domesday Book was yet un contemplated, trodden to-day by white-pinafored children whose voices sound musically in the afternoon stillness—have magic in them, the magic of a long past. And as we pass down the rocky street, old faces glimmer at the cottage doors, and over all the scene there is spread that pensiveness indescribable which comes to most of us in any spot where, as Professor Shairp has said, men have lived and died, joyed and sorrowed, and disappeared, leaving no history perhaps, but only crumbling walls, pathetic ruins, behind them.

SHENSTONE.

"SIR," said Dr. Johnson, speaking of his own college of Pembroke, "we are a nest of singing birds." The names which Boswell mentions to justify this statement are not, it is true, those of very considerable poets. One does not think of Sir William Blackstone, whose best known poetic effort is the "Farewell to his Muse," a farewell which we have no particular reason to regret, or of "Mr. Hawkins, the Poetry Professor," as "singing birds"; nor is the phrase quite such as we should apply to the sententious author of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" himself. But there is something in it very appropriate to the other writer in Boswell's list, William Shenstone. Shenstone's poems, as Johnson writes in his "Lives," are "almost all of the light and airy kind, such as trip lightly and nimbly along, without the load of any weighty meaning." There is something essentially bird-like in them; they are little more than a succession of pleasing sounds, and when they attempt to be anything beyond this they generally fail; but they are valuable as an example—perhaps the best example that exists—of the lyric poetry of the eighteenth century. It was not a century that was prolific in the production of lyric poetry; its spirit, its tastes, its ideals were altogether foreign to this somewhat tender and wayward plant; it can make no attempt to rival that rich growth which flourished in the Elizabethan period, and which, even after having been so rudely levelled to the ground by the storms of Puritanism, contrived, after the Restoration, to produce an aftermath sufficient to suggest its former glory. In Shenstone there is none of the spontaneity of the Elizabethan or even of the Restoration song-writers; it is rather the strong reflection which he gives of his times that makes him interesting: he is a proof of the incapacity of the eighteenth century to produce a Herrick.

The poems of Shenstone form a not unimportant feature of the revolt against the heroic couplet. After the Revival of Learning had become no longer a new thing, after the fresh life and spirit of the Renaissance had died away, there succeeded the era of a dull and

conventional classicism. It had its merits ; it behaved admirably according to its lights. It laid down peculiarly stringent and rigid laws, and with praiseworthy conscientiousness obeyed them, for it believed in their absolute infallibility. It held the plenary inspiration of Aristotle's *Poetics*, and when forced to supplement them with inventions of its own believed almost as devotedly in the plenary inspiration of these accretions. The passion for "correctness" produced a natural tendency to machine-made work, and the machine was brought to the highest possible stage of perfection by Pope.

But while the Pope machinery was running its very smoothest, there was working slowly but surely a revolution against the tyranny of correctness. There was nothing sudden or startling about this revolution : the seeds of it had been sown long before, and the full harvest was not to be reaped until well on into the present century. In 1711 Addison had, not without fearfulness of an imputation of rusticity, ventured to see beauties in "Chevy Chase"; yet Addison had as deep a reverence for established canons as anyone, and felt it necessary, in order to prove the existence of beauty in the old ballads, to show that in reality they conformed to these canons and had merits when judged by them. Some few people were disposed to follow Addison's lead ; more were inclined to ridicule such opinions, or to stand in open-mouthed astonishment, for Addison's pronouncement was somewhat in advance of the times. Yet within a few years afterwards two poets were born who were, each according to his own capabilities, to take an important part in the "Romantic Revival." In 1714, five years after the birth of that most stalwart of classicists Johnson, William Shenstone first saw the light, and two years later there was born one who played a not dissimilar part in the development of English literature, but who has attained a vastly greater degree of popularity, Thomas Gray.

In 1714 Pope was in his twenty-seventh year, and being, as he himself has told us, one of those poets who "lisped in numbers," had already attained to some renown. Just at the time when Shenstone and Gray were passing through the most impressionable period of their lives Pope was almighty : he was admired by all persons of orthodox taste ; he was hated by many, but they paid him the sincere flattery of imitation ; it was the aim, secret or avowed, of almost every writer of verses to be a little Pope. Yet neither Shenstone nor Gray was overwhelmed with this influence. Gray wrote his odes on Eton College and on Spring at the age of twenty-six, and Shenstone began to write in early life ; but it was the Romantic School to which they both gave their adherence. Gray

went boldly to the "barbarous" times of early Britain for his inspiration, and, sometimes growing wanton in his new-found freedom from the trammels of exact versification, indulged in the wild irregularities of what were called "Pindaric" odes; and when he was content with less ambitious flights sang, not of the loves of Chloe and Strephon, but of the simple life of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." Shenstone broke away from the prevailing taste less violently. He did not attempt the epigrammatic brilliance of the heroic couplet; he set himself more or less to "return to nature"; but the "simplicity" in praise of which, on his arrival at his retirement to the country, he "takes occasion to expatiate," is a simplicity which an age that knows Wordsworth would call by a very different name. The eighteenth century was not to plunge violently into the spirit of the older literature: it was to make the change very gradually, so that its highly cultured susceptibilities might feel as little shock as possible.

The full force of the revolution was to be felt later. In 1718, when Prior republished the "Nut-brown Maid," he published with it his own paraphrase of the story, to show apparently how his chymic touch could transmute the old base metal into the purest eighteenth century gold; but a few years later collections of ballads appeared, and in 1760 the "Nut-brown Maid" was published in Capell's "Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Antient Poetry," without a modernised version. Finally, after Gray had written his Welsh and Scandinavian pieces, and when Chatterton was finding the taste for early literature so strong as to call forth his marvellous forgeries, Percy brought out his memorable "Reliques," a year or two after Shenstone's death.

Of Shenstone's life there is little to be said except that he devoted his energy and his wealth to adorning his little country seat, "The Leasowes." For the house itself he had little care; but in laying out his gardens in the most approved taste of the times, in arranging his walks so that three times the necessary distance had to be traversed in going from one place to another, in manufacturing vistas and grottoes and lakelets, in erecting seats and statues, to be embellished with inscriptions of his own composition, he spared no pains; and he even crippled himself by spending upon this hobby far more than his income justified. Of that style of gardening whose aim is to triumph over nature "The Leasowes" became a masterpiece: it was a show-place of the neighbourhood, and its owner felt this to be a sufficient reward. It is said that a quarrel which arose between him and his neighbours the Lyttletons is to be explained on

the ground that they maliciously conducted visitors the wrong way over the estate, so as to exhibit only the backs of the statues and to lay bare the devices by which the "vistas" were contrived.

And Shenstone's taste in gardening is an interesting parallel to his taste in poetry. He recognised that there were merits in the rugged simplicity of nature, but he looked upon nature merely as a subject matter for the exercise of his art, and not as a thing which persons of education could be expected to admire in its pristine state. The spirit of artificiality which produced the pastorals of Phillips and Pope was strong with Shenstone. His country is peopled with shepherds and shepherdesses, who act and speak in the manner usual with the shepherds and shepherdesses of pastoral poetry, and we see how prevalent with him was the idea that anyone who professes to find a charm in rural pleasures must of necessity look at everything from the conventional shepherd's point of view. This is not what we of the present day understand by a love for nature; but in Shenstone's time nature meant the nature of the pastoral, and as a dweller in the country he felt bound to sing of sheep and swains and nymphs and bowers. His poems seem as different from the true spirit of country life as the gardens and groves of Vauxhall were different from the New Forest. He could not tolerate mere rusticity; he must have what he calls "rural elegance." Yet he firmly believed that he had a genuine admiration for nature pure and simple, and that in his poems he was giving a faithful picture of the life around him. He strenuously asserts his own sincerity. "If," he says in his preface, "he describes a rural landskip, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew the picture on the spot, and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates." He "sought his happiness in rural employments," and so "has a right to consider himself a real shepherd."

Hence, the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in laboured strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd simplicity, be thine the prize,
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the power, the dull resource to feign.

This is the note which he strikes in the first elegy, yet there is scarcely a genuine ring in this description of his retirement:

Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And, from my grove, I hear the throstle sing.

This is pretty enough, but one could write as lively a description of country life without ever having been farther afield than St. James's Park. And this is how the lover of rusticity and the despiser of all but spontaneous verse addresses the hunters :

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down,
 Some panting, timorous hare pursue ;
 See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
 The wretched swain your sport survey ;
 He sees his faithful fences torn,
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey ;
 He sees his flock—no more in circles feed ;
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
 And with no random curses loads the deed.

It is hard to conceive a description more elaborated with all the artifices that the versification of the time could supply.

And when he "indulges the suggestions of spleen" there is the same obvious artificiality :

Genius of Rome, thy prostrate pomp display !
 Trace every dismal proof of fortune's power :
 Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
 Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tower.

A person who is actually in the habit of deriving a melancholy pleasure from the spectacle of ruined buildings would scarcely select the base of a "nodding tower" as a desirable resting-place. The attack of the spleen must have been very bad indeed to induce a tendency which is almost suicidal ; or else—and this seems the true explanation—the poet was writing of feelings which were merely conventional, and so far removed from his own state of mind as to suffer the absurdity of the picture to escape his notice.

Nor does there appear to be much more genuine feeling in the elegy on the unfortunate Jessy, whercin a friend describes to the poet, whom he addresses as Damon, "the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, or the melancholy event of a licentious amour." The friend relates a story sordid and commonplace enough, but with all the embellishments of "poetic" diction—how Jessy, one of the "guileless daughters of the plain," fell a victim to the fascinations of her "ingenuous" lover, and, having at last obtained from him sufficient money to leave the country, was forthwith shipwrecked. Her deceiver attributes his fault to the circumstance that fortune had not bestowed upon him an obscure position in life ; but the story is told chiefly for its moral, "to warn the frolic and instruct the

gay." And the moral is too obvious, and the repentance sounds artificial and stagy. Still, the mere use of the names Henry and Jessy (it is true there is a concession in "Damon") is a sign of an attempt to get free from that pseudo-classicism that insisted upon every character in poetry being rechristened with a name out of Virgil's "Eclogues."

But even in these passages, faulty as they may be in other respects, the versification is immaculate; the main fault is, indeed, that the art is too prominent. But there are in the poems many passages which one cannot read but with pleasure: take, for instance, these stanzas from the poem "In Memory of a Private Family in Worcestershire":—

No wild ambition fired their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
If fostering skies, the sun, the shower were blest,
Their bounty spread, their fields' extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorned to lessen, careless to extend;
Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And avarice to city breasts descend.

This is not quite equal to Gray, but it approaches Gray very closely; and in another poem the lines—

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain,
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply,

have a melancholy tenderness about them which distinctly recalls the spirit of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Shenstone set himself deliberately to imitate the style of the old ballads, which were returning to popularity even among polite society, but he was little nearer to their spirit than Prior. "Jemmy Dawson," which, with Dr. Grainger's "Bryan and Pereene," was published by Percy in the "Reliques" to "atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems," is a strikingly unsuccessful performance, and "Nancy of the Vale," if viewed as an attempt to return to simplicity, is a failure. It contains, however, one stanza which is happy, and which shows at any rate that Shenstone had caught some of the mannerisms of the early writers:—

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good-will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

In the next stanza we get back to the "constant fair," and see

as deep in eighteenth century affectations as ever. In "Love and Honour" he commits the almost unpardonable offence of turning "The Spanish Lady" into a blank verse poem of some two hundred lines. One might as well translate *Elia* into Johnsonese, or do "Paradise Lost" into elegiacs; but here it was probably the moral that appealed to him, for he prints it among his "Moral Pieces." He had a fixed purpose to inculcate morality, though, as he tells us in his preface, he "endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious, or to *risque* excluding the fashionable reader." But the "Moral Pieces" are, on the whole, inexpressibly tedious; they are, for the most part, in heroic measure, and are devoid of the lilt which is one of the great charms of Shenstone's shorter lines. They are too long and too heavy. One of them deals with the choice of Hercules, an allegory once popular, but now almost forgotten. In a satirical poem, "The Progress of Taste," he analyses his own "temper and studies," and with reference to the straitened circumstances to which they had brought him laments "how great a misfortune it is for a man of small estate to have much taste."

There is, however, one poem, placed somewhat strangely among the "Moral Pieces," which deserves a separate consideration. "The Schoolmistress," written in professed imitation of Spenser, is perhaps Shenstone's most elaborate work. There is little of Spenser in it except the metre and a few more or less random affectations of old-fashioned spelling and phraseology; but in the days when English poetry was generally considered to have begun with Cowley it is no small merit in Shenstone to have had sufficient admiration of Spenser to choose him as his model. The stanza is written with the utmost care, and it is curious to observe that modern writers of the Spenserian stanza have followed the rule which Shenstone adopts of a break in the middle of the Alexandrine, although Spenser himself by no means regarded this as essential. The schoolmistress is said to have been Sarah Lloyd, who kept the village school where Shenstone first learned his letters; and the poem, despite its somewhat ridiculous mock-heroic style, gives a vivid representation of a dame-school in the days when horn-books and birch-rods constituted all the educational apparatus that was thought necessary. One is reminded of the school in Goldsmith's "Village" by the sketch of this old dame, surrounded with the tiny majesty of her office, conscientious in the distribution of rewards and punishments, training her little scholars mentally and morally in the way that

they should go. We have a certain amount of moralising upon what may be their future—

Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 Or there a chancellour in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall dye !
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
 Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And here again we may find a parallel in Gray's elegy, and, if it be more than a coincidence, Gray must have been indebted to Shenstone, for "The Schoolmistress" was published nine years before the elegy, and had indeed been written in 1736, many years before it appeared, while Shenstone was still at Pembroke. Shenstone also deliberately imitates Spenser in the following lines, inscribed "on the back of a Gothic alcove" at "The Leasowes"—

O, you that bathe in courtly blysse,
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare ;
 Do not too rashly deem amysse
 Of him that bydes contented here.

The first phrase is directly taken from "The Faery Queen." The spelling, as in "The Schoolmistress," attempts to be archaic, and is merely inaccurate.

It is perhaps in his "Pastoral Ballad" that Shenstone is seen at his best. There is nothing strikingly original in the sentiments, but the versification is as perfect as it can be, and the graceful stanza is one which Shenstone has made particularly his own. Everyone knows the verses beginning "When forced the fair nymph to forego," and especially the lines—

She gazed as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu
 I thought that she bade me return.

This is a fair specimen of the ballad ; there is not, from the point of view of metre, a faulty line in the whole.

Shenstone has also left a number of songs, all of them pretty, but none of them anything more, and a collection of "Levities," of which Johnson says that they are "by their title exempted from the severities of criticism." They are, for the most part, insipid enough, and not infrequently coarse. Shenstone was not a humourist. There is, however, the unquotable epitaph upon a Justice of the

Peace which so took the fancy of Schopenhauer, and which, in view of modern taste, no one must be advised to read; and by a curious perversion we find among "The Levities" what is perhaps the best known of Shenstone's writings, and also the one in which he seems most in earnest. There is in the "Lines written in an Inn at Henley" a pathos, almost a bitterness, which has found an echo in many a reader's heart, and which certainly gives us a truer insight into the poet's own feelings than any of the professed self-analysis of the elegies or the pompous moralisings of his more serious poems. They have been often quoted, but we quote again the concluding stanza—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

Johnson, who, Boswell thought, did not sufficiently admire Shenstone, when they, in the course of a tour to Oxford, lay one night at Henley, repeated these lines "with great emotion"; and yet he was a man with many friends. Shenstone in this poem gives us a little suggestion of discontent which is almost refreshing after the flatulent satisfaction with his obscure life at "The Leasowes"—a satisfaction by the way, hardly genuine—which he exhibits in his other poems. There are one or two passages elsewhere in which he recalls with true feeling his Oxford days, a subject over which most men have a tendency to grow sentimental; yet, if we are anywhere convinced of his sincerity, it is in the "Lines at an Inn." He is content for once to desert his "bowers" and grottoes, and to cast aside his shepherd's fripperies, and to speak his own thoughts in his own language; and this he describes as a "Levity."

Shenstone's art was not a great art; he has no pretence to be anything more than a minor poet, for it scarcely requires genius to write these invariably smooth and, as the phrase was, "elegant" verses. Our canons of taste have changed, and we should now no more think of appealing to Shenstone in the way that Percy did, as a literary authority of such weight that his approbation should disarm criticism, than we should with Shenstone single out Thomson as the poet for whom the Muse is to desert "flowery Ladon" and the "Aonian fount." Yet we must be grateful to him for his efforts to rebel against the overbearing rule of classicism. These efforts may have been inadequate; the rival spirits struggled in Shenstone just as they were struggling in his age, and it is not always easy to say which was gaining the upper hand. His influence in the Romantic

revival is in the judgment of the present day incomparably less than Percy's, yet Percy found in him a coadjutor whom he valued, and who, had he lived, would have had his name closely associated with the "Reliques." And we must acknowledge also Shenstone's perfect mastery over lyrical metres. The writing of these may be little more than a knack, but it was he who perfected the knack and prepared the way for later poets, who had, it may be, some better matter on which to employ it. He did for these tripping measures what Marlowe did for blank verse, and what Denham and Pope did for the heroic couplet.

LENNOX MORISON.

TABLE TALK.

PAROCHIAL IMPROVEMENTS.

AS time progresses, and the facilities for the reproduction of designs and sketches augment, every London parish or suburb finds its historian. Books such as Thorpe's "Environs of London"¹ and Walford's "Greater London"² are still useful for purposes of reference, though the information they supply is no longer adequate to meet the requirements of the public. It is well that such memories or traditions as survive, inaccurate as they sometimes are, should be collected before the growth of population shall efface most memories, as it has already obliterated most landmarks. Especially necessary is it that designs should be multiplied of spots of uncultivated beauty in or near London before the influence of County or Parochial Councils shall have reduced them to one dead level of insignificance, so many acres of sanded walks and iron railings. I am dealing only with the spaces, open or enclosed, which come under municipal control. Against that extension of population which in course of time will subject outlying townships and villages to the fate of Islington and Hoxton it is vain to protest. With many pangs I see miles of lovely country annually overrun with the abominations of the jerry-builder, the worst scourge with which English civilisation is afflicted; but I am sensible also that until English nature changes, or the cult of grace and beauty is enforced in our schools—things apparently as remote as the once-discussed millennium—nothing whatever can be done. It is against the rage for uniformity of our local councils that I inveigh. How can we trust any body of men to superintend the erection of residential tenements when we find the few representative corporations we possess seeking only to substitute the gravelled path for the green walk, and to hew down our hedges and replace them with iron railings, possibly with gilt tops?

¹ Murray.² Cassell.

A NEW HISTORY OF HAMPSTEAD.

THE foregoing jeremiad has been inspired by the perusal of the "Sweet Hampstead and its Associations" of Mrs. Caroline A. White.¹ Hampstead and Highgate, as some of my readers may know, are my favourite and most-frequented suburbs. Books enough on the subject have been written, but Mrs. White's, though it is not perfect, is the most modern, the most elaborate, and in a sense the best. The author has not dared to call it by its familiar Cockney name, Happy Hampstead (*vulgo*, 'Appy 'Amstead), but has named it after a line of invitation of Constable, "When shall we see you at sweet Hampstead again?" "Sweet" Hampstead has long been; "sweet" to a certain extent it still is; and "sweet" it will not long be. My own memories do not go back beyond the middle of the century, when the Heath was subject to process of invasion and occupation from which, happily, it is now immune. None the less, it undergoes frequent processes of vulgarisation, and its wild, natural beauty is rapidly disappearing. There are still quiet spots where, as in 1856, the body of a suicide such as John Sadleir, M.P., might remain undiscovered, but the beauties generally are suffering from trimming and levelling. No one is demonstrably to blame that here, as elsewhere, quaint and picturesque old hostelries are giving way to florid gin-palaces, or that a long shambling line of residential villas—against which the Boer guns, when we capture them, might conveniently be levelled—has crowded all the way from the railway station to Parliament Fields.

THE APPROACHES TO HAMPSTEAD.

IN the approaches to Hampstead the same deterioration is apparent. The lovely lane between Highgate and Hampstead is the last place near London where I have heard the nightingale and seen the growing wild hyacinths, anemones, and milkmaids—the last a delicate lilac flower of which I do not know the Southern name. The hedges, as I have previously complained, are gone; but a few yards have been stubbed up, and boards are to be read announcing that the whole is to be sold in building lots. Many miles farther out shall I have to go before I can reach a country equally sylvan. On the western side, meanwhile, similar processes—necessary perhaps, but destructive of beauty—are proceeding. It has been a perpetual delight to me to return homewards by Heath Street and High Street. I know not where else to find streets so happily accidented with such a confusion of fronts, gables, roofs, &c., heaped in picturesque

¹ Stock.

confusion. Mrs. White speaks of "the study of its groves, mounds, squares, streets, terraces, lanes, and courts" as a "topographical puzzle to the uninitiated." Such doubtless they are, and their being such constitutes their chief charm. Now even, great uniform square blocks of buildings are showing themselves above the cosy edifices that nestle or cling together, or, one might almost hold, quarrel and turn their backs upon one another; and before no long time it may be that Hampstead High Street may be as convenient and as ugly as Harley Street. It will always be a little steeper.

PICTURES AT CAEN WOOD.

IN bidding farewell to a book that has pleased and entertained me I may supply some few particulars the author does not possess. In dealing with Caen Wood House, the residence of the Lords Mansfield, she refers to the portraits by Alexander Pope, the poet—who was a pupil of Jarvis—of himself, and of Betterton the actor and dramatist, and wonders if they are still there. Concerning the portrait of Pope by himself, I am not sure; that of Betterton I saw not many years ago, having visited the house in company with the late Colonel Francis Grant on purpose to see it. There were also, I remember, some beautiful Romneys. Among the numerous visitors that made Stanfield House one of the pleasantest as it was one of the most hospitable of spots was at one time Charles Dickens. Clarkson Stanfield, before migrating to the house that bears his name, resided in or close to Mornington Crescent, in the house subsequently occupied by George Cruikshank. His last years were spent in Belsize. His son, George Clarkson Stanfield, a landscape painter, was during many years a resident in Pond Street. Concerning the more distinguished residents in Hampstead, Mrs. White gives much information. I find no mention, however, of George MacDonald, whom I used often to meet there. George du Maurier is said to have found, like others of his brotherhood, Hampstead helpful to his art. It was for the preservation of his sight that he went to New Grove House, and in this respect his residence was most "helpful."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1900.

THE PROVOST'S WOOING.

BY ARTHUR MAITLAND.

WHAT ailed the Provost of Blethers? He, a widower of fifty-five, a magistrate for twenty years, shrewd, sober, master of himself and Blethers, was surely proof against the seductions of the Capital. In Blethers he was a perpetual wonder. Beggars trembled at the sight of him, children marvelled at him, the townspeople worshipped him, the three bailies despaired of him. Pompous and dumpy, with red beard, reddish hair, and a face like the sun looking through a fog, his presence seemed, nevertheless, in its native haunts to have something terrible about it. "There gangs the Lord God o' Blethers"—this tramp to his gossip would say, as they watched him from the public-house door strutting up the main street. Yet the Provost after he returned to his hotel from his evening at Mr. Oliphant's was visibly perturbed. Confusion sat on his flushed face, he muttered audibly, and the waiter swore he had never seen him in "sic tantrums" since he first stayed at their house. He appeared to be oblivious of the outer world, and to resent furiously any attempt to force it in upon him. In a sense, his mind was in two places at once, at Blethers and at Mr. Oliphant's; but it would be truer to say that he was engaged in taking a certain young lady whom he had met that evening out of her Edinburgh surroundings and setting her down as Queen of Blethers. It was evident that an original, if not an artistic, mind was at work.

The problem was evidently absorbing. Next day the Provost

said "Good-morning" abstractedly, and was silent at the breakfast table. "She would hold Bailie Saunders in leash," he muttered as he fared west along Princes Street, while the urchin he had all but capsized nearly exploded the little man with his voluble abuse. "And Bailie Peacock's wife would take a back seat," he continued, as he apologised to the stout lady he had almost collided with in turning the corner. The conclusions seemed to be satisfactory; for he rubbed his hands vigorously together as he came to a stop at the end of a certain terrace. That his abstraction had been deep was evident from the shock of surprise, not unmixed with indignation, with which he recognised the Oliphants' house. He retraced his steps thoughtfully, but with slower and slower pace. Blethers and business blew him townwards. Blethers and beauty beckoned him backwards. Was ever mortal man so perplexed?

"I'll see to it to-morrow," he muttered as he turned his back on the importunate municipality. Again he approached the house. Again he stopped and hung in doubt within sight of the castle of his princess. All the magisterial acumen was now exerted in the hunt for a feasible excuse. The intellectual gymnastics, waxing furious, put him in motion again, and he made the circuit of the terrace. At last, with a mighty effort, he mounted the steps and rang the bell. A query to the trim servant informed him that both Mr. and Miss Oliphant were out, but he could see Miss Maud. Disappointment flashed from him at the answer; for Maud, youngest of three sisters, had seemed to him last night to treat the dignity of Blethers with somewhat unseemly levity. But when the eldest is an angel, shall not the youngest, though a minx, be endured?

Maud received the visit as a conundrum to be solved. "Looked in in passing to inquire after Mr. Oliphant's health, hoped he was none the worse of last night, &c." The quick-witted girl divined a something beneath the flimsy pretexts, and turned on the "red barbarian," as she had irreverently nicknamed him, the scrutiny of her piercing vision. Something of the fine French esprit, the French verve, which had come into the family three generations ago, danced in her veins and lightened in her eyes. How charming is the combination of Scotch and French! She was by far the most mercurial of the family.

When her visitor was gone she puzzled over the riddle alone. Reminiscences of last night flocked to her call, and she again saw bucolic Blethers attitudinising before sister Belle. "I have it," she exclaimed, and threw herself, screaming with laughter, into the arm-chair. Again the shirt-front and the homespun acted broad farce

before her eyes, and the swallow-tail of many years plotted treason to decorum and gravity. "Oh, the dandy!" she shrieked and fell to a sober sarcasm—"what an honour to the family!" "Clare," she cried, when the second sister returned somewhat later, "what do you think? The red barbarian has been here after Belle. Oh! it is too funny for anything." And again she exploded at the imminent farce. "Just imagine sister Belle milking cows and doing the prim and proper to village wives. Oh! I shall die of laughing." And while Clare passed from blank surprise to sympathetic mirth, she went on. "What a joke to encourage the dear man. Belle is so proud. It would be no end of fun." The thoughtless suggestion came out of the depths of her keen animal spirits, and she looked on it purely as an excellent feast of fun. But the elder sister suffered more from Isabel's uppishness and welcomed the idea more seriously. "Capital, Maudie, dear," she said. "The very thing, too, to take Belle down a peg. The airs she gives herself are really intolerable. She seems to think us mere children." And the indignant damsel tossed her head. Meanwhile the Provost moved slowly townwards, profoundly convinced that his suit would do honour to the Oliphants and credit to his own magnanimity. Not the first time in this curious world that events have shown two faces—one comic, the other, in its way, tragic enough.

It was evidently not by accident that the three sisters, going out together the following forenoon, met the Provost, though the latter expressed surprise. And it was something more than deference to sister Belle which sent the two younger flying on together in front, though the eldest sister thought this, at the time, only natural. What a pity it is that Pride, especially the Pride of a coquette, never suspects her enemies when they bring gifts. Conquests were the diet, at this time, of the prim and proper Isabel. She lived on manly hearts, and nothing was further from her mind than that her sisters should combine to offer her one to her bane. She was, however, a discreet young maiden. Flattered when all men admired her, she would have felt insulted had all men wooed her. And though she would have admitted the Provost to the former rôle, her vanity would have been wounded by the absurdity of his posing in the latter. As, however, the point where admiration becomes the tender feeling is not always easy to detect, it came about that the Provost was charmed with the reception accorded his first fluttering advances.

Maud, too, seemed to be awakening to a sense of his worth, though he did not quite appreciate her vagaries. He had met her a

few days later and escorted her townwards. It was extremely curious, he thought, that she should have broached the subject nearest his heart.

"I am surprised, Provost," she had said, somewhat abruptly, "that a handsome man like you should never have married again."

His heart gave a great thump, as he answered with an odd laugh—

"Oh! Miss Maud, whatever made ye suggest such a thing?"

"Why not?" she said, laughing, and pressed the subject.

"Well," he said, relaxing, "maybe, if a sony young lass like yoursel' was willin', I mightna be sae blate."

"Oh!" she said, blushing and laughing, "it's too bad of you, Provost, to flatter poor me so. Now I am sure you've got someone in view at the present moment, else you wouldn't have said that. Just confess."

The Provost looked blank at the demand, grew red and white by turns, and searched the street for inspiration. The routine of life at Blethers did not provide for the inquisitiveness of such very modern young ladies.

"That's a verra fine building, Miss Maud," he said after a pause. "You don't happen to know the name of it, do you?"

"I knew it," cried the damsel ecstatically, leaving the bewildered Provost wondering whether she had suddenly taken leave of her senses. He said good-bye to her shortly afterwards with an uncomfortable feeling that he had in some way or other committed himself.

No, certainly he was not altogether pleased with Maud as a possible sister-in-law. Strange, the sisters should be so unlike. Isabel charmed him more and more, sending off possibilities like fireworks in his mind. Already he strutted in imagination beside his queen, through a rosy future, drawing after him a train of glory, a sort of transfigured Blethers. It was the old story of folly hand in hand with love. Not that confidence was an altogether immaculate blue for him; but Blethers was proverbial for squeezing water out of stones. So, when that second invitation to dinner came, what wonder was it that, through the Provost's glasses, the youngest sister's handwriting should become the eldest's? He read love in the dots over the i's and the strokes of the t's. And all the while Isabel was protesting that the infliction of the prosy old man on them for another evening was "positively *ennuyant*."

There was, indeed, one consolation for the suffering damsel. Fred Eastham was to be there. Do not, however, infer from this

that Fred Eastham already sat in the throne of the Provost's expectations. That young gentleman himself, indeed, in his blameless innocence, might have admitted the flattering impeachment. But, then, Nature had given him a somewhat big opinion of himself. What pleased Isabel was that in him she would find a fit foil for the Provost's prosiness. For he was one of those men who flash brilliantly at intervals out of an offended egoism. The absence of her father was compensated for by the presence of her brother Harry, who generally took her side against her mutinous sisters.

The table, thanks to Maud, arranged itself so that Isabel, presiding as hostess, opposite her brother, had a guest on either side. This, indeed, had its embarrassments; for it was difficult to accept the attentions of the one without offending the other. Thus when Isabel, being by nature right-handed, helped herself from the Provost's salt-cellar, Fred looked as if he could have buffeted the magisterial face. And Maud and Clare at times became outrageous as the race grew hot. But things might have passed off quietly enough had not Clare, resenting a snub from Isabel, thrown down the apple of discord.

"I hear Mr. Graham is marrying again," she said, addressing Fred.

The latter jumped at the opportunity of hitting the Provost.

"Yes," he said, in his self-sufficient, somewhat arrogant tone. "Most absurd! The man must be over fifty, and she can't be much above twenty."

"And what do ye find to object to in that, Mr. Eastham?" broke in the ruffled Provost. "It'll no be the first time that a lassie has shown her guid sense by wedding a man an' no a bit laddie."

"Come, come, Provost," said Harry, laughing, "that's surely rather hard on yourself."

"I dinna pretend to be ony younger than I am, Mr. Harry," returned the Provost squarely.

"A wise policy in the face of stubborn facts," said Fred, patronisingly.

"As for fac's, Mr. Fred, I'll undertake no' to break ma shin banes against them."

Isabel smiled and said somewhat pointedly: "Oh! Mr. Eastham's no judge of facts, you know."

"I should desire no better instructor," said the young man gallantly.

The damsel misapplied the remark with quiet malice, hitting both guests.

"Than the Provost? He may be trusted not to feed on illusions."

"Except when they puff themselves out to look like facts, as the frog in the fable," said Clare, aiming at her sister.

"I'm no over-much acquaint wi' frogs in fables," said the Provost. "But, as I once remarked to ma Lord McTavish, a man isna made till he's abune forty."

Maud laughed delightedly. "You're right there, Provost. We girls, you know, simply adore the men of the forties."

"What nonsense you talk, Maudie," began Isabel, when Harry exclaimed,

"You are still to have another chance, you see, Provost."

"Oh!" said the thoughtless girl, laughing, "the Provost's already in the lists."

Isabel, sniffing danger, tried to change the subject, but Fred took up the cue with well-feigned astonishment.

"Is it possible? Well, I should never have thought that you would have contemplated matrimony again, Provost."

"I didna say that I was, Mr. Eastham," said the Provost somewhat angrily.

"Why, Provost," said the thoughtless Maud, "you told me the other day you were."

"I—Miss Maud," quoth the Provost, horrified, "your wits must have clean forsaken ye. I couldna have said any sic thing."

"Oh! Provost, you stick needles into me."

The Provost looked blank horror at the insinuation.

"Really, Maud, your manners are most atrocious," said Isabel severely.

"Sorry, dear," said the other demurely. "I take them from you, you know."

Isabel flushed angrily, when Harry interposed.

"Are things looking any brighter for the election, Provost?"

The ladies rose at the hint, leaving the gentlemen to fraternise over their wine. Isabel felt distinctly uncomfortable till the Provost took his departure for the night.

When the Provost reached his hotel, he felt even more *bouleversé* than on that first memorable evening. His feelings seemed all jarred within him. At one moment he felt as if he were a shooting star, as if he could rush outside and tear along the street, shouting frantically, to relieve the superabundant passion within him. Another moment and he would have liked, had he dared, to throw himself into that arm-chair and laugh immoderately. Another, and he could have danced a hornpipe on the top of the billiard-table. As the

fumes of the champagne evaporated, his thoughts began to collect, and he commenced involuntarily to sum up the points of the evening. Then did the syllogism wax outrageous and perform incredible feats, and premises rained like meteors from the most unexpected parts of the compass. Truly it takes a man of the forties to reach matrimony by logic. Item : She dropped her handkerchief on his side. Cupid could not do more. Item : She helped herself from his salt-cellar. The choice could not but be purposive. Item : She snubbed most markedly that impudent young man on her left. Item : She indulged most graciously his worship on her right. Thus did the Provost, clapping the telescope to his blind eye, see the battle going completely for Blethers.

Meanwhile his lady-love, seeing in him now more than a simple admirer, one of the many, fumed and fretted and could have whipped the little man for so befooling her. Her sisters, too, had now dropped their mask and teased her somewhat unmercifully. Maud openly opined that the Queen of Sheba had found another Solomon. Clare hinted at a new version of Beauty and the Beast. It was evident that matters were coming to a crisis.

A not altogether unexpected event precipitated the catastrophe. Fred Eastham, spurred perhaps by the disclosures of the dinner-table, proposed and was refused. The young man quitted town next day, ostensibly on pressing business. How much of this reached the Provost, I know not, but it is certain that immediately thereafter the expectations of Blethers went up with a bound. Then were gigantic preparations made and all was bustle and activity, and the gallant soldiers were marshalled for a final assault on the citadel of love. Not all the bailies in Blethers, clamouring at his heels, not all the royalties in Europe, descending in one fell band on his native borough, would rob him of this glorious opportunity. "Haste thee, Provost," he soliloquised, "Hymen's bells are already ringing. That dapper waistcoat doth well become thee. That morning coat doth sit exceeding gracefully on thy fine figure."

From her high look-out Circe saw him coming and prepared the malignant draught. The hapless damsel suffered acutely from her sisters' mirth ; and when did offended *amour-propre* know mercy ? The luckless Provost had better have run the gauntlet of a score of royalties. But he (oh ! irony of Destiny), all confidence and rosy hope, with scarce a flutter in his breast, a trifle pale, but calm, advanced unflinching upon the fortress. What is it not given a man of the forties, telescope-blind, to achieve ?

Yes ; he could see Miss Oliphant. He already heard her sweet

acceptance in the words. The parlour smiled on him as he waited. The clock ticked musically, but slow. At last! Her step is on the stairs. Oh! heavens. She comes! She comes!

She entered, flushed with the rout of one lover, not eager for the indignity, it seemed to her, of a declaration from the second. Indeed, her whole mind was bent on dismissing him before he came to the point. But when was Blethers known to take hints? He went along in his stumbling, rudely confident way.

"I'm feeling kind o' lonely, Miss Oliphant," he said after some preliminary fencing. "An' I was thinking o' taking another wife."

"I am sorry, Provost, I am unable to assist you in the choice," she said coldly.

"But ye are able, Miss Oliphant," he said heartily. "Ye see, as I once remarked to Sir Hamish McPhun, a public man like mysel' is no up to much unless he has a helpmate at his side. And as Lord——"

"I really must ask you to excuse me, Provost," she broke in. "Is there any message I can take for Mr. Oliphant?"

Blethers was always thrown into confusion by sudden interruptions.

"I'll no detain ye a minute, Miss Oliphant. I was just saying that I would like—that I kind o' felt—that—that——"

The red beard wagged comically before her. Laughter struggled with anger in her soul.

"I am sure, Provost, you must see——" she began, when he interrupted her.

"Just a minute, Miss Oliphant. What I mean to be at is that I'm no quite mysel' in your presence."

"I am sure, Provost, I don't detain you."

"It's no that," he said, struggling desperately for the proper words.

Why was the divine gift of eloquence never vouchsafed to Blethers?

"The fac' is, I'm here to ask if ye wouldna be willin'——"

"I am sorry, Provost, I can't——"

"But will ye no hear me out?" She gave it up in despair. "The fac' is, I'm just in to ask if ye wouldna be willing to be my wife?"

Anger drove laughter from her soul. "Am I to understand, Provost, that you are actually asking my hand?"

"Puir bit lassie!" he soliloquised, "I doot the honour is ower much for ye."

"That's just it, Eesabel," he said, venturing further. "And sure I am that ye would be a credit to the poseetion."

She fired up indignantly, unsparingly.

"Sir, you presume too much. You are my father's guest while you are here, and I am willing to treat you as a friend so long as you confine yourself within due bounds. But this is too much. Believe me, sir, I should as soon think of the man in the moon as a prospective husband as of you."

The blow was all the crueller that it was unexpected. The Provost changed colour, blinked strenuously, coughed, blew his nose, and ended by doubting the evidence of his senses.

"What! what! Ye canna mean it? Ye surely dinna ken what ye're saying."

"I know perfectly well what I am saying, sir, and I mean it too. I think it is better for both of us that this interview should now end."

"Certainly, certainly," he said. "But ye must be mad. Ye must be mad."

She opened the door. A sound of laughter reached his ears. It is curious how all at once a scene changes its meaning for us, as if we saw it under a different light. There was no reason for his associating that laughter with himself, but he did so. For the first time in his life he saw himself a victim. The humiliation was too much for him.

He went forth from the house, outraged, insulted, wounded in his tenderest feelings, with his self-respect for the moment gone. He—made fun of. He—ridiculous. The thought was intolerable, and burned like slow fire in his brain. His beloved Blethers no longer wore her crown of glory. The enchantment was gone. He returned, indeed, in a few days. But the townfolk said he was no longer the same man, and the bailies and the beggars complained more than ever of his rancorous temper. One thing was noticed, not without remark. He never returned to Edinburgh. He never, indeed, completely digested the man in the moon.

*DOCTOR JOHN HAWKESWORTH,**FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON AND HISTORIAN OF
CAPTAIN COOK'S FIRST VOYAGE.*

WHAT a strange position in English literature is held by Dr. Johnson! Everyone knows about him, and few read what he wrote. It is passing hard to persuade a modern reader to try even *Rasselas*, and those who begin it frequently abandon the attempt. Yet in its day that little book was regarded as the masterpiece of the greatest writer of English. But, thanks to Boswell, to Macaulay, and to Leslie Stephen, most readers know plenty of stories about the eminent lexicographer, and understand the secret of his influence. To learn about a man of letters should be the prelude to reading his writings, unless it be that earlier acquaintance with the works has sent the pleased reader to the *Life* that he may find out what manner of man it was that has given delight. A lecturer on Johnson's life and literary importance does not end with the advice "Now go and read him": he knows that it would be unavailing. Yet the interest in Johnson, far from lessening, grows, and that interest naturally extends to his friends. Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton owe unpretending niches in the temple of Fame to their friendship with the great Doctor.

The humorous author of "The House-boat on the Styx" once in *Harper's Magazine*¹ made a joke which puzzles me, perhaps because I have sought in it a definite meaning. "'Boswell,' quoth Johnson over a chop and a mug of ale, 'could never write a complete dictionary.' 'And why not?' queried Goldsmith. 'Because he'd be sure to leave out his h's,' returned the great philosopher with a merry burst of laughter."

My puzzle is this: Did Mr. Bangs allude to the fact that Boswell from motives of jealousy and dislike almost entirely omitted Hawkins and Hawkesworth from the famous *Life*? There is no evidence that Boswell dropped the letter "h" in talking.

Once Johnson talked with Mrs. Thrale on the interesting question

¹ August 1889, p. 483.

who should be his future biographer. The lady quotes a long reply, in the course of which Johnson said: "After my coming to London to drive the world about a little, you must all go to Jack Hawkesworth for anecdotes: I lived in great familiarity with him (although I think there was not much affection) from the year 1753 till the time Mr. Thrale and you took me up." The date of this "taking up" was 1765. But 1753 is such a curious date for Johnson to have pitched upon that suspicions arise whether Mrs. Thrale's memory can be trusted. Johnson came to London, "to drive the world about a little," sixteen years earlier, in 1737. Possibly 1753 was the year of his greatest friendship with Jack Hawkesworth, as in the preceding year Johnson's wife, who died in London, was buried at Bromley in Kent, where Mrs. Hawkesworth kept a school for young ladies. Thus Johnson had in a sense trusted the "loved remains" to the guardianship of the Hawkesworths, giving in the selection of the place for his wife's grave a proof of something more than "familiarity"; but the man who has broken with a former friend tries to forget.

The familiarity with Hawkesworth that Johnson acknowledged to Mrs. Thrale on other occasions he termed friendship. Here is a story¹ that points to close intimacy, and is interesting too as displaying a lighter side of the great literary dictator than perhaps is present in the minds of most even of his admirers. The tale is given on the authority of "Conversation" Cooke, so named from his poem on "Conversation," not from his own brilliance in the art. He says that Hawkesworth before the publication of his "beautiful" ode on "Life" took it with him, for the purpose of retouching, to the country house of a friend. Johnson was staying at the same house, and as they lived "upon the most intimate terms," Hawkesworth read his verses for Johnson's opinion, who then "as second thoughts are best," asked for a second reading. Afterwards Johnson read the manuscript himself, and praised the ode highly. Next morning at breakfast Johnson remarked that he could only urge one objection to the poem—he doubted its originality. In proof that he had seen something like it before the alarming Doctor repeated the greater part of the poem, though it contained nearly seventy lines. "What do you say now, Hawkey?" quoth the Doctor. "Only this," replied the other, "that I shall never repeat anything I write before you again, for you have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world."

The only letter to Hawkesworth from Dr. Johnson which that

¹ *Johnsonian Miscellanies* (Birkbeck Hill), vol. i. p. 210.

prince of editors, Dr. Birkbeck Hill,¹ has found, is of date March 1756, and furnishes, evidently at Hawkesworth's request, a private brief review of a new book called "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections," by Fulke Greville. To the author Hawkesworth writes:—

I enclose you Johnson's letter: it will cost you threepence, but I dare say you will think it worth twice the money. It is an original, and (as I told you it would be) expressed in general terms, without referring to particular passages as new, striking, delicate, or *recherché*. You see in the first place that he has not read the book through. He never reads any book through. . . . Take his own testimony in his own words: they are written indeed not only in letters, but in pothooks; a kind of character which it will probably cost you some time to decipher, and perhaps at last you may not succeed.

This is Johnson's letter:—

DEAR SIR,—I have been looking into the book here and there, and I think have read a pretty fair specimen. It is written with uncommon knowledge of mankind, which is the chief excellence of such a book. The sentences are keenly pointed and vigorously pushed, which is their second excellence. But it is too Gallick, and the proper names are often ill-formed or ill-chosen. To use a French phrase, I think the good *carries it over* the bad. The good is in the constituent, and the bad in the accidental parts. We cannot come to-morrow, but I propose to be with you on the Saturday following, to see the Spring and Mrs. Hawkesworth.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

The tone of this letter certainly implies friendliness. It is interesting to add that Dr. Hill² has found among the Hume MSS. at the Royal Society in Edinburgh a phrase in a letter by this very Fulke Greville (1764), "my poor little inoffensive friend Hawkesworth"—the only passage that gives an idea of Hawkesworth's personal appearance.

That Hawkesworth was an imitator of Johnson was acknowledged early in the career of both. In "Moral and Literary Characters of Dr. Johnson," by Mr. Courtenay, the following lines occur:—

By nature's gifts ordain'd mankind to rule,
He, like a Titian, form'd his brilliant school; . . .
Ingenious Hawkesworth to this school we owe,
And scarce the pupil from the tutor know.

Once Boswell breaks out against Hawkesworth upon this subject of the adoption of the master's style:—

Let me add that Hawkesworth's imitations of Johnson are sometimes so happy that it is extremely difficult to distinguish them with certainty from the composition of his great archetype. Hawkesworth was his closest imitator; a

¹ *Letters of Dr. Johnson*, vol. i. p. 60.

² *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 29S n.

circumstance of which that writer would once have been proud to be told ; though, when he had become elated by having risen into some degree of prominence, he, in a conversation with me, had the *provoking effrontery* to say he was not sensible of it.

John Hawkesworth was one of the *Di Minores* of the literature of his time, and for a few months held a place of great prominence in the public attention. He seems now so completely forgotten that it is hard to find a satisfactory account of him. The most modern and perhaps the best is that in the splendid "Dictionary of National Biography," where, however, exigences of space have forced the omission of interesting matter. I have thought it might be possible to rouse some interest in an account of Hawkesworth's blameless life (though indeed he was at one time blamed—severely rather than fairly), and of that short prominence in the public eye which was rapidly followed by his almost tragic end. As an Australian I am naturally interested in the man who first gave the world information about the eastern coast of this island continent. Far inferior in importance to Cook and to Banks, who not only made the voyage, but recorded it, furnishing the material for his book, Hawkesworth was accepted by them as editor, and the student of their history soon finds that it is well for him also to know something of that of Dr. Hawkesworth.

Uncertainty hangs over the date of his birth, but his epitaph makes him born in 1715 ; and though it is true that a tombstone is not on oath, yet in the absence of stronger proof its evidence may be accepted. 1715, the date of the Old Pretender's attempt and of the demise of His Majesty Louis the Fourteenth, makes Hawkesworth some six years younger than his friend Johnson. It is said, though again not with certainty, that Hawkesworth was brought up to be a watchmaker. But Sir John Hawkins, who was an associate, if not a friend, denies the watchmaking, and would make Hawkesworth in his youth clerk to an attorney, even giving the latter's name as Harwood, and the place of business Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry. As a Presbyterian, Hawkesworth belonged to the congregation of Tom Bradbury, and is said to have been expelled for "irregularities"—a vague word which might range from offences against the law to non-attendance at chapel.

Hawkesworth was one of the members of Johnson's Ivy Lane Club, which met weekly each Tuesday at the King's Head, a famous beef-steak house in Ivy Lane. His brother-in-law Ryland was another ; so also was Hawkins, afterwards Sir John. Johnson was under forty when he established and ruled this club ; nor had he yet

given to the world the "Vanity of Human Wishes," though he had experienced the feelings that dictated that powerful but gloomy poem. He knew something of the truth expressed in the sonorous line, which for emphasis' sake he caused to be printed in capitals:—

SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESSED.

Some of the members of the club became rather prominent, but neither at the club nor elsewhere did any of them dispute the pre-eminence of Johnson.

It was in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE that Hawkesworth first indulged his literary tastes. When Johnson gave up the work of compiling for Mr. Cave and for that magazine imaginary debates in the Senate of Lilliput, wherein he contrived that "the Whig dogs should always get the worst of it," Hawkesworth succeeded him in the task. Let us hope that he at least was fair to both sides. He began the work in 1744, being well under thirty, and kept it up for no less than sixteen years. To the same magazine he also contributed sundry verses which he signed with the pen-name of Greville. The work, however, that brought Hawkesworth the largest share of fame was the "Adventurer." In 1752 Johnson had brought his weighty "Rambler" to a close, and readers, accustomed to a literary food which to us seems indigestible, but which suited their taste, acknowledged a vacuum. In the later part of the same year a new periodical was established under the name of the "Adventurer," with Hawkesworth as editor and Johnson as one of the contributors. The editor wrote exactly half the papers, seventy out of 140, signing the last of them with his own name. It was said that Hawkesworth's great desire was that the papers in the "Adventurer" should prove to the world that he was well fitted to be entrusted with the charge of young ladies at the school kept by his wife. Some stories are, however, given which a modern editor would not insert; some phrases are to be found that would shock a schoolmistress of to-day, but on the whole the papers were admirably adapted to serve as such an advertisement: with a purpose like that literature is hardly generated.

That the "Adventurer," which a modern reader (*experto crede*) can hardly wade through, received strong praise two witnesses may be summoned, Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo and his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The former in his "Life of Beattie"¹ says:—
"With less of stiffness and formality than the *Rambler* and *Idler* of Johnson, and more of real instruction than the *World* or *Connoisseur*,

¹ Vol. iii. p. 237.

the chief periodicals of our own times of ascertained merit, the 'Adventurer' seems to combine the peculiar merits of them all; so that I do not know if, since the days of Addison and Steele, who had the merit of introducing into the circle of literature that popular and excellent form of composition, a work of higher value of that nature has appeared than the 'Adventurer.'" This praise was published in 1806. The liberal application of the expression "our own times" will be noticed, as the "Adventurer" was published in 1752.

That Hawkesworth's efforts were immediately appreciated in high quarters is shown by the Doctor's degree conferred upon him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The highest prelate of the Anglican Church still retains the quaint privilege of being able to confer degrees without examination. This might perhaps be justified as to Divinity, but hardly for Arts, Law, Medicine, and Music. Archbishop Herring made Hawkesworth LL.D.; and it seems to have flashed upon the new doctor of laws that perhaps knowledge of law came with the degree, so that for awhile he thought of practising as a pleader in the ecclesiastical courts. That calling, however, needs a long apprenticeship and severe study, and these his Grace of Canterbury could not confer on his *protégé*. Indeed, the degree seems to have hurt Hawkesworth quite as much as it helped him. Johnson was angered at it. Thinking highly of regular academical degrees, he was proportionately indignant at those that he held irregular. We are told, too, that the degree had the effect of making the new doctor give himself airs. Malone says that Johnson told him that Hawkesworth—who had set out a modest, humble man—was one of the many whom success in the world had spoiled. It must have been shortly after the degree that the incident mentioned by Miss Reynolds occurred. That young lady was walking with Dr. Johnson, returning from the "Twickenham meadows," when Sir John Hawkins came up. On his asking Dr. Johnson when he had last seen Dr. Hawkesworth, he "roared out with great vehemency, 'Hawkesworth is grown a coxcomb, and I have done with him!'"

Coxcomb! There was something in the charge. One wonders, however, whether Johnson would have liked the following remark that may be quoted as a comment on it. Goldsmith, it is recorded,¹ disliked both the prudery of Johnson's morals and the foppery of Hawkesworth's manners, though he warmly admired the genius of both. He used to say among his acquaintance that "Johnson would have made a decent monk, and Hawkesworth a good dancing master."

¹ This is given in *Johnsonian Miscellanies* (Birkbeck Hill), vol. i. p. 210, as from *Memoirs of the Life &c. of Dr Johnson*, 1785, p. 194.

Hawkesworth was really a superior kind of hack, prepared to turn his attention in any literary direction. David Garrick induced him to adapt a play of Dryden's by translating and "embodying a dialogue from Molière and adding new music." It is to be presumed that Hawkesworth was only responsible for the libretto. Admirers of Dryden cannot well be indignant at such alterations, as "glorious John" performed the same kind office for Shakespeare and for Milton. The latter in his old age, it will be remembered, granted the younger poet a contemptuous permission "to tag" his verses. Hawkesworth contributed the words of "Zimri, an Oratorio," but it was not calculated to give satisfaction to the admirers of his "Adventurer." Indeed, some of the criticism rather anticipated the moral objections taken to the more famous "Voyages." Greater success awaited the writer in a dramatic fairy tale called "Edgar and Emmeline," counted at the time "a work of delicate fancy" and acted with much applause at Drury Lane.

An Eastern tale called "Almorán and Hamet," and written in accordance with the prevailing taste for allegory, obtained many readers and added largely to the reputation of the Doctor. It was dedicated to George the Third in the year after his accession. Disraeli the Elder in his "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors" quotes a letter that Hawkesworth addressed to a nobleman. To-day we should be inclined to apply to it such epithets as "snobbish" or "priggish."

London, March 2, 1761.

I think myself happy to be permitted to put my MSS. into your Lordship's hands, because, though it increases my anxiety and my fears, yet it will at least secure me from what I should think a far greater misfortune than any other that can attend my performance, the danger of addressing to the King any sentiment, allusion, or opinion that could make such an address improper. I have now the honour to submit the work to your Lordship with the dedication; from which the duty I owe to His Majesty, and, if I may be permitted to add anything to that, the duty I owe to myself, have concurred to exclude the servile, extravagant, and indiscriminate adulation which has so often disgraced alike those by whom it has been given and received.

Heedless of dates, Disraeli connects this letter with the "Voyages," a book also dedicated to the same king.

Hawkesworth published an edition of Swift's works; and when later Johnson came to deal with Swift, in "The Lives of the Poets," Hawkesworth had been dead some six years; and animosities being softened by that separation, Johnson began with compliments to his predecessor, claiming, however, a share in the conception and arrangement of his work:—

"An account of Dr. Swift has been already collected with great

diligence and acuteness by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cannot therefore be expected to say much of a life concerning which I had long since communicated my thoughts to a man capable of dignifying his narration with so much elegance of language and force of sentiment." Hawkesworth's edition has long been superseded.

So much was said afterwards about Hawkesworth offending against religion, and even morals, that it may be worth while to reproduce from Chalmers' Biographical Preface to the "Adventurer" the following letter by Hawkesworth, dated Bromley, November 8, 1765 :—"I am always sorry when I hear anonymous performances, not expressly owned, imputed to particular persons; that which a man never owned either privately or in public, I think, he should not be accountable for. I speak feelingly on this subject, for though Mr. Duncombe assured you that the Magazine [THE GENTLEMAN'S] was solely under my direction, I must beg leave to assure you that it is not, nor ever was, there being in almost every number some things that I never see, and some things that I do not approve. There is in the last number an account of Voltaire's philosophical dictionary, a work of which I never would give any account, because I would not draw the attention of the public to it. It is true that the extracts exhibited in this article do not contain anything contrary to religion or good morals; but it is certain that these extracts will carry the book into many hands that otherwise it would never have reached, and the book abounds with principles which a man ought to be hanged for publishing, though he believed them to be true, upon the same principle that all states hang rebels and traitors, though the offenders think rebellion and treason their duty to God." Such violence against Voltaire would surely have reconciled Dr. Johnson to his old friend. That sturdy moralist said :—"Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes," he added, "I should like to have him work in the plantations." And when Boswell asked, "Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" the reply came, "Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them." Did Boswell think of this conversation when later he paid a visit to Ferney, as previously he had gratified his curiosity in dining with Jean Jacques Rousseau "in the wilds of Neufchâtel"?

In 1768, when His Majesty's bark *Endeavour* was starting forth upon its adventurous voyage, its future historian was publishing by subscription an English translation of Fénelon's "Télémaque." This

was a most suitable and proper undertaking for the husband of the lady who kept the girls' school. The original was written for the edification of a young prince, "the hope of Troy." If the early death of the Duke of Burgundy deprived the world of the experience of a ruler trained in the principles of Fénelon, at least that excellent bishop provided a book for the reading of succeeding generations of schoolboys and schoolgirls. The new translation was highly approved. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," then a professor at Aberdeen, wrote in a letter:—"I am inclined to think that the Doctor judged right in not making his translation too poetical and figurative. His own prose style is as much ornamented as good prose can well be, and nearly as much (if I mistake not) as Cambray's¹ style, even where it is most poetical. The measured prose (as they call it) which we have in the translations from Ossian would, I am afraid, become disgusting in a work so long as 'Telemachus.' Besides the style of this work is really simple, and of the narrative or epic kind, as it ought to be."²

In the reign of Queen Anne it was not held sufficient to beat the French at Blenheim, but the Cabinet actually considered the question how the glories of that victory should be worthily sung. The members of it seem to have felt shame at the miserable verses that were appearing, and they made inquiries for a better poet. Ultimately they sent no less a personage than the Chancellor of the Exchequer as ambassador to Mr. Joseph Addison to request that he would write a poem on Blenheim; and "The Campaign" laid the real foundation of Addison's literary fame and fortunes. When His Majesty's bark *Endeavour* was safe home again after her perilous voyage through the Southern Seas, the First Lord of the Admiralty—Lord Sandwich—took into serious consideration the question who was worthy to be the historian of the voyage. He had acquaintance amongst literary men, and for two at least the honour is claimed of having recommended the appointment of Dr. Hawkesworth. On the authority of Malone, chiefly known as a Shakespeare scholar, David Garrick is named as the man. Madame D'Arbly, famous as the author of the two novels "Evelina" and "Cecilia," claims the credit for her father, Dr. Charles Burney, author of the "History of Music." It is not at all impossible that each had a hand in the matter.

Madame D'Arbly gives detail of time and place. She says that Dr. Burney was staying at Haughton Hall, the country seat of Lord

¹ Fénelon was Archbishop of Cambray.

² *Beattie's Life*, vol. i. p. 181.

Orford, the eldest son of the great Sir Robert Walpole, and brother of the letter-writer Horace Walpole. Lord Sandwich was of the house party, and at table the conversation turned on the recent voyage. "Lord Sandwich said that he had all the papers, but that they were mere rough drafts, quite unarranged for the public eye, and that he was looking out for a proper person to put them into order and to rewrite the voyages. Dr. Burney, ever eager upon any question of literature, and ever foremost to serve a friend, ventured to recommend Dr. Hawkesworth."¹ Lord Sandwich was so pleased at what he heard that he "entrusted Dr. Burney with the commission of sending Dr. Hawkesworth to the Admiralty." When Burney wrote to Hawkesworth the first paragraph of the latter's answer ran:—"Many, many thanks for your obliging favour, and the subject of it. There is nothing about which I would be so willingly employed as the work you mention. I would do my best to make it another 'Anson's Voyage.'" It is clear that Madame D'Arblay had the letter before her, and is not relying upon memory. In a later letter Hawkesworth wrote:—"I have all the journals in my possession: the Government will give me the cuts, and the property of the work will be my own." At a little later date Burney was invited to Hinchinbrooke, Lord Sandwich's seat, and found there assembled Hawkesworth, Banks, Solander, and Cook.

At the end of Sir James Prior's "Life of Malone" are sundry notes labelled "Maloniana," dated between February 1792 and August 1795; therefore about twenty years after the event described. Malone says, "Hawkesworth, the writer, was introduced by Garrick to Lord Sandwich, who, thinking to put a few hundred pounds into his pocket, appointed him to revise and publish 'Cook's Voyages.' He scarcely did anything to the MSS., yet sold it (*sic*) to Cadell & Strahan, the printers and booksellers, for £6,000." After a little more about Hawkesworth, Malone gives as his authority "the Bishop of Salisbury." But it is not possible that the latter could have made the common and careless mistake about Hawkesworth's editing "Cook's Voyages." The poor man died before Cook's second voyage was half-way through; and of the account of that voyage from the pen of Cook the Bishop himself acted as editor. There is, however, reason to believe that Garrick did help in the matter. Perhaps when Burney mentioned the name to Lord Sandwich, the latter made inquiries on his return to town, and referred to Garrick. In the huge volumes of Garrick's Correspondence three letters are given, all bearing date the same day, May 6, 1773. Garrick, who,

¹ D'Arblay, *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, vol. i. p. 269.

early in the year had used his influence with Hawkesworth to have the translation of the work given to the Abbé Morellet, expected, it is clear, to be allowed a word also in the selection of a publisher in London. Hawkesworth had yielded a careless assent, but later found that he must make his arrangements independently.

Two letters from Hawkesworth, long and affectionate, are followed by a curt note in the third person from Garrick.

In Hawkesworth's first letter, which is a reply, he says that he had received "applications from half the booksellers in London, none of whom offered me more than five thousand pounds, without allowing me a single copy. Mr. Strahan offered me six thousand, and to furnish me with all the copies that I had engaged to give away, which being five-and-twenty amounted to seventy-five pounds." Garrick, he knew, had recommended Becket, but "my interest was pitted against Becket's." He ended with these words: "No pecuniary advantage being in my estimation equivalent to acquitting the obligation of friendship or approving myself Your ever faithful and affectionate."

In the second letter he urged:—

Recollect, my dear sir, that, pressed as I was by multifarious business and by the most important transaction of my life, it was not unnatural for me to look upon that but as a small trespass upon your friendship, the tendency of which was to confirm with the greater speed and certainty what your conduct in the beginning of this affair showed a flattering and ardent desire of procuring for me.

This makes him ready to "digest, though with difficulty, the terms of what I flatter myself was a hasty billet."

This is the reply:—

Mr. Garrick presents his compliments to Dr. Hawkesworth, and as he has the misfortune to differ totally with him in opinion upon the subject of his letter, he will not give the Doctor the trouble, nor himself the pain, to enter into any further discussion of this very disagreeable business.

Endorsed: "Letter of Dr. Hawkesworth. My answer to his about his breach of promise."

Poor Hawkesworth! It looks as if Garrick, like Johnson, wished to be "done with him." The publisher for whom Garrick desired a share of the profits was the very T. Becket who had done his best to spoil the venture by publishing an early but unsatisfactory account of the voyage of the *Endeavour*. If that had been written with greater skill, the cream would have been skimmed off Hawkesworth's enterprise.

This bookseller Becket was a sort of jackal to Garrick, busying himself incessantly in Garrick's concerns. "Becket about nothing"

is a docket upon some of his long letters to Garrick. When he did not at once pay a French lady to whom he owed "450 livres de France," she wrote to Garrick, who frowned on Becket. He then paid promptly, and was *désolé*. The lady asked that "poor Mr. Becket" might be taken into favour.

The publishers chosen, who gave Dr. Hawkesworth the sum of £6,000, thus exciting the jealousy of the whole literary fraternity, were W. Strahan & T. Cadell, "in the Strand." Both partners were intimate with Dr. Johnson. Boswell tells how once the conversation turned on a printer setting up his carriage, and how Mr. Strahan, who was member for a small borough in Wiltshire, supplied Johnson with franks, which the Doctor used when writing to Scotland in order that Strahan's countrymen might recognise that he was a member of Parliament. Boswell also prints a manly letter from Johnson to Strahan, making friends after one of those quarrels that are so liable to arise between author and publisher.

As the large emolument is frequently mentioned as the reason for the jealousy against Hawkesworth, it may be as well to add that Horace Walpole, the great gossip of the period, who speaks of the book as Banks' voyage (characteristically putting down everything to "the quality," and nothing to the captain!), adds that "the voyager paid an additional £1,000." It is a little difficult to see the reason. Banks handed over excellent "copy," and, had he wished, might fairly have claimed payment from Hawkesworth. All gossip, however, is not of necessity to be believed, nor is there any other authority for the statement.

Seldom did anyone undertake any literary work with higher hopes than John Hawkesworth when he set to work upon the history of the "Voyages to the South Seas." Work of the kind has certainly never been better paid. Of course many a book has brought in more money. Within the last quarter of a century not a few books of travel have reaped a richer harvest, but such books have been written by the travellers themselves, who had known the toil, the hardships, the danger. Hawkesworth's task was simply hack-work. His book, in three quarto volumes, gives an account of four voyages, the material out of which the book was compiled being the journals of the several commanders. In the case of the three voyages that fill the first volume no inquiry has been made—what has become of these journals? Probably they are still at the Admiralty or at the Record Office. Of the four voyages the last was incomparably of the greatest importance, the others forming a long preface to the voyage of the *Endeavour*, the voyage that practi-

cally discovered New Zealand and Australia. Though Tasman had seen and named the former, and, to judge from books that treat of the early discovery of Australia, though various mariners, of whom Dampier was the most important, had seen the great island continent, yet it may be confidently said that the *Endeavour's* was the real discovery of Australia and New Zealand. The knowledge that led to occupation began with it.

It is therefore natural that more attention has been, and will be, paid to the *Endeavour's* voyage, and to the materials on which the account of it is based. For this voyage Hawkesworth had two journals, one kept by the captain and one by "Joseph Banks, Esquire." It was his office cunningly to compound these two so as to make of them an interesting story. When Hawkesworth had done with the journals they were put away. Only in our own day, about 120 years later, have they again been brought to light. Admiral Wharton, Hydrographer to the Admiralty, has published Cook's Journal as it stands. He has not abridged it; he has not mended the spelling nor the grammar of the lieutenant in command. Banks' Journal, however, formed the more important portion of Hawkesworth's material. This too has been published for modern readers by that distinguished veteran of science, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker. Unfortunately Sir Joseph understood the duty of an editor somewhat strangely. He has curtailed: perhaps that was excusable, though loyal Australasians would have preferred that he had published in full the parts that had reference to the first tour round New Zealand and the first voyage up the east coast of Australia. Worse, however, than that, Sir Joseph has corrected the grammar and the phraseology of the writer, very much as a schoolmaster might correct the composition of his pupils. In spite of Eton and Christ Church, Banks made mistakes in spelling. Though he wrote brightly and well, he has occasional slips in grammar. Had his journal been published at the time, correction had been legitimate; printed now as material, the journal should have been given *verbatim*.

The MSS. books that Hawkesworth used are now very suitably in the city of Sydney: the copy of Cook's which Admiral Wharton reproduced is in the Museum, whilst the journal kept by Banks is in a private collection. It is not improbable that since Hawkesworth I am the only person that has ever made an examination of both MSS., or that has taken the trouble of going over Hawkesworth's ground. I am at any rate in a position to testify to the amount of work that Hawkesworth did. As usual, the truth lies

midway between two extremes. According to Madame D'Arblay, Lord Sandwich spoke as if the material for the historian were mere notes, as if the editor were required to rewrite the account of the voyages. Wharton and Hooker by publishing the said notes have shown that, as far as the *Endeavour* voyage was concerned, this is a gross exaggeration. Others maintain that Hawkesworth did nothing; that his materials were so abundant and so orderly that all he had to do was to send them to the press, perhaps correcting a little. My testimony is that Hawkesworth did much more than this, rewrote a large part, even when rewriting was no advantage, and added about a fifth. One of the faults most rightly found with him is that he put classical allusions into the mouth of the captain, though he must have known that the mate of a Whitby collier could have had but little opportunity to study Aulus Gellius.

Public expectation about the book ran high. On Friday, May 7, 1773, the preface bearing date May 1, there was a dinner party *chez* Messrs. Edward & Charles Dilly, booksellers, in the Poultry, and the conversation turned on the forthcoming voyages. The Great Cham gave forth his depreciatory views:—"Sir, if you talk of it as a subject of commerce, it will be gainful; if as a book that is to increase human knowledge, I believe there will not be much of that. Hawkesworth can only tell what the voyagers have told him; and they have found very little, only one new animal, I think." Boswell: "But many insects, sir." Johnson: "Why, sir, as to insects, Ray reckons of British insects twenty thousand species. They might have stayed at home, and discovered enough in that way."

Criticism naturally rises to the mind. Is geographical information valueless as addition to the stock of human knowledge? Had Dr. Johnson forgotten the delight that he obtained from the conversation of Banks and Solander, when less than two years earlier, fresh from their adventures, they met him at Sir Joshua's at dinner? As for the one new animal, the impression made on him was shown by what took place at an inn in Inverness one Sabbath evening some four months later. Johnson had been describing the kangaroo when he rose from the table and gave three bounds across the room. Lastly, had someone other than the "Coxcomb" been the editor, would the expectation have been kinder?

Little did Hawkesworth imagine the storm that was about to burst on his devoted head. First, there was a sense of disappointment. The book was large and very expensive (three guineas), yet the amount of novelty did not correspond. Horace Walpole was too much the child of an artificial civilisation to appreciate the

ethnology of barbarous peoples and the geography of unknown lands. Soon after publication he writes to one of his correspondents, June 21:—"I hope you are heartily provoked at the new voyages, which might make one a good first mate, but tell one nothing at all." He comments on the incident of Queen Obera carrying Captain Wallis across a river. He was then evidently in the first volume. By July 5 he had made progress, as on that day he writes to the Rev. W. Mason, better known as the friend of the poet Gray:—"I have almost waded through Dr. Hawkesworth's three volumes of the 'Voyages to the South Sea.' The entertaining matter would not fill half a volume; and at best is but an account of the fishermen of forty islands." It is to be feared that the Hon. Horace had not read carefully nor judged fairly. The general feeling condemned the author because he was too entertaining. Moral readers were highly shocked at descriptions of the natives of Otaheite. The midshipman of the modern story, asked to describe the manners and customs of some barbarian race, wrote:—"Manners none; customs disgusting." A similar impression was produced by Hawkesworth's book. He had set out ethnological facts with elaborate and even spicy detail. His stories were what the natives were not—dressed. That anyone should do this was naughty, but that a man of high repute for virtue should so offend distressed many and amused others.

Mrs. Chapone wrote to her friend Mrs. Delany during the autumn of 1773:—"What think you of Dr. Hawkesworth's performance? If he does not love money more than fame, he will wish it unwritten, for I have never known anything more condemned; indeed it has faults which one could not have expected from the writer of the 'Adventurers.'" ¹

Chalmers in his short life of Hawkesworth tells that in an "infamous magazine" a notice frequently appeared:—"All the amorous passages and descriptions in Dr. Hawk . . . th's Collection of Voyages should be selected and illustrated with a suitable plate. And this in defiance of decency was actually done." No doubt this would have been galling to the author.

The Doctor had thus offended on the score of morals; he also offended on the point of religion by denying in his preface the doctrine of special providence. Letters in the papers signed "A Christian" had attacked him. He refused to attribute the escape of the *Endeavour* from total wreck on the coral reef to the direct interposition of Divine providence. Far from denying the provi-

¹ *Autobiography of Mrs. Delany*, 2nd series, vol. i. p. 552.

dence of God, he asserted that all things were ordained by His providence. In common speech we say, "What a providential escape!" but it is not usual to say, "What a providential accident!" And yet if it be acknowledged that God's providence overrules the whole world one remark should be as common as the other. It would have been wise in the Doctor not to have raised the question, as it was hardly necessary to his subject; but it was narrow of his contemporaries to construct out of his remarks grave theological heresy.

A modern reader naturally raises objection to the style, but contemporaries regarded that as the chief merit of the book. The style is Johnsonian and ponderous. Its marks are a love of long words, especially of Latin origin, and balanced antithetical sentences. It is a weighty and dignified style, but in it simple and ordinary things are often described in absurdly elaborate terms. All must allow that such language is unsuited to the pen of a sailor; and by some strange perversity Hawkesworth, holding that the "I" is more vivid, puts the whole account into the mouths of the captains, a practice that in the case of the "*Endeavour Voyage*" has led to misunderstandings.

The value of Hawkesworth's book was even introduced into a debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Attorney-General Thurlow has his little niche in a history of literature as having promised Cowper, who prophesied that he would one day be Lord Chancellor, "Then I will take care of you," and having forgotten his promise. He did help Crabbe, though, on Burke's suggestion.

On March 24, 1774, there took place a debate in the House of Commons on a "Booksellers' Copyright Bill," and in the course of it Mr. Attorney-General Thurlow made a speech, of which a brief summary has lived. "He was against the booksellers," he said. "They were a set of impudent, monopolising men; that they had combined together and raised a fund of £3,000 in order to file bills in Chancery against any person who should endeavour to get a livelihood as well as themselves" (the question naturally arises, Did the future Chancellor really give their object quite so wide a range?)—"that although they had purchased copies from Homer down to Hawkesworth's '*Voyages*,' which he said was very low indeed; that Hawkesworth's book, which was a mere composition of trash, sold for three guineas by their monopolising." That is about half the speech as reported, but it is enough for the purpose. Whence did Thurlow draw his information about the Greek booksellers' treatment of Homer? In the short account of the debate

no further allusion to Hawkesworth is made, but his friends may be pleased to know that Mr. Edmund Burke was "exceedingly smart on the Attorney-General."

On April 8, 1773, at the usual annual election John Hawkesworth, Esq., was elected a director of the Honourable East India Company. Now the qualification for a director at that period was the possession of £2,000 of stock. It is evident that Hawkesworth had been paid part at least of the £6,000 before the publication of his book, probably on the delivery of the manuscript, and had invested in East India stock. Enrolled as a stockholder, he attended meetings of the Court of Proprietors and spoke several times. His speeches were admired, and the result was that on his literary reputation alone, and without any special knowledge of India, he was elected a director. He was made a sort of literary lion and invited to many dinner parties. During the year he sat for his portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, however, did not admire him greatly.

Great was Hawkesworth's surprise at the reception of his book, and he took it keenly to heart. Pleased at his performance, he seems to have expected a triumphant recognition of its worth. The early part of May was his highest point, when he was happy about the forthcoming book. Within a very few weeks the disappointment began. Six months later he was dead. "No one ever died of a broken heart" is sometimes said. The contrary maxim is, "Worry kills more than disease." Worry and annoyance, following upon a state of strained expectation of different treatment, gave poor Hawkesworth at first low spirits, then low fever. Malone, apparently on the authority of Dr. Fordyce, says "he is supposed to have put an end to his life by intentionally taking an immoderate dose of opium." Suicide seems unlike what might be expected of a moralist. But

This frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge. Hope with me.

Had I been on the coroner's jury, and had the excessive dose been proved, I would have voted for a verdict of temporary insanity.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill says, "He should have left suicide to his publishers, who were great losers by him,"¹ and refers to a passage in a letter written to Hume by Strahan, one of the publishers:—"What to me is the greatest of all paradoxes, viz. 'That *little* will ever be made by any work for which *much* is not given.' I wish I could not produce so capital an exception to this rule as

¹ *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 275.

Hawkesworth's 'Voyages,' event of which purchase, if it does not cure authors of their delirium, I am sure will have the proper effect upon booksellers."¹ After this the reader will be relieved to hear that both Strahan and Cadell left large fortunes behind them.

On November 16, 1773, Dr. Hawkesworth died at the age of 58. He died intestate. At Bromley, where Hawkesworth was buried, a monument was erected to his memory in the church. It states "that he lived ornamental and useful to Society in an eminent degree was among the boasted felicities of the present age. That he laboured for the benefit of Society let his own pathetic admonition record and realise." Then follow the concluding words of the last number of the "Adventurer," a passage greatly admired :—

The hour is hastening in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired will be remembered with equal indifference. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read as something that relates only to another ; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written.

It is natural that when Hawkesworth died his friends should begin to think that perhaps they had not treated him kindly. Mrs. Thrale probably represents the sentiments that she heard expressed round her husband's hospitable table :—"Hawkesworth, the pious, the virtuous, and the wise, for want of that fortitude which casts a shield before the merits of his friend, fell a lamented sacrifice to wanton malice and cruelty." David Garrick, who had recently written so sternly to him in the third person, thought apparently that a memoir should be published. There is a letter from Johnson to Mrs. Desmoulins, dated less than a year after Hawkesworth's death. The first sentence evidently means "with his usual kindness."

Lichfield, August 5, 1775.

MADAM,—Mr. Garrick has done as he is used to do. You may tell him that Dr. Hawkesworth and I never exchanged any letters worth publication. Our notes were commonly to tell when we should be at home, and I believe were seldom kept on either side. If I have anything that will do honour to his memory I shall gladly supply it, but I remember nothing.

I am, Madam,

Your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.²

Garrick's project, however, fell through, and the next thought was to publish a collected edition of the Doctor's works. Towards

¹ *Hume Letters to Strahan*, pp. 283, 284.

² *Garrick Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 72.

this Johnson contributed his powerful help. On September 21, 1776, he writes to Ryland, Hawkesworth's brother-in-law, about a play by the deceased that Ryland had left with him:—"I have procured this play to be read by Mrs. Thrale, who declares that no play was ever more nicely pruned from the objection of indelicacy. If it can be got upon the stage, it will, I think, succeed, and may get more money than will be raised by the impression of the other works."

Under date April 12, 1777, Dr. Birkbeck Hill prints a letter from the collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison, of Fonthill House, in which Johnson is again writing to Ryland about this collected edition. He has been through the parcels of Hawkesworth's papers and letters, and returns them to Ryland. He is in favour of four volumes: Plays and poems, two; "Adventurer," one; and miscellaneous, one. For the last Johnson says:—

We have so much more than we want that the difficulty will be to reject. . . . If Mrs. Hawkesworth sells the copy, we are then to consider how many volumes she sells; and if they are fewer than we have matter to fill, we will be the more rigorous in our choice. I am for letting none stand that are only relatively good, as they were written in youth. The buyer has no better bargain when he pays for mean performances by being told that the author wrote them young. If the lady gets an hundred pounds a volume I should advise her to take it. She may ask more. I am not willing to take less. If she prints them by subscription the volumes should be four; if at her own expense, I still do not see, considering the great quantity of our matter, how they can be fewer. But in this I should not be obstinate. . . . Who was his amanuensis? That small hand strikes a reader with terror. It is pale as well as small.

Johnson adds:—The "dates [of Hawkesworth's poems] I should like to preserve: they show the progress of [word torn off] mind, and of a very powerful mind."

In spite, however, of Dr. Johnson's advice and assistance the publication seems never to have been made. It was not possible to find publishers, for they all must have thought that the hostility to the "Voyages" would interfere with the success of the "Collected Works." One wonders what became of the parcels of MS. and print arranged by Johnson. His remarks about the amanuensis have been interpreted to apply to Hawkesworth's own handwriting, but Johnson must have known that well, and would not have asked whose it was. Hawkesworth's opinion of Johnson's writing is contained in the letter to Fulk Greville given earlier. Indeed, Hawkesworth's handwriting I also know from an autograph collection, and can testify that it is full of character, and especially good if we recollect how much he wrote.

This particular autograph I should like to quote as a specimen of Hawkesworth's poetry. No one has collected his poems. He

does not figure amongst our minor poets; quotations from him are not given amongst "Elegant Extracts." It is not great poetry, nor in the least of a kind that our age appreciates; but it has dignity and a grave rhythm. Composed about a month before the author's death, these verses have once been printed (in "Chalmers' Life"), but with variations :—

A MORNING HYMN.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid
I safely pass'd the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning's light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be,
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,
And springs, my guardian God ! to Thee.

O ! guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread,
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze
When dangers press around my head !

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress,
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes,
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

To those who know anything of the reputation of Jeremy Bentham, he would appear about the last person to whom one might look for gossip. In Coleridge's fine phrase, one of the "seminal minds" of his generation, he wrote in so vile a style that Sydney Smith had to interpret him, and that his ideas made the tour of Europe in a French dress ere his countrymen would read what he had written in English. His life was written by an attached disciple, Sir John Bowring, who Boswell-like seems to have enjoyed many a gossip with him in his old age, and later to have used the notes of the same in writing the biography. Here is an extract :—

I liked to go to Sir John Hawkins' : he used to talk to me of his quarrels, and he was always quarrelling. He had a fierce dispute with Dr. Hawkesworth, who wrote the "Adventurer" and managed the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, which he called his dragon. He had a woman in his house with red hair ; and this circumstance, of which Hawkins availed himself, gave him much advantage in the controversy.

It is not hypocritical to say that this passage presents difficulties worthy of the acumen of a great commentator on the classics. The pronouns are far from clear. Apparently because Dr. Hawkesworth's housemaid had red hair, Sir John Hawkins gained a great advantage in controversy. The reasoning is hardly convincing. If managing means editing, Hawkesworth himself denied that he managed the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Can Bentham mean that he was the business manager? But why should he call the GENTLEMAN'S a dragon? May the suggestion be hazarded that the words have been misplaced, and that the woman with the red hair was the "dragon"? Though Bentham liked to visit Sir John's house and hear about his quarrels, he did not admire him. He calls him "a good-for-nothing fellow, haughty and ignorant, a man of sapient look—but all is not gold that glitters."

Posterity, it may be said, has in a sense vindicated Hawkesworth against his pursuers. His account of Cook's first and most important voyage has remained for four generations the standard account, from which later writers have borrowed. Sometimes they have grumbled at or attacked their authority, but none the less they have borrowed. The many small books on the subject are based on Hawkesworth. His book was translated into French, German, and other languages. In these languages also the smaller accounts are based on Hawkesworth. Dr. Kippis, who wrote the first life of Cook, took the account of the voyage that gave to Great Britain Australia and New Zealand from the original authorised account. Sir Walter Besant, who wrote the last, it is true, does not borrow, but then he omits any account of that voyage altogether on the mistaken ground that it is known to everybody. Though Cook is one of the greatest of Englishmen, his life has never been adequately treated, nor has much independent research been devoted to it. For more than a century no attempt was made to give to the world the documents written by the men who actually took part in the voyage, the authorities on which Hawkesworth's story was built. With the publication of these by Admiral Wharton and Sir Joseph Hooker, and with the printing of the first volume of "The Records of New South Wales," a new era for the history of the famous voyage may be said to have begun.

EDWARD E. MORRIS.

ARCTIC CO-OPERATION.

THE village of Dorogaia Gora lies within the Arctic circle, 200 miles north of Archangel; there, in the three-roomed, barn-like house of Feodor Petrovitch Moulueff, I made my home. The family is typical of the patriarchal northern household, for our fireside circle consisted of an old man and wife, who seemed permanently shelved on the "palati" or bed on top of the big brick oven, from which elevation the high pitched voice of the woman descended in a constant stream of, unfollowed, advice to the rest of the world, calling to mind the native proverb, "In autumn expect rain, in old age garrulity." The nearly blind old man—addressed by all as "Starik"—seemed more than half in the grave, reminding me of the peasant so well described by Count Tolstoi in his short tale "Three Deaths." He seldom opened his mouth—recognising, perhaps, that his wife seldom kept hers closed—save that as host he gave to his guest that most courteous welcome which the mujik, despite his hairy and illkempt exterior, has always ready for those who share his "bread and salt." Next to him came Feodor, a man of forty-one, Marfousha, his buxom wife, and their nine children. Lastly, the wives of his brothers, of whom Vanka and Andrei had been drowned while seal hunting at Koida the year previously, leaving families of three and four respectively; while the wife of the youngest, Dmitri, had a baby in her arms and another in the swinging cradle. Her husband was away all the winter with a train of freight sledges, so that we were usually one short of our full complement, and the space was shared between twenty-six living beings of assorted sexes and all ages, from one to nearly one hundred. These, with the exception of the younger children, slept on the floor in the proportion of three persons to one mattress. This is not an exceptional case of overcrowding, but may be taken as a fairly typical northern village home; indeed, it was by far the best house in the Arctic City of Dorogaia Gora.

Now the head of this establishment was not Feodor, who by his skill and labour kept his father and mother, as well as the wives of his lost brothers; no, the old man on the oven top was the real

ruler. Teodor bought and sold in the market, and directed the fishermen where and when to cast their nets ; but the old man's advice was asked and taken in all things, for, says the old Russ proverb, "Where white hairs grow, there is also wisdom." He was banker, he paid the taxes, all contracts were in his name, his quavering voice was even heard to threaten blows upon the younger generations ; and this, although the son was that year "selski starosta," or village elder.

In the central part of Tzarland these large households, under a patriarch, are fast dying out, the young couples build new isbas—wooden houses—for themselves ; but in the north the bride and groom who started housekeeping for themselves, away from the paternal roof, would indeed be pioneers. Just as the family organisation, so is the village, and so is that of the Russian labourer ; nothing and no one acts as an individual, everything is done on that principle of co-operation and co-participation, which underlies Mujik nature so deeply. Village concentration characterises the whole of Russia and Siberia ; all the peasants live together in small townships rather than scattered over the countryside, as here in England. This fact was noted by Giles Fletcher, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, and is still the first impression of the foreigner, as he watches from his railway carriage window ; and on the long posting stages, which separate the hamlets of the north, one seldom comes across a sign of human life, and the sense of desolation is only broken by occasional meetings with a fellow traveller. Indeed, when, in the winter of '97, I travelled from the Kanin peninsula to the town of Archangel, I passed but three human beings outside the village confines, and of these two were postmen. This centralisation is very advantageous in the northern forest ; for one watchman can keep away the wolves, if one family be snowed up, its neighbours can dig it out, and when a team of six is required for the snow-plough, six houses can furnish an equine unit, where a single horse would be useless. Leaving family organisation, let us consider that of the village, of which each family forms a part. The peasantry of the three northern governments of Archangel, Olnets, and Vologda, were—with under four hundred exceptions—never serfs ; therefore the Emancipation Act of 1861 caused even less change of conditions in them than in other parts.

In the southern and central governments only the land formerly worked by the serfs themselves was made over to them, the rest remained the property of the proprietor. The free peasant now pays to the Crown, for the original amount of land and the same house,

what the slave formerly paid to his master ; so that—as he is never tired of saying—his condition has changed in little but in name. Arctic Russia is an ideal land for the social reformer ; no one owns estates, the land is either Tundra, the free wandering ground of the Samoyede and his reindeer, forest, or communal holding ; indeed, in the whole Empire, under 2 per cent. of the population hold land on the strength of any personal title.

The land—the basis of a taxation by no means light—is made over by the Government for division among the peasants, to over one hundred thousand self-governing communes. This “Mir,” as the commune is called, shows us that the political organisation of the autocratic Empire has, as its base, self-government, and is securely founded upon most democratic principles. All men are, *ipso facto*, members of their village Mir, and have equal right of speech and vote in its assemblies. The chief duties which devolve upon the Mir are the distribution of land between the peasants who compose it ; and the collection and handing over to the State of the taxes assessed upon it. The male soul alone, or “Dusha,” is included in the revision of land for purposes of distribution ; in theory, the territory is divided equally among all the males, whose names are entered on the Revision List. The arable, pasture, and meadow land having been divided into as many strips as there are males, each family receives as many lots as it has males, whether these be grown men or baby boys, provided always that their names be registered on the revision list. The unit of distribution, of both land and responsibility, being the male, or “revision soul,” the appearance in this world of a son is—provided the land be worth more than the taxation—hailed with joy by the family, to whom he brings more land ; while a daughter is not so welcome, as she means one more mouth to fill, body to clothe, and dowry to find, without any corresponding increase of acreage.

Now it will readily be seen that such an arrangement can be viewed from two very opposite points. In one case the land is worth more to the tiller than the tax, with which it is so inseparably connected ; in the other, it is barren, so that, at any rate by Prussian methods, it is impossible to support life thereon ; or, again, the owner may be able to employ his time far more profitably at some other trade. In the one case it is a blessing ; in the other a burden. In the rich “Black Earth” district of the south, the first condition holds good ; let us take an imaginary commune in such circumstances, the area of whose confines is 3,000 acres, and whose population of both sexes is 500, of whom 250 are men. If the

acres be divided by the number of males, each will receive, in strips of meadow, arable, and grazing land, 12 acres. The Imperial (not local) taxes amount to 3,000 roubles, which sum being divided renders each liable to 12 roubles, (25*s.*); each therefore possesses 12 acres and pays 25*s.* as rent. This sounds ideal; every family its own landowner, owning in some cases as much as thirty or forty acres, no need for the workhouse; for in old age the peasant still retains his allotment; but this is only the bright side of the case, in a commune where the land is good and fruitful. What then is the position of those subjects of the Tsar whose lot is cast in less pleasant places, who must yet exist though land be barren, and in no sense worth the rent payable in the form of taxes? Many causes tend to depress subarctic agriculture, and the snow-covered plains of the north are seldom worth their price to the mujik. Vast as is the allotment, in many cases defined more by hill range and river bank than by actual survey, the ground is so poor, so swampy in summer, so snow-covered in winter, that but little can be raised upon it; arctic man lives more by reindeer keeping, tar burning, forestry, shooting, fishing, and snaring, than by agriculture; and all that he asks of the land is a few poods of rye, some gherkins, and hay for his horse. Often the hay is raised and mown in common, and the crop divided, the land not being partitioned at all; for it is of no consideration, save as a basis for taxation. River and ocean offer a far more easy means of livelihood; from the frozen earth little can be gleaned, but water provides seals and fish, and gives opportunities of trade and traffic. In the sunny south, a redistribution of land into allotments occurs about once in three years; but in the north it seldom takes place more than once in fifteen, and then only when rendered necessary by special circumstances; for as a rule, when old Ivan Ivanovich has passed away to the majority who need no communal land, save six narrow feet, there is a young Feodor Feodorovich ready to step into the lot which he has rendered vacant. Some day, however, the general redistribution must come; and this uncertainty of tenure, if not necessarily its shortness, is one of two main points urged against the system by agriculturists, for it prevents the tenant from getting fond of his soil, as does the English farmer. The second point is, that the arable land owned by one family is divided into as many holdings as that family has men; and these strips often lie far from each other, and from the log-house which shelters the owners. These two points tend much against any improvement in the antiquated ways of farming practised by the mujik, and especially against his manuring the land, as even the

fertile "black mould," and how much more the barren soil of Archangel, must require. The peasant not knowing how soon he may have to change his field for some other, naturally tries to get as much out of, and put as little into, it as possible. The time wasted in carting between the plots, and between the house and fields, tells heavily, when the shortness of the arctic summer is taken into account; in many places, however, arrangements are made between the peasants, whereby they exchange plots among themselves, in order to get their strips contiguous. It may be urged, too, against the system that it gives to an energetic man little opportunity of "getting on in the world"; to which it may be replied, that it is not the way of the mujik to expand; he seldom conceives the possibility of becoming other than circumstances have made him, he believes too well in his maxim, "What is, is good."

At the redistribution of the barren land of Dorogaia Gora, many were the excuses heard, that each family should not get its full amount, and so be made responsible for its full taxation. Here the system of division among males alone is in theory, but not in practice, open to a serious drawback; as in the case of my host's family, which, it will be remembered, contained six-and-twenty persons, of whom but five were "revision souls," and of these but two were able-bodied workmen, while our nearest neighbours, the Olkins, besides having fewer women folk, have five men in the prime of life. Now in theory each family should have paid the same amount, some thirty roubles, and have held an equal tract of snow-covered morass, but our Mir was not a dead machine, but a living organisation, born of custom and under no written law, and the land was allotted as the villagers themselves thought wisest. The whole burden was not put on the shoulders of my hosts, the Moulueff family, with its non-available males and infinite brigade of females, but was mostly carried by the Olkins, with their able-bodied members. When time, the great righter of all wrongs, has worked changes in years to come, we shall see then that the three Moulueff boys have grown strong, the five strong Olkins old, the tables turned, the young paying the greater share, that the old may pay the lesser. Thus in a way the system automatically provides old-age pensions: the Moulueffs now pay for but two shares, while the Olkins are responsible for eight; and these figures will gradually transpose themselves as the boys grow up and become able to earn their own keep, and as their neighbours reach old age; yet—whatever the proportion—the total received by the treasury is constant—ten men's taxes. The State looks to the Mir, not to the

individual peasant, for its taxes and its soldiers; men and money must be handed over, or the goods of all, whether they have paid their share or not, are equally liable to distraint. Upon the Mir also fall the burdens of local administration, maintenance of roads, and pay of policemen, clerk, priest and deacon. How the funds are raised is not the business of the paternal government; and such a method of recruiting, taxgathering, and paying salaries has, at least, the merit of economy. It can easily be seen that distraint for unpaid taxes will press, not on the idle—who have little to lose—but on the thrifty and hardworking, who have scraped together saleable articles; the more they have, the more they will lose—horse, gun, nets, boats—all that makes for independence and comfort. Again, if a man is hardworking and successful he may be saddled with two or even more lots, and must pay the resulting taxes; while a drunken neighbour escapes with perhaps but half a share; so often is this the case, that one sees many a well-to-do peasant spending his life trying to appear poor, and so escape being exploited by his Mir. How much these conditions depress individual endeavour, and retard trade, can be conjectured; but, on the other hand, the Mir has the power of expulsion, which implies transportation to the Siberian free allotments—and the fear of this turns many a loafer into a working man.

A peasant may obtain leave of absence from his village that he may get work elsewhere; but this may be revoked, without reason, at any time, by a majority in the communal meeting, and on its withdrawal, the man becomes passportless, and is sent home as a vagabond by the police. In many a needy commune this power is made use of as a threat, and as a means of extortion; and herein is one of the great causes of the apathy of the mujik, and of his disinclination to embark in any enterprise requiring capital. In the northern family seldom more than one man remains at home; the remainder find work at distant timber mills, on railroads or steamers, and send home their taxes, and some share of the housekeeping expenses. Anyone who has perused V. Korolenko's painstaking and accurate work, "In the Year of Hunger," will recall the heartbreaking account of the peasants leaving their hungering families to seek work. Most of the porters, cabmen, carpenters, &c., in the capitals are mujiks of communes hundreds of miles away, to which they will return when strength, or work, in town gives out; for the izba of his childhood is the goal of the peasant's old age.

Sometimes a commune will maintain a school, but too often the illiterate vote outweighs that of those anxious to introduce so wise a

measure, for the educated man has no more powerful voice in the assembly than his unlettered brother. The salaries of an unqualified doctor, "Feldsher," a midwife, and others are generally voted by even a renegade Mir; while some will undertake the sinking of wells, and even the purchase of agricultural implements for the common weal. There is no doubt that the communal system is popular among the mujiks themselves, since settlers on the Free Siberian allotments and convicts adopt it of their own free-will, wherever they may find themselves. Co-operation is a part of Russian peasant nature; the mujik cannot act alone, he must always be in common with his fellows.

Of this fact the "Artel," or peasant co-operative society, is a good example. Workmen in all kinds of employment unite into these societies, live in one common house, share one common table, elect one starosta, or leader, who chooses the work the rest will undertake, and to whom are paid the wages of all. He pays the outgoings for material, rent, and keep, after which he divides the profits. The artel, collectively, is responsible to the employer for the default of each and every member; it cannot, therefore, be wondered at that contractors and other employers of labour prefer to deal with the collective artel rather than with the individual workman. Some artels are based solely on division of labour; as, when a road is laid by a village commune, each man either does his allotted piece or pays some friend to do it for him. Some, again, on division of profit, as that of the wandering carpenters, who roam the country in search of work, in which case a skilled man receives more shares than an unskilled, a man than a boy; while, if any machinery be used beyond the tools which each man carries, its owner will receive extra pay for its use. Some, like that of the snow clearers of the towns, do equal work for equal pay; all allow absolute liberty to the individual to do what he will with his share, once earned.

The hardy women who unload steamers at the port of Archangel work under a forewoman, who contracts with the owners to unload during a certain time and for a certain price. Night and day—or rather all day, for the Arctic summer knows no night—they work, and when the hold is empty may be seen dividing the proceeds of the job, their leader getting two, women one, and girls half a share. On a high wooden tower in the centre of the town, alike in winter blizzard and summer sun, there stands a watchman, ever on the lookout for that terror of all wooden towns—fire; no one fears that he will be absent from his place, for the artel will see to it, that if one of its members cannot turn out to keep his watch, another will.

The green-uniformed porters who stand with drawn, but very rusty, swords at the counters of the bank, within a stone's throw of the Fire Tower, are entrusted with large sums, and have great opportunities of stealing, yet the shareholders have nothing to fear, for if defalcations occurred they would at once be made good by the powerful corporation of the Bank Porters. This artel being responsible, will naturally be careful whom it admits to its ranks, and one member will watch the other, for mutual responsibility creates and maintains mutual supervision, with the result that theft by bank porters is almost unheard of.

To its members, such associations guarantee higher and more certain wages, cheaper keep, for all board together, and more assured employment, and some proportionate reward for energy, skill, and labour. To the employer—through direct interest—better and more regular workmen, fixed wages for a definite undertaking, and saving in expenses through dealing with one leader instead of with each man. A Russian artel will, for the sake of its members, accept only a good and steady man; the loafer finds no place in its ranks.

How universal, and how ingrained in peasant character, is this formation of unions, may be judged from the fact, that when a few prisoners find themselves cast together, they straightway form an artel, and elect a head; and in the old days of marching to Siberia, so great was the faith placed in these associations by convoy officers, that on the starosta promising that no attempt to escape should be made, they have been known to allow the men to take off their leg irons; for if a man did bolt, the artel managed to find some old runaway to take his place, and so save the officer from blame.

Fishermen catching the arctic white salmon form a somewhat different kind of artel to men employed by a master. The water to be fished being common to all, the men are divided into groups of, say, fifteen in number, and over each of these a leader is elected. Some groups own their own nets and boats, but, if they have none of their own, they hire them from more wealthy owners, who work with the rest and take extra shares for the use of their property. The elected elders sell the catch, and its price, less expenses of carriage and sale, is divided into as many portions as there are groups. A group of fifteen men, fishing with the tackle of one of their number, would divide their share of the sale money into twenty parts; of these, the owner would receive four in payment of the hire, and one for his own share of the work, while the remaining fifteen shares would be divided among the rest, the elder getting two. To every trade in the same way is this principle applied, "Each for the other," being

the accepted maxim of every business. Even in this land of freedom of press and of speech, is there not something in the way of Socialism which we might learn from the frozen north of autocratic Russia ?

We have seen how strong are the ties which bind the peasant to, and how great his devotion for, his native place ; he may travel and obtain work elsewhere, but returns to the home of his youth in by far the larger number of cases. There is much outward similarity in the style of Archangel villages ; one long street, a main post-road, two, twelve, or twenty black wooden houses on each side, and a white wooden church with green cupolas at one end. Such is the picture, with margin of white snow, in a dark-green frame of primæval forest. In outward appearance one hamlet of Northern Russia can hardly be distinguished from another, save by size and the number of houses ; yet, strong as is the outward resemblance, they vary much in character ; for, not only do the individual lives which they contain differ, but the essential tone of the community : in one all are hard-working " Old Believers," steady and grave ; while in the next the inhabitants live, all too literally, from hand to mouth—mostly handing " vodka " to the mouth.

The " isba," or peasant's house, like his village, varies more in size than in kind : rich or poor, the mujik lives in much the same kind of house, and a description of any one abode will stand sponsor for all, if some allowance be made for size. Unlike our people, the Russian peasant who has made money never spends it on show in any form ; he either keeps it or spends it on drink ; on no account will he lay it out on a fine house, but is always content to be born and die in the same habitation. Antony Jenkinson, writing in 1553, tells us :—" They (the houses) be all built of wholl trees layd on the top of the other very strong, withe fayr roomes packed between the hollows withe moss . . . content to lay their bodies on the ground." To this Giles Fletcher adds, in 1557, the opinion that—" This building seemeth farre better for their country than that of stone and bricks ; as being cooler and more dampish than their wooden houses, specially of firre, that is a very dry and warm wood, whereof the providence of God hath given them such store, as that you may build a fair house for twenty or thirty rubbles or little more, where wood is most scant. The greatest inconvenience of their wooden dwelling is the aptness for firing, which happeneth very oft and in very fearfull sort, by reason of the drynesse of the firre, that once being fired burneth like a torch, and is hardly quenched till all be burnt up."

Still, invariably built of wood (the mujik boasts of five elements—earth, air, fire, water, and wood), black with both age and tar, they stand each side of the road, presenting to it their gabled ends rather than their fronts, the front door thus opening into a yard, which is enclosed by gates and is of large size. The smaller houses consist of two rooms, or rather of one room divided by a huge stove into two, while the larger dwellings often have two stories, if a semi-underground room can be termed a storey. In these the front door opens direct into the room on the higher of the two floors, to which an inclined plane leads up from the yard. This upper floor corresponds in description and use, although not in position, to the ground floor of our English houses. The houses are always built by their owners from the trunks of forest trees, outside aid in the form of carpenters or builders being seldom called in, save in towns. Laid one upon the other these tree trunks form the walls, side by side the floor. The method of constructing the walls is clever and simple in the extreme. A tall straight pine is felled, lopped of its branches, stripped of bark, cut to a length corresponding to that of the proposed wall and dragged to the site of the building. A shallow, crescent-shaped groove is cut with the axe along the whole length of one side, and into this the top of the log which lies below will fit; log is laid upon log, one over the other, until a sufficient height has been reached. A transverse section presents the appearance shown in fig. 1. The corners are formed by cutting transverse grooves in



FIG. 1.

the upper and lower surfaces of the shorter walls, into which the logs forming the longer walls fit. The walls are thus fixed at right angles to each other, while a foot or so of each projects beyond the corners. This corner formation is seen in fig. 2.

The spaces which must necessarily intervene between the logs are stuffed with a mixture of reindeer moss and clay, which when dry is hard and damp-proof. So well is this work done, that a leaking wall, or even signs of damp, are seldom seen; this may, however, be due less to the imperviousness of the walls than to the heat of the stove within. The floor is also constructed of two rows of logs, sawn in half, and laid side by side as shown in fig. 3, which depicts a cross section, and which, like the previous figures, is on a scale of 1 inch to 1 foot. When the inter-spaces are filled with clay, a very damp-resisting and fairly even

floor is formed. More generally, however, the floor consists of boards laid on cross beams, while in many a poor man's cottage it merely consists of well-stamped clay. The roof is also of

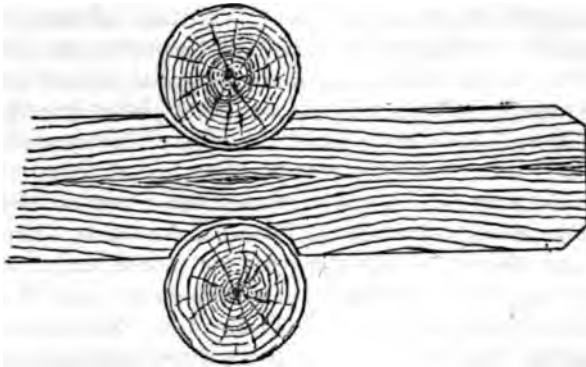


FIG. 2.

wood, with very low-hanging eaves, so that falling snow is thrown well clear of the house; its planks are covered with straw, pegged down with forked twigs and cords. The gables have a fringe of ornamentation, made by carving a lace-like design on a plank, and painting it in crude colours. The carvings have the



FIG. 3.

appearance of fretwork on a large scale; when this is done nicely it shows up well against the black wall, and as it faces the road, is well seen by passers-by. From this gable often hangs some sign of the occupation of the owner, and some of the curious signs seem at first to have but little connection with the trades they indicate. Thus a small bush, hanging root upwards from the gable, or over the door, denotes that the house is a "kabak" or tavern, from which it is evident that in Russia either good wine needs a bush, or else that the wine is not good enough to dispense with that article. A horse, painted in black on a white ground, is an intimation that a jobmaster lives there, who will hire horses to the passing traveller at the same,

or lower rate, than the official postmaster. An axe, a ladder, or a bucket denote that the householder must turn out, armed with one or other, in the event of fire within the boundaries of the commune. A twisted roll of bread, called "sukarr," denotes the baker; but he is only seen in places more worthy of the name of town than of village, for in the latter every good wife bakes her own sour rye bread. The largest Russian towns have these signs, and one may see huge pictorial imitations of hats, overcoats, pianos, loaves, boots, or sides of beef, covering most of the walls of the man who sells them.

When the street door opens we are admitted direct into the living room, where, having bowed to the Eikons in the corner, we may look around us. The walls, some thirty to forty feet in length, and ten in height, are boarded up inside so as to present a smooth surface, while round them runs a wooden bench. Long before even these facts have had time to dawn upon us, we shall have been struck by the condition of the air which we are called upon to breathe. Kept night and day at a temperature of some 90 degrees by a stove whose fire dieth not, no fresh air being admitted except when the door opens for an instant to afford entrance or exit, the atmosphere is indeed depressing. An Englishman, in such a climate as Russia's, goes clothed in wool; but the native only wears cotton or linen, which renders him indifferent to the temperature of the burning fiery furnace in which he makes his home. The "paitch," or stove, which maintains this temperature, is a brick building which, occupying a large proportion of the cubic space of the room, is some seven feet in height and width, and projects from the wall about twelve feet. The village stove is not at all the same as those seen in hotels and houses in cities, which are made of iron or glazed bricks, of columnar shape like the American coke stoves, only larger, so as to burn wood. The inside of the village paitch is a vaulted cavity three feet high, which communicates by a brick chimney with the outer world. It burns up a great number of logs, which are continually added by one of the elder women, who seems to spend most of her life either baking in or supplying fuel to the monster. Besides warming the room, the stove has three uses: it represents the baking oven, the bath, and the hot resting-place of the old folks. As an oven for baking it is fairly successful—a dough of rye flour is mixed in a wooden pail, a portion being plastered round a pole, or placed on a wooden shovel; the handle, six feet long, being held over the fire till the bread is baked, or more accurately toasted. In very bad times the poor eke out their corn by mixing it with finely-

chopped straw or bark. "The Permians," says Giles Fletcher in his "History of Russia," "and some other that dwell fare north and in desert places are served (with corn) from the parts that lie more southward, and are forced to make bread a kind of root (called 'vazheny') and of the middle rind of the firre tree, if there be any dearth." As a bath the paitch is not so successful; the fire is raked back and vessels of water placed therein; the bather then gets bodily in at the door and steams himself, while his family procure and hand him more buckets of water. When he considers himself fairly clean he gets out and dries himself by the primitive process of evaporation. Of this use of the stove Fletcher remarks, "It is a country full of diseases, divers and evil, and the best remedie for any of them, as they themselves hold opinion, is to go often unto the hothouses, as in a manner every man hath one of his own, which he heateth commonly twice every weeke, and the household sweat and wash themselves therein."

Of the use made of the top of the paitch as a resting-place for the old mention has been made before. When we have to some extent got used to this atmosphere, for one does grow used to it, and that quicker than would be at first believed, we can continue our look around. The Eikons, which stand in the corner opposite the door, will attract our attention first; a few words have been said about them in another place. A table of white wood, well scoured with sand and water, stands under these Holy Pictures, to which the faithful always bow and cross themselves before they sit down to eat.

On a level with the top of the stove, a wide shelf extends over half the room, at a height of six feet from the ground and two from the ceiling; at first sight the room looks as if the ceiling had been built at two different levels; but this is not so; it is the "Palati," or children's beds, into which, when tired of the great world below, the youngsters climb and rest their limbs, huddled up in a great heap of rags, in a position where they get the least oxygenated portion of the air that the overcrowded room can offer. There are few beds in northern Russia; not even the richest peasant ever "turns in" in our sense of the words: they lie, the children on the palati, the old on the paitch, the middle-aged on the floor, all in their workaday clothes, just as they are when tiredness overtakes them, their outdoor sheepskin coat forming a pillow for their heads. The only undressing they perform is to kick off their "valinki," or felt boots, which, stuffed with hay, they have worn during the working hours. The very poor go barefooted in the house, and only pull on these long boots when

going to the door. Rich and poor are alike in not wearing any kind of stocking. The children seldom wear boots, and will run in and out on the snow with bare feet, only using boots when out for any length of time.

A washing-basin and jug, made of rough brown delf, if brass cannot be afforded, is to be seen hanging by a cord in the corner; the basin—if a dish seven inches in diameter and four in depth, holding, when full to the brim, less than two pints, can be called by that name—hanging underneath, so that when a visitor wishes to wash, or attempt to wash, the lady of the house tilts the jug, so that a few drops may trickle on to the outstretched hands and into the basin, or more accurately saucer. As soap is seldom seen except in the public baths, the washer finishes his ablutions by rubbing the hands together, and wiping them. The face gets washed second-hand, being damped with such water as can be lifted up with the hands, for the Western innovation of dipping face or hands into water has not yet made much way in the Empire of the Tsar. Nevertheless, in the writer's opinion, the mujik is not so dirty in his person as is our own working man, for in English hospitals and workhouses the compulsory bath on admission is still found to repel many would-be candidates, and the porters and nurses have their hands full, daily, in trying to force applicants to ablate themselves with soap and water—many, indeed, turn and flee when brought face to face with this ordeal by water. This could not occur in Russia, for the Church compels the people to wash themselves before attending service. The bath-house is quite a feature in the village; it stands by itself, and is a small log building, undistinguishable from a dwelling-house, except by the clouds of steam issuing from its door. A great stove roaring in its midst divides it into two compartments, which constitute the whole establishment; of these two rooms, the smaller and outer forms an ante-chamber, where the aspirant to that virtue which we are taught stands next to godliness strips himself. On entering the second room, he is at once fallen upon by the washers, aged but stalwart women, who assail him with hot, nay, almost boiling water and brushes: these ladies show no mercy to their victim, no pity reaches their hardened hearts, they rub and scrub the dirty one, who lies prostrate before them on the floor. The trial, however, does not last long; soon no vestige of dirt remains, and when the last trace is removed, what little is left of the victim returns to the anteroom, scoured, scrubbed, and sterilised. From the bath, the peasant walks home over the snow in his linen shirt and trousers, his feet bare, or stuck into bast slippers, and yet he lives to repeat the process next

week. This endurance of heat and cold in their most extreme degrees is very typical of the northern mujik ; the yamshtchik who is lying on the top of the post-house stove, huddled up in his sheepskins, will start at once, just as he is, on a long journey against an arctic wind, with the thermometer registering 30 degrees below zero. The peasant, who is catching fish through one hole in the ice, while his wife is washing clothes through another, will both return home, and at once climb on to the stove top to thaw themselves. "The Russe," says Fletcher, "because that he is used to both these extremes of heat and cold, can bear them both a great deal more patiently than strangers can do. You shall see them sometimes, to season their bodies, come out of their bath stoves all on a froth, and fuming as hot almost as a pig at a spit, and presently to leap into the river naked, or to poure cold water over their bodies, and that in the coldest of all winter time." Surely if cleanliness stood less high on the list of virtues than she does, she would have to be raised to her present exalted position, in Russia at any rate, if only by reason of the courage required, and the physical pain endured, in her pursuit.

The windows of the isba are made double, with a space of a foot or more between the panes, in which flowers may be reared in winter just as in a glasshouse, and thus a touch of brightness can be added to an otherwise unornamented room ; or if the good wife be not fond of flowers, she can fill up the space with reindeer moss. Below the inner window lies a trough, to catch the moisture which condenses on the glass in such quantities that it must be emptied three or four times a day. On the walls hang guns, axes, and knives ; while on the floor clay and wood are often seen undergoing a process of drying.

A door, or doorway, connects this main room with a smaller sanctum, which is much more private, and, like the sitting-rooms of our working people, kept mostly for Sundays and holidays. In the Scotch peasants' houses there is just such an inner room reserved for the laird, the minister, and other favoured guests ; so also with the better class of Russian peasant ; although there is no laird, and anything is good enough for the "pope," yet this room is reserved for those whom the owner delights to honour. The trader, who comes to see him once or twice a year, the passing traveller, who is glad to accept hospitality when staying longer than he cares to remain at the post station, are shown into this inner chamber. There are no hotels north of Archangel ; by this statement it is not intended to deceive the reader, by hinting that there are any in that town. Murray's "Guide to Russia" speaks thus on the subject :—"Archangel hotels :

None properly so-called; travellers should be provided with insect powder and with gauze veils to keep off mosquitoes and other troublesome flies." Information which is unlikely to attract any very large amount of custom. The tavern in Archangel to which the name of hotel most applies is situated about a mile from the new station, on the road to the town; it is a large building, where the *isvoshtchiki* (cab drivers) sleep, drink, and play cards at all hours. Although not a naturalist, the writer does not hesitate to assert positively that it contains animals which, even for the sake of euphony, cannot be called flies; their English name is not unlike it, but their presence is more noticeable; they are more active in their movements, more persistent in their attentions. No one with a skin less thick than a rhinoceros could abide therein and live. To the north of Archangel there are not even such hostelries, for the village *kabak* makes no pretence of giving permanent shelter, save to those who are too deep in drink to leave its hospitable roof, so that choice rests between the "*Stantsiya*," or Government post-house, and the hospitable "*isba*," or farmhouse, of the friendly peasant.

The inner room of the latter possesses a table and chairs, in the place of the hard bench of the living room, a horn of ink, pen, a few books, and the counting board—an ancient device, much like our Kindergarten toy, with ten balls strung on a wire—on which all Russian calculations are made, show it to be the seat of business.

Attached to the house, and often a part of it, are the outhouses and stables, for nearly all northern peasants keep one or more horses, cows, and sheep. These outbuildings would give an idea of far larger farming operations than are really carried on, for many things which are left out in the open with us, must be kept under a roof in Russia. Many houses have a kind of covered courtyard, through which one must pass to reach the dwelling rooms; its use is more to preserve a space free from snow than to act as a barn in our sense of the word. Here the inhabitants can chop firewood, build sledges, dry nets, and all the thousand "odd jobs" that go to make up the northern *mujik's* life. Cows, fowls, and sheep must also be kept under cover during the whole winter, as must fishing nets, harness, flax, corn; all of which tend to make the number and size of the outlying sheds large, and to lend an appearance of prosperity which must be largely discounted on further knowledge.

Long before we shall have looked around and noted these facts, the "*baba*," or peasant's wife, will have pressed us to be seated at her table, for northerners, as indeed all Russians, are the most hospitable folk; no one is ever turned away from the door, all are

welcome to partake of bread and salt. Though the hosts may have but little for themselves, they are always quick to share it, and slow to take reward for so doing. The food of the inhabitants of the northern shores of Europe is not so varied or so appetising as that of the south, so that to the epicure who proposes a holiday at the sea-side, the writer would recommend the chefs of the sunny south rather than the housewives of the snowy north. The commissariat varies greatly in different villages; to one nature has given abundantly fish, to another deer or grouse, so that these will constitute the *pièces de résistance*, if not the whole bill of fare. The northern peasantry eat more meat than do those of central Russia, and indeed the severe climate necessitates it; nevertheless they fast, like the rest of the inhabitants of the Empire, and for months touch neither eggs, milk, nor butter, and not only support life thereon, but maintain happiness, which is more than any Englishman would be likely to do. In war, this fact of the mujiks being able, accustomed, and willing to exist on so little, must prove of immense value to their country, relieving the commissariat department of much work, and the exchequer of much expense. An Archangel fisherman when he goes to the distant fisheries takes with him supplies which, to the western mind, spell starvation; but with them he is not only content, but thankful, and on them maintains a cheerfulness which one cannot but envy; he will ask for little else but weak tea, stale bread, and vodka. In many houses a good porridge is made, and when taken with melted butter is very eatable: pancakes are very popular during "Maszliniza" or butter week, the seven days preceding Lent, which are kept as a public holiday, the peasants eat little else.

This combination of pancakes and vodka in butter week calls to mind the quaint description in "The First Voyage made by Master Anthonie Jenkinson, towards the Land of Russia, begun in the Yeare 1557." "The Russes," he says, "begin their Lent always eight weeks before Easter: the first week they eat eggs, milke, cheese, and butter, and make great cheare of pancakes and such other things, one friend visiting another, frome the same Sunday untill our Shrove Sunday. There are but few Russes sober, but they be all drunk day by day, and it is accounted for no reproach or shame among them."

One of the national delicacies of the north is "tresca," an appalling dish consisting of codfish caught the previous summer, and eaten in an advanced stage of decomposition; its odour alone is beyond words, its taste the writer fortunately does not know. It is difficult to stay long in the room with it, and yet it is prefer

to fresh meat or fish, both of which are cheap and easily obtainable in most villages, and obviate the trouble of drying and rotting, which dried tresca implies. "The poor," says Chancelour, "are very innumerable, and live most miserably, for I have seen them eat the pickle of herring and other very stinking fish; nor the fish cannot be so rotten but they will eat it and extoll it to be more wholesome than other fish or fresh meates. In mine opinion there is no such people under the sunne for their hardnesse of liveing."

No one who has visited the fish market of Archangel on a hot summer day will doubt Master Chancelour's veracity in any way. The northern poor live largely upon this tresca, think nothing so good, and yet are a fairly healthy race. In 1868 I travelled with my Mezenian servant, Feodor, on one of the first trains over the new line from Archangel to Vologda; the carriage was heated to excess by hot-water pipes, and very soon after starting an overpowering smell was noticeable. After much thought, the cause was discovered; Feodor had brought, stored in his clothes, some considerable quantity of his beloved tresca, which, from its aroma, appeared to be a sample of the best of its kind. Alas! poor Feodor, almost in tears, had to part with it—through the carriage window.

Food is cheap, provided one confines oneself to that produced in the country, for the Customs tariff prevents any imports being sold, except at fancy prices. Thus in the market of Archangel prices run on the average, with, of course, considerable variation at different seasons, and reckoning the kopek at $\frac{1}{4}d.$, the rouble at 2s., thus:—Brown bread, except in the very worst years, under 1d. per pound; beef, 2d. to 3d.; hares, 3d.; hazel grouse and capercailzie, 4d. to 1s.; milk, 6d. per gallon; butter, 3d. to 6d. per pound; vodka, from 8d. a bottle upwards. While, on the other hand, tea is from 5s. to £1 per pound, and a pot of marmalade, which in London would cost 4½d., there fetches 2s. 6d. Reindeer flesh is cheap, if one is content with the lean fore part, but the haunches are mostly sent southward, and fetch higher prices. Steaks of deer flesh, stewed in sour cream, and so rendered less tough than would otherwise be the case with any but quite young animals, are very good. Pork, potatoes and cucumbers are obtainable in the southern, cloud berries and reindeer in the northern parts of the province.

Wives often make their own salt in out of the way places, and a rough dirty-looking product it is, more resembling rock than table salt. In Mezen salt is imported from Norway, and fetches about 1s. 6d. a poud (36 lbs.). Rye, in the form of bread or scones, is the basis of all meals; the bread is very bitter, sour, nearly black,

and for some unknown reason full of sand ; whether this fault is unavoidable or not, I cannot say, but it is seldom absent, and is most disagreeable. The peasants seem to overcome the difficulty in the wrong way, for they swallow the bread almost without chewing, as the sand hurts the teeth, but they never think of getting rid of the sand. Surely this is putting the cart before the horse, to alter the masticatory process of the man rather than the constituents of the bread.

Russians are very fond of soup, and anything eatable takes part in that soup ; there is no recipe for manufacture, anything stewed forms soup. Thus, too, the composition of "Shtshee" varies immensely, barley-meal, butter, cabbage, cucumber, together with whatever meat or bones there may be to spare, are stewed in "kvass" ; but if there be no butter, meat, or cabbage, they are left out, or anything else put in their place ; so, too, when meat is scarce, fish, as indeed it must always be in Lent. Kvass, in which these various commodities are boiled, is the drink of all the peasants with their meals, for they seldom take vodka while eating ; it consists of barley-meal, honey, and salt boiled together by placing them in the oven for the night : next morning the liquor is drawn off, and after fomenting for a few days, forms a thin sweet kind of beer, which Tradescant describes as "wonderful base and of an ill taste—nothing else but water turned out of his wits, with a little branne melted with it."

ERNEST W. LOWRY.

THE FALSE DAUPHINS OF THE TEMPLE.

THE life-story of the "Dauphin of the Temple," though often related, will bear yet another repetition, and will serve as an introduction to an account of the various attempts that have been made to impersonate the unhappy Bourbon prince.

Louis Charles, the second son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born in the year 1785. When he was four years old his elder brother, the Dauphin, died, and little Louis succeeded to his honours and to the prospects of as bright and happy a future as any mortal, whatever his station in life, can expect. His years of happiness were, however, few, for at the age of six he was compelled to accompany his parents and sister in their vain attempt to escape to Montmédy and there to join the Marquis de Bouillé, who was at the head of a large army. They were overtaken at Varennes and brought back to Paris. After a short interval the whole of the Royal Family was confined in the Temple, a former fortress of the Knights Templars. Here the king devoted himself to the education of his children, while the child, older in troubles than in years, attempted to comfort his parents. Before leaving for the scaffold on the 21st January, 1793, Louis XVI. made his little son swear never to attempt to avenge his death.

On the 1st of July the Committee of Public Safety passed a decree, afterwards confirmed by the Convention: "That the son of Capet be separated from his mother and committed to the charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the Council-General of the Commune." Two days later this decree was carried into effect. Late at night six municipal guards entered the apartments of the Queen and tore the child from the arms of his mother. He was conveyed to that part of the tower where his father had been confined, and put into the charge of Simon the shoemaker, the tutor appointed by the Commune.

Under the care of Simon and his wife the little prince soon

became acquainted with the depths of brutality to which a human being can descend. Simon and his wife beat him daily with whatever implement happened to be handy, and not satisfied with this, caused him intense mental agony by their taunts and obscene references to his parents. In fact, Simon had been instructed to get rid of the child, but not too openly, and he had determined to destroy him by slow degrees.

The Convention was however not satisfied. The boy was a source of great expense to them. Simon, who had been paid five hundred francs a month, was discharged, and four members of the Council-General agreed to superintend the prisoners of the Temple. The child was placed in a back room without windows, and his only communication with the outside world was through a low doorway that led into another room. Halfway up this door a shelf was placed, and above this shelf bars took the place of the woodwork. On this shelf little Capet's coarse food was placed, and through the grating shone the lamp that just served to show the bareness of the cell. The room was warmed by a stove-pipe, and occasionally during the cold weather, through the carelessness of the attendant, the fire either went out and the child was left to freeze, or the stove was plied with too much fuel and the cell became a furnace. The nine-year-old boy was ordered to keep his prison clean, but his fast-ebbing strength no longer permitted him to do so, and soon all he could do was to creep into his little bed. Even here he was not allowed to rest. Frequently he would be suddenly aroused by cries of "Capet, Capet, are you asleep? Where are you? Get up, young viper!" and the young child would crawl to the grating and say in his gentle voice: "I am here, Citizens! What do you want with me?" "Only to see you," would be the surly reply. And this might happen two or three times a night. His clothes hung in rags; his bedding remained unchanged for months; loathsome creatures crawled over his person and the scanty furniture of his den.

With the fall of Robespierre the Dauphin's lot improved. The new Dictator, Barras, determined that the child should be better treated. He and his sister were put in the charge of Laurent, a more humane man than Simon. Laurent, however, had no idea of the condition of the child. When he paid his first visit to his charge, he found him in an indescribably loathsome condition. His body was covered with sores and vermin. His face expressed unintelligence, almost imbecility. To every question he had but one answer: "I wish to die."

Laurent removed the boy to a habitable room, had his sores attended to, and clothed and tended him so carefully that his own health broke down. He had to apply for an assistant. Citizen Gomin, the son of an upholsterer, was compelled to leave his shop and become under-jailer. Gomin, a kind-hearted fellow, was horrified when he saw the captive. He would have resigned but for the fear of being considered a suspect. He eagerly seconded Laurent's kind efforts, and by a happy thought introduced some flowers into the prison. At last the child was moved from his stolidity and broke into tears. He did not speak to Gomin for some days, but then his first remark was: "It was you who gave me some flowers: I have not forgotten it."

Laurent was compelled to resign his appointment on account of the urgency of his private affairs, and his place was taken by Lasné. Despite all the efforts of these two men the condition of the little prisoner became gradually worse. He became seriously ill. After some delay a physician was sent, but nothing could avail. The Dauphin passed away in the arms of Lasné on the 8th of June, 1795, in his eleventh year.

The body was shown to some officers of the Guard who had known the Dauphin at the Tuileries. It was fully recognised by them, and twenty of them signed an attestation to that effect. The body was buried in a corner of the Sainte Marguerite Cemetery two days later.

This is the story of the true Dauphin. The careers of some of the pretenders to his honours will now be described.

The first of the impostors to assume the name of Louis XVII., a lad named Jean Marie Hervagault, was born at St. Lo about the same time as the real Dauphin. In 1796 he ran away from home, and trading upon a slight resemblance to members of the Bourbon family, managed to ingratiate himself with certain supporters of the exiled house. He even managed to enter Cherbourg, but was there detected and thrown into prison. While at Cherbourg his father heard of his whereabouts, procured his release, and begged him to return to the paternal roof. But young Hervagault had no liking for tailoring, and preferred to play the gentleman. He ran away again, and was again thrown into prison at Bayeux. Once more his father released him, and once more he returned to St. Lo. A third time Hervagault ran away, and on this occasion his further progress was impeded by the prison gates of Chalons. Finding himself settled there temporarily, at least, he mentioned to some of his fellow-prisoners in confidence that he was the Dauphin of the

Temple. The news reached the warders, and they in turn communicated it to their friends. It was now an open secret, and crowds hastened to see the interesting prisoner and to do him homage. The authorities, however, were not so impressionable, and sentenced him to a month's imprisonment as a rogue and a vagabond. On his release he resumed his wanderings, but at Vere he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling. At the expiration of this period he removed to the house of a Monsieur de Rambercourt at Vetry, still followed by his believers, and here he held a small court. It was here, too, that he related his alleged adventures.

After the fall of Robespierre, he said, he had received better treatment. He was allowed to see his sister every day, and to take his meals with her. His nurse communicated with his friends outside the prison, and it was arranged that his escape should be managed with the assistance of a basket of linen. Another child was substituted for him, and the laundress's cart was driven to Passy, where three individuals received him and paid him homage. After many wanderings he reached the headquarters of the Vendéan Loyalists, with whom he remained in female disguise for two months. While our hero was wandering about France, the child in the Temple, who was none other than the son of Hervagault, a rascally tailor of St. Lo, died.

His story continued that he left the Vendée for England, and was received by King George, who sent him with a letter of introduction to the Pope. The latter acknowledged him and foretold his greatness. Re-embarking, he left for Portugal, where he fell in love with the Princess Benedictine, who reciprocated his affection. The Queen favoured their union, but the Prince had to return to France for the outbreak of the 18th Fructidor. This failing, he attempted a second flight to England, but was caught by bandits who stripped him of everything, and in that condition he reached Chalons.

It was, however, known that after leaving Chalons he had accepted the hospitality of the tailor of St. Lo. This had to be explained away. In order to escape his enemies, he said, he had pretended to be a son of Hervagault, considering that he had some claim on the man who had sold his own son for Royalist gold.

His hearers were convinced, and were prepared to do anything for their lawful king. The ladies were especially ardent in their adoration, and managed to persuade the curé of the village to invite him to dinner, thus giving him the sanction of the Church.

This dinner was, however, not a success, for the curé, a bon-vivant, was not sufficiently respectful to his royal guest, who retired from the table highly incensed.

Fouché, then in the heyday of his power, was little likely to allow this to continue, and once more Hervagault saw the interior of a prison. Here he continued to hold his court, the warders, wishing to be on the safe side, raising no objection. The numbers of his followers increased, and many brought him presents. At the beginning of 1802 he was tried as a common impostor, and after a patient hearing was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. It was thought by some that the Duchess d'Angoulême would use her influence on behalf of her supposed brother, but these were mistaken.

In the meanwhile, Charles Lafond de Savines, ex-bishop of Viviers, had heard of the newly-found Dauphin. This ecclesiastic had been one of the leaders of the Revolution, but had early retired from the movement. It had come to his ears that the Dauphin wished to establish a government on lines similar to those on which the Limited Monarchy in England was founded. He had had doubts as to the identity of the child that had died in the Temple, and was prepared to devote himself to the cause of Hervagault. He offered to share the prisoner's captivity in order to give him instruction befitting his station, and believing that a matrimonial alliance would forward his prospects, he brought under his notice the three daughters of a marquis, a natural son of Louis XV. One of these he was to choose as a wife. The Portuguese Princess stood in the way for a long time, but the pseudo-prince at length agreed to sacrifice his affection to his duty.

While the worthy ex-bishop was thus relieving Cupid of his task, the appeal against Hervagault's conviction was heard. The former sentence was confirmed, and the prisoner was ordered to be placed in seclusion. But even this did not damp the ardour of his advocates. Means were found to bribe the jailers, and the Prince's receptions continued. The authorities, in order to defeat this new move, continually changed the locale of his incarceration, and the ex-bishop spent his time wandering about the country on his search for the captive whom he hoped to release, until he was placed in a madhouse where he soon died.

On his release at the expiry of his sentence, Hervagault managed to get into the good graces of a pastrycook and his wife. These people gave him sufficient money to carry him to Brest. There he joined the crew of a man-of-war, where he distinguished himself by

his bravery. But a sea life was too monotonous for him. He deserted, resumed his old pretences, was re-arrested, and told that this time he would not be released. He well knew that Buonaparte's word would under no circumstances be broken. He abandoned himself to drunkenness, and did not live long under the new conditions. Until the very end he maintained his royal origin, and with almost his last breath said that he hoped to meet his royal progenitors in Heaven.

The next pretender to come under notice was Maturin Bruneau, who first attained prominence by passing himself off as a little "De Vezin"—the Baron de Vezin was a royalist nobleman who had suffered in the Civil War of 1795. In this character he was adopted by the Viscountess de Turpin de Crissé, but in a short time this lady discovered the imposture and turned Bruneau out of doors.

Upon his return home he informed his relatives that he intended travelling about France. In the course of his wanderings he appears to have been forcibly enlisted into the navy. He did not stay long in this service, however, but deserted at an American port. After having spent some years in the United States he returned to France under the name of Charles de Navarre. On reaching his native country he was first mistaken for a soldier who was supposed to have died in Spain. He obtained as much information concerning this soldier's life as possible, and then presented himself to the widowed mother as her son. The poor old lady welcomed him as her long-lost one, and he took advantage of his opportunities to acquire as much of her money as he could, and then departed. His next appearance was before an ex-cook of the royal household, to whom he announced himself as the Dauphin, but by him he was turned out as an impostor. There were others, however, who were more credulous, and some believed his story. The Government, warned by the exploits of Hervagault, arrested him. Under a searching examination his story became a confused tissue of falsehoods, and he was removed to prison under the name of Phillipeaux, the missing soldier of the army of Spain. In prison he amused himself by making shoes for his fellow-prisoners and by relating to them his royal lineage.

His history spread beyond the prison walls. Some among the inhabitants of Rouen believed it, and, like Hervagault before him, he began to hold his court in the place of his captivity. Among the most ardent believers in him were two rich Catholic ladies, Mesdames Dumont and Jacquières, and these kept him well supplied with money and various delicacies.

Bruneau himself was unable to read or write, but he managed to attach two fellow-convicts—Larcher, an ex-priest, and Tourly, a forger—to him as secretaries. Acting under Bruneau's directions, the former wrote to the Duchess d'Angoulême, his alleged sister, asking her to pay him a visit. This letter Mme. Jacquières undertook to have presented to the Princess.

In the meanwhile the secretaries were kept well employed appealing to foreign Powers, issuing proclamations to the people, and even petitioning the Parliament to have Bruneau taken to Paris, where he would have an opportunity of proving his identity. A skilfully-constructed relation, "The Historical Memoirs of Charles de Navarre," was issued in manuscript. A copy came into the possession of an officer named De la Pomelière, who had a shrewd suspicion that the newly-discovered one might in some manner be connected with the "little De Vezin." He managed to obtain an interview with him in the prison, and in the course of conversation the Viscountess de Turpin was mentioned, whereupon Bruneau became visibly embarrassed.

Although De la Pomelière and other well-informed persons had, to say the least, very grave doubts, Bruneau's story obtained unlimited credence among the lower classes, many of whom continued to keep him well supplied with money and all descriptions of luxuries.

During these occurrences Bruneau's letter with a copy of his Memoirs was sent to Madame Royale through Colonel de Foulques, a Norman officer. The Colonel, however, failed to obtain an interview with the Duchess, and was forced to leave Paris somewhat hurriedly. Madame Morin, another emissary, was sent on the same business, but she met with no better success. The hope of inducing the Duchess d'Angoulême to recognise her brother was then abandoned, and other tactics were adopted.

There was at that time some dissatisfaction with the rule of Louis XVIII. Taking advantage of this the partisans of the Pretender issued a proclamation promising to fix the price of bread at three sous per pound when Louis XVII. was restored to his rightful throne. At this the Government was aroused. The incipient rebellion was nipped in the bud. Bruneau's easy-going jailers were dismissed; he was placed in solitary confinement, and it was determined to bring him to trial.

Although it had been proved that he was not the son of the widow Phillipeaux, it was necessary to discover his real identity. M. de la Pomelière, whose suspicions had been already aroused,

communicated with the Viscountess de Turpin. This lady came to Rouen and recognised her former guest. Bruneau's relatives were also brought to Rouen and had no difficulty in recognising him. He did not admit the relationship, but nevertheless inadvertently disclosed an intimate knowledge of their personal history.

At last he, his secretary Tourly, Madame Dumont and others of his chief supporters, were brought to trial as common swindlers. Bruneau knew that the game was up, and no longer concealed anything. His conduct in court was so disgraceful that in addition to a sentence of five years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs for the original offence, he had an additional punishment of two years' imprisonment on account of his unseemly behaviour during the trial. His fellow-prisoners pleaded that they were his dupes and not his accomplices, and most of them were released.

Nothing further is heard of Bruneau, and he is supposed to have died in prison.

Our next Dauphin is Hébert, who styled himself Baron de Richemont. His account of his escape also included the basket of soiled linen, as well as a Trojan horse, and the collusion of Simon and his spouse. In support of his story, he called during his trial a M. Remusat, who stated that Mdme. Simon had confessed to him on her deathbed that the Dauphin was still living.

Hébert was first discovered in Austria, travelling under the name of Louis Charles de Bourbon. His name attracted the attention of an official, who procured his enforced sojourn at Milan.

His alleged adventures are given in full in his remarkable "Memoires," published at Paris in 1831. These tell us of his wonderful escape from the Temple, by means of the basket of linen, the wooden horse, and the substitution of a little scrofulous deaf-mute for himself. He was given into the charge of the Prince de Condé, and after a series of hair-breadth escapes both in Europe and America, he entered the territories of the Empire where he was first met with. He was released from prison in 1825, and then went to Switzerland, but stayed there a very short time.

Early in 1828 he addressed a letter to the French Chamber of Peers, proclaiming his birth and asking, not for the crown, but for a haven of refuge after all his trials. This appears to have received no answer. Although carefully sought after by the police-agents, he remained in concealment until the revolution of 1830, when he issued a protest against the usurpation of Louis Philippe. The police redoubled their investigations, and at last managed to track and arrest him in 1833.

At the trial many witnesses were called, the most important of whom was Lasné, the guardian of the true Dauphin. He gave a clear statement of all the details leading to the death of his charge, and this statement proved on many occasions a stumbling-block to other pretended Dauphins.

There was one amusing incident in the course of the trial. On the second day a printed statement by a rival Dauphin—Naundorff, with whom we shall deal next—was circulated among those present in the court. This document asserted that Richemont was put forward by Republicans, who were aware of the existence of the true Dauphin, but who wanted to prejudice his chances of acknowledgment. Naundorff attempted to be represented at the trial by an advocate, but the president refused him a hearing.

Hébert was found guilty of sedition and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. He managed to escape after two years' incarceration, and fled abroad. On the occasion of the general amnesty in 1848 he returned to France, and called the attention of the National Assembly to his rights.

In 1849 he announced his adhesion to the Republic, and we hear nothing further of him until his death in 1855.

Naundorff related his story as follows:—During the year 1795 his friends determined to rescue him from the Temple. They were unable to remove him from the building, but one night they concealed him in a disused room filled with furniture, placing a wooden dummy in his bed in his stead. His absence was not discovered when the guard was changed, and when at length it did become known, the authorities decided not to announce his escape, but to put a deaf mute in his place. To this child slow poison was administered, and to avoid suspicion a doctor was called in. The doctor, however, was aware of the true nature of the child's illness, and also knew that he was not attending the real Dauphin. This knowledge he incautiously disclosed to a friend, and in consequence both were poisoned. In the meanwhile the real Dauphin remained in concealment in the Temple. After various adventures the child was conveyed out of the fortress, and later out of France, and placed in the charge of a German lady. At the age of twelve he was taken from her by two gentlemen, who took him over the sea. By one of these he was taught watchmaking. In 1804 he was arrested at Strassburg, and remained in prison until he was released on the intervention of the Empress Josephine. In 1809 he was fighting at Stralsund, where he was severely wounded. He was afterwards recognised in Italy by some of Louis XVI.'s officers and threatened

with death by Napoleon if he disturbed the public peace. On the fall of the Emperor he pressed his claims before the various Powers, but his applications were unheeded, and Louis XVIII. succeeded to the throne of the Bourbons.

This was the history that he related at Brandenburg, in Prussia. He had reached this place one day no one knew from whence. He would at first give no information about himself. The town officials tried to learn his history, but all their efforts were in vain, all their questions unavailing, and they at length allowed him to settle peacefully in their midst. He found an old soldier, who took him into his house, and to him and his sister his story was related.

Naundorff, with the assistance of the soldier and his sister, composed three letters, which were sent to the Duchess d'Angoulême, to the King, and to the Duchess de Berri, informing them of his existence, but at the same time stating that he had no desire for royal honours, but only wished for an allowance. These letters were, of course, unanswered. Naundorff continued to pester the Princess with letters, and at length announced his approaching marriage with a peasant girl, repeating his request for an allowance. This, however, also remained unanswered, and Naundorff was compelled to support himself and his wife by mending the watches and clocks of his neighbours. He lived in this manner for some years, during which time children were born to him, until a misfortune happened. The house of one of his neighbours was burnt down, and he was suspected of incendiarism. He was thrown into prison, and his wife and children were turned into the street. His innocence was afterwards proved, but irrevocable damage had been done, and Naundorff was compelled to leave Brandenburg. He went to Crossen, where after a time he obtained employment, and where once more he related his supposed adventures. At Crossen he succeeded in making two or three notable converts, among others the syndic of the town, who himself wrote to the Duchess and also went to Berlin to obtain the seal that Naundorff stated had been given to Cléry by Louis XVI. and had been taken from him (Naundorff) by the police officials at Brandenburg. The syndic was not successful. He was promptly sent back to Crossen, and told that Cléry had given Louis XVI.'s seal to Louis XVIII. years ago. The syndic returned to Crossen, took to his bed, and died. According to Naundorff he was poisoned. Our hero now disappears from public view for a time, and attention is directed to Martin, the peasant seer of Gallardon.

Antoine Martin was born at Gallardon in 1783. At the age of twenty-seven he married the daughter of a fellow-peasant. Until

1816 his life was spent in the ordinary manner, working in the fields on week-days, going to church on Sundays and fête-days, but in this year he began to see visions. According to his statements, a man used to appear to him and afterwards to haunt him. This man, who called himself the angel Raphael, told him that he must go to the King to warn him of approaching danger and attempted rebellion, and to exhort him to keep the Sabbath holy. Martin hesitated long before he attempted to carry out these behests. He went to his bishop for the purpose of having the attendant spirit exorcised, but it was beyond the power of the Bishop of Versailles to exorcise the spirit of the Archangel Raphael.

After many excuses Martin agreed to go to Paris on his divine errand. At Paris, after some trouble, he succeeded in obtaining an interview with Louis XVIII. He is supposed to have told the King that he was usurping the throne of his nephew, and to have warned him that he would die on the day of his coronation. At any rate after this interview the preparations that had been going on for the coronation were suspended, and the date indefinitely postponed. Louis XVIII. was never crowned, and it is to be noticed that of all the rulers of France that succeeded him not one has as yet died a natural death on French soil. After this interview the angel left Martin at peace for some years.

Now to return to Naundorff. After the death of the syndic he disappeared from Crossen, and did not reappear until 1831 at Berne. After a stay here, we next find him at Paris, where he arrived footsore, weary and penniless. He obtained the address of the Countess of Richemont, went to her, and announced himself as the Duke of Normandy. The lady, of course, fainted. When she recovered, she remarked how he resembled his royal mother, showed him various family relics, and informed all her royalist friends of the return of their prince. These latter came to pay him their devoirs, and most of them believed in him. Some, however, were doubtful, and withdrew. In order that all doubts should be set at rest, he was taken before the peasant seer. Martin, immediately on seeing him, hailed him as King. After that there could be no more scepticism. The party immediately repaired to the village church, where a special thanksgiving service for the return of the prince was held. Money began to pour in from all parts. Naundorff set up a magnificent establishment, and played the prince to perfection.

Although all this was happening openly, the Government of Louise Philippe did not interfere. Some said on account of fear, others because the imposture was so evident. The intoxication of

Naundorff's supporters increased. They began to look about for a wife for their prince. Then it was necessary for our hero to remember his long-forgotten wife and family at Crossen. They were brought to Paris, and the young "princes and princesses" were provided with a governess, who would teach them how to support their newly-discovered dignities.

Naundorff's pretensions becoming so ostentatious, an official suggestion was made to him that he had better keep a little more in retirement or else something unpleasant might occur. He quickly left his large house and took up his abode in a smaller and less pretentious one. Here he was believed to have engaged in a conspiracy, which, however, never came to a head. He was seized, taken to the coast, and placed on board an English packet-boat.

On his again reaching terra-firma, he had the audacity to appeal to the Council of State against his expulsion, but without success.

In England he occupied himself in the manufacture of fireworks and in the study and practice of Spiritualism, living at Camberwell and Chelsea.

In 1843 he left England, either on account of some bankruptcy proceedings, or, according to his version, because he was not safe in this country from the machinations of the emissaries of Louis Philippe, and retired to Delft, in Holland, where he died two years later. He left two children, Louis and Marie Antoinette de Bourbon, the former of whom brought an unsuccessful action against the Comte de Chambord in 1873.

The fifth pretender to whom we shall direct our attention is Auguste Mèves, or de Bourbon, of Bloomsbury. This gentleman related a wonderful story of exchanges. He told how Tom Paine wrote to England for a deaf and dumb boy, how no such child was procurable, how Mr. Mèves, of Bloomsbury, offered his child as a substitute, how this child was exchanged for the Dauphin, and how Mrs. Mèves, overwhelmed by her maternal indignation, managed to rescue her offspring and to place a deaf mute in his stead. It is suggested that the real young Mèves afterwards became the famous or notorious Naundorff.

The original captive was brought up in London as a young Mèves. The story runs that Mèves sen. had had a secret interview with Marie Antoinette in her prison, and had then vowed never to inform his adopted child of his royal origin. This vow was kept, but after his death, his widow is alleged to have told the young Bourbon his history. Our hero thereupon commenced worrying the Duchess d'Angoulême, and not only asserted his right to the

French throne, but even mentioned a claim to the dominions of the Hapsburgs. After his death in 1859, his pretences were supported by his two sons, who frequently rushed into print on the subject.

For our next Louis Charles we have to go to America, and we find him in the person of a missionary, the son or adopted son of an Indian chief.

In the year 1795 two Frenchmen brought a boy of about ten years of age to an Indian settlement and left him in charge of the chief. This child was mentally deficient, and is stated by his supporters to be the same as the boy known as Monsieur Louis, who suddenly appeared in the company of a French lady, a man and a little girl in the State of Albany, earlier in the same year. This lady stated that she had been a maid of honour of Marie Antoinette's, and brought several relics of her royal mistress with her. The party remained in Albany for about two months.

The adopted child of the Indian chief took the name of Eleazar Williams, settled down in his new surroundings, and ran about with his foster brothers and sisters just as any native would have done. When the boy was about fourteen, two French gentlemen came to see him, one of whom wept tears over him, examined his knees and ankles, tried to make himself understood—but as the boy only spoke English and the other French, there were no means of communication—and before leaving, gave him a gold coin. About this time Eleazar happened to knock his head against a stone, whereupon the memory of past events suddenly returned to his mind, and he told his companions how he remembered palaces and a beautiful lady who used to hold him in her lap, and also later a rough man (? Simon) who used to illtreat him.

He was sent with one of his brothers to a school where he earned the sobriquet of "the plausible boy." After spending several years there in training as a missionary, he left to start on his new duties. He afterwards acted as a Government spy, and was declared a chief of the Iroquois nation. About the same time he renounced Congregationalism and entered the ranks of the Protestant Episcopalians.

His claims to royal kinship rest on an interview which he had with the Prince de Joinville, who, he states, informed him of his origin, and asked him to sign a document resigning his rights. In return he was offered a princely allowance. The reverend gentleman, however, indignantly refused to sell his birthright. Some high words passed at the interview, and on Williams referring to his

social superiority, the Prince immediately assumed a respectful demeanour.

The repeated statements of this claimant obtained a certain amount of credence, and the Prince was compelled to take public note of them. He stated that he had met a man of the missionary's description when on board a steamboat in America, that he had carried on an interesting conversation on various subjects with him, but that the account of the alleged interview was a tissue of falsehoods, "a speculation upon the public credulity."

There have been other claimants to the rights of Louis XVII., such as Jersat, an old soldier, and Fontolive, a Lyons mason—their number has been placed as high as thirty—but none of them excepting those to whom the above short accounts refer attained to any degree of prominence.

ALBERT M. HYAMSON.

MEDIÆVAL WEST-PYRENEAN WOMEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Married Women's Property Acts have only figured in British statute books during the present generation, that Western Australia,¹ with its output of more than a million and a half ounces of gold last year, cannot yet quite decide to accord the suffrage to both sexes alike, and that the older English Universities still complacently refuse degrees, even after brilliant examination results, to "sweet girl graduates" of to-day, considerable liberty and equality, both as to property and person, regulated sexual relations "beyond the Pyrenean pines" even in the Middle Ages. Let us see, then, if contemporary depressing reflections, such as these and others dealt with in two consecutive articles in the *March Nineteenth Century*, entitled respectively "On Some Difficulties incidental to Middle Life in Women," and "Women Workers: How They Live and How They Wish to Live," both by women, the refrain of which is in effect Dante's "Senza speme vivemo in disio," may not be somewhat counterbalanced by a brief glance at the mediæval West-Pyrenean woman, her position and environment.

One preliminary difficulty which meets the critical student in any attempt to generalise regarding typical women of old time in the Pyrenees or elsewhere, is the fact that even if the maxim "Quot homines tot sententiæ" does not here apply strictly, yet certainly their treatment and consequent status varied indefinitely in different districts and at different periods round about the Renaissance. Another is that, although held in the highest estimation as among the Basques, they nevertheless occupied in some respects a position apparently inferior, yet not so in reality. Thus, if a man married a Basque heiress he took her name, or, to be more exact, the name of the estate which was in fact her only surname, and in the management of this he merely assisted the real mistress. Yet she and her daughters, the first-born of whom (unless she had an elder brother) would as a

¹ In Australia the old women used to sit in the Assemblies.—Domeny de Rienzi, *Océanie* (Paris, 1837), tome iii. p. 513.

rule succeed, and was called the heiress-apparent,¹ served him habitually at table, and dined together afterwards mainly upon what remained of the dinner of the men. In this connection, too, the marked separation in church to this day of the sexes—the one in the galleries and the other in the body—should perhaps not here be overlooked. Anomalies such as these, so ancient and remote, are difficult to reconcile or properly evaluate in England in the nineteenth century. The pendulum oscillates between Catalonian feudalism on one side, the ever-growing influence of which can be well traced in articles of different given dates which follow each other in the *Fuero d'Aragon*, and the glorious liberty of Soule or Bigorre. Between these comes the house community of Upper Aragon, in which even the unmarried woman could be elected head of the house. But almost everywhere alike *dot* of woman was a first charge upon family property and secured against creditors, while her person enjoyed privileges and liberties and was safeguarded by penal regulations of a truly exceptional character. Striking an average, then, it must be accepted as a canon of interpretation of mediæval sociology in the Pyrenees, that if the struggle for life may have been hard, yet the *lutte éternelle entre la femme et l'homme* left there no sad footprints on the sands of time, nor has any abiding-place in the pages of its history. Not *liberté* and *égalité* alone, but *fraternité* as well, was the order of the day between the sexes among the pastoral peoples of that region. Nor is it necessary to go back to Hannibal's treaty with the Kelts or Iberians of Roussillon, which provided that the claims of Carthaginians against Kelts should be judged by Keltic matrons, to show the honour in which women in the south-west were wont to be held; nor even to the *Fuero* of Jacca in Aragon (1128), which provided that any complaint against a man of Jacca was to be heard before six women citizens. Evidence by far more cogent and direct is to be obtained from individual institutions, admittedly peculiar to Pyrenean districts at the later period to which we are here referring.

The *matriarcat*,² or female headship of the family, and the *couvade*, or symbolic participation in the pains of childbirth by the husband,³ absolute primogeniture among male and female children, women possessing the vote, as at Caunterets in 1316, and having the right of

¹ "Fille héritière."

² De Loysel, *Inst. Cout.*, No. 638.

³ Bachofen, *Das Mutterrecht* (Stuttgart, 1861), p. 256. See too *Strabo*, book iii. chap. iv. sect. 17; *Bulletin de la Soc. des Sciences (Pau)*, 1897-8, p. 74; and the *Academy*, Feb. 16, 1884, p. 112.

asylum, are all wonderful features of family life four hundred years ago. Whether attributable to preponderating Keltic influences, not yet overborne by feudalism or Latin customs of whatever sort, or merely to the dominant idea of upholding the home, the house, the lar, each of these indubitably played a prominent part that cannot be got away from. Notable women, such as Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV., were the result. Requirements of position forced upon such as these could hardly fail to develop latent possibilities, and cause the worthier sort to hold their own with the other sex, to the advantage of both alike. Nor was the feminine situation materially weakened by the existence of the Gothic *Morgengabe*, which obtained chiefly in great houses, and not when equal married equal, as was for the most part the case in these republican little countries. Without doubt some customs of the kind pervaded in the sixteenth century the Constitutions of Catalonia (lib. vi. tit. 2), in the "donatio per noces o per screix [dower] loqual es degut [due] a la mare per raho de la sua virginitat." We have here not merely the Eastern notion of the "king having pleasure in her beauty,"¹ which some affect to see in the gift of Ramire, king of Aragon, to his wife Gilbergue, when "ei dedit sponsalia pro dote pour arrhes par honneur, par amour et pour sa beauté" a portion of his patrimony, but also an implied contract between equals in which the one gives and the other takes something fair in return. The same idea is to be seen in *dot (arras* in the Fuero of Navarre, *screix* in the Constitutions of Catalonia), a Christian Visigothic institution which among the Basques was incident to men and women without distinction. Nor, again, did *massipia* in Bigorre or the *barraganía* of Navarre, both of which were forms of widely extending concubinage, really derogate from the exalted position of women taken as a whole. Legally tolerated but disfavoured by the Church, each alike may have been but a *damnosa hereditas* of Oriental occupation. The abiding mark they left was the favour shown by the Fuero of Navarre and that of Viscaya to natural children, who had to be provided for, and indeed in default of legitimate ones succeeded to the family property.²

The question, then, naturally arises, assuming that the average position of West-Pyrenean women at the period named has been correctly outlined, how a state of affairs thus beneficial to them so generally obtained. The answer is that in a pastoral as opposed to an agricultural country the value of woman, given the personal equation, made itself felt on every side during the frequent

¹ Psalm xlv. 12. ² Fuero Nav., De Destin. de Hered. xxii.

absence of the husband when feeding his flocks on the high mountains ; that the bed-rock of the races under consideration was Keltic ; that in fact, owing to physical geographical situation, outside influences interfered but little in the case of their respective individual members with the normal action and reaction of environment upon race-temperament. And proof of the truth of such answer is that feudalism, notwithstanding its attendant chivalry, in these districts worsened rather than bettered the position of the subsequently weaker sex. Take the Custom of Soule as an instance, one of the three pure Basque Customs of France, Labourt and Basse-Navarre being the other two (for that of Bayonne was only half Basque), reduced to writing only in 1520, and edited by the great Bela about 1660. This Custom affords wonderfully clear illustration not only of the original right of primogeniture having been equal as between boys and girls, but also of the steps by which such equality got eventually whittled away. The root idea was to uphold the family. This was thought to be better effected through the succession of the eldest child, even if a girl, because, whatever her age, there was of necessity a shorter interregnum between her rule and that of her parents than would ensue if it were necessary to wait for the later coming of age of a younger brother. Should she marry, Bela says, she married usually a good man of business,¹ but in any case "she was a bold girl, provident and business-like herself, and able to do quite as much as her husband for the good of the home" (Rub. 27, Art. 2). By degrees, as the requirements of agriculture became more far-reaching, noble houses and old allodial ones as well gave the preference in succession to boys, but when there was a second marriage and no son of the first but only daughters, the eldest daughter of the first marriage continued to inherit in preference to a son of the second family. In certain houses particularised in this Custom the eldest girl or boy still succeeded indifferently, and this was ever so in rural or *roturier* households, and always in the case of acquired property as opposed to ancestral estate, so much so that the head of a noble house sometimes pretended to belong to the rural class, for the purpose of advantaging a favourite eldest daughter.

The Custom of Soule begins thus : "By a custom which has been observed and kept from all time, all the natives and inhabitants of this land are free and of free condition, without a single mark of slavery." Is it too much to conjecture, that the same free people that held marriage to be a simple contract, and brooked not even

¹ "Homme recuit et habilité aux affaires.

Papal interference in the appointment of their clerics, and would not tolerate the Inquisition within their borders, generously conceded equal laws to man and woman as the best means of assuring the reign, if not the survival, of the fittest among them, and for the upholding of the sacred institution of hearth and home? With this may be compared with advantage *La Coutume de Barège* (Bigorre), which, though not finally reduced to writing till 1670, is nevertheless ancient, and begins thus: "The eldest child of the marriage, male or female, inherits all property of whatever kind coming from ancestral sources" ("de souche et avitins") "indifferently." Moreover, from Art. 10 the commentator Nogues (ed. 1760, p. 239) deduces the inference that women of that valley could enter into contracts of any kind, and even consent to judgment, without the authorisation of their husbands, except in the matter of *dot*, which could not be alienated at all. Another similar instance is afforded by the Custom of Toulouse (Art. 9), under which up to A.D. 1285, when it was objected to by Philippe le Bel, a mother could by will disinherit her children, which the father could not do. Yet, although under this custom the woman had full disposing power, she was in the anomalous position of not being able to give evidence in civil cases, as was everywhere alike the iniquitous rule also under canonical law.

The subject of the disabilities of women as witnesses covers far too wide a field to be more than touched upon here. But in this connection it may be noticed that even under the Roman law, though a woman could not make a will, she was a good witness. Thus we see common to the Romans and the south-west of France alike the power of the father of the family, but, peculiar to the latter, and springing from Keltic customs deeply rooted there, the power of the mother generally recognised side by side, though probably limited as regards the power to give evidence from the fact of her inability to engage in the judicial combat,¹ which was the root idea of original Gallic justice. Under the Old For of Béarn (Rub. 83, Art. 266), incorporating a judgment of the Court of Morlaas, it is true that if a man wounded his wife while *enceinte*, and in her dying deposition she affirmed that this had taken place, her testimony was held to be entitled to full weight. Also in the same For occurs the special provision that whenever head of a family, *i.e.* if she said "Benedicite" at meals, a woman was a good witness. Under the For of French Navarre the testimony of women was preferred to that of

¹ Assises de Jérusalem, c. CLXVII.

men in bastardy cases, but in no other does it appear to have been admissible. This inadmissibility was the rule, and any favour the exception. That such legislation was not due to disrespect, but merely a relic of past barbarity, can be seen from enactments like that in the Old For de Bigorre (Art. 9) (A.D. 1097), which in effect gives a right of sanctuary or asylum to all women in these terms: "Omni tempore pax teneatur dominabus, ita quod si quis ad dominam confugerit, restituto damno quod fecerit, persona salvetur." Especially is this apparent when compared with the law of Aragon ("De Injuriis") that if one man struck another before a woman who was noble he had to go, together with twelve companions, to beg pardon and kiss her feet. Pulling down a woman's hair was the same criminal offence in Navarre as the plucking of a man's beard, while under the Old For of Béarn no execution could be put in a house in which a woman lay in child-bed.

Looking at the question from a more general standpoint, we find the Salic Law not applying in the districts under present consideration. Of Bigorre Béatrix I., Béatrix II., and Stéphanie were Countesses, and Pétronille also, in her case with no less than five husbands as consorts. The names of Margaret, Catherine, and Jeanne in Béarn likewise at once present themselves to our recollection. Moreover, when a charter was given to a town, as often took place, for example in Béarn, not the sovereign alone but his wife and son as well joined in the function that solemnised the gift. In the case of the charter given to Morlaas (For de Morlaas, Rub. 26, Art. 42) occur the words, "I, Gaston, Viscount, and I, Talèse, Viscountess, and I, Gaston, their son, confirm this gift." When to this circumstance that noble ladies took their full share not only of property and its administration, but also in acts of favour granted by their husbands, there is added this other, that among the *roturier* class, speaking generally, all children shared alike, and that for women, as we have seen, there was freedom of contract, a *prima facie* case of quite something approaching to equality is surely made out.

Probably the most representative code is the Fuego General (A.D. 1300) of Navarre, for in it the trace of Roman, Germanic, and feudal influence is each in its turn clearly visible. Its form is Roman. From this source come the provisions as to the wife's portion (*dot*), her inferior legal status during marriage, the liberal treatment of illegitimate children, and the institution of "*fiadores*" (*fideijussores*). To the German element it owes dower given by the husband, the idea of partnership in property between husband and wife, as well as the freedom of the latter to contract and make

wills. Further, descent of property laterally rather than by ascent, the principle of giving security, *Wehrgeld* and trial by ordeal, the right to redress one's own wrongs, and reparation were clearly non-Roman ideas grafted into the same Fuero. A nobleman was not compelled to marry a woman inferior in rank to himself under any circumstances, and generally feudalism prescribed certain necessary formalities for the marriage of all persons of noble birth. Honours given to a man did not go to his wife. Only noble ladies got the usufruct of their husband's property or the right to make wills, while much favoured also under the penal law. A sister was not obliged to ask her brother's consent to marry, and this indeed she could do against her father's wishes, as he was not obliged to give her any marriage portion. There exists here no mention of paraphernalia and no necessity to give a *dot*. Yet, though a marriage in church without the duly making of the legal contract did not suffice, nor where the wife absented herself, honour required that its obligations should be observed. Divorce did not take away from the husband the usufruct of the wife's property, but a widow could quickly marry again, though the rights of her children had to be respected. Under this Fuero alone did the widow get the usufruct of the whole of her husband's property. Lastly, there was no *patria potestas*, and the *tutela*, which could be exercised by the mother, was rather a burden than a privilege. Children had to look after their parents rather than parents after their children, though a boy became of full age fairly¹ early. Succession to an intestate went to his agnates to the fourth degree, and after that to the feudal lord. Nobles had full disposing powers in Aragon alone. For sexual offences this Fuero was comparatively mild in its provisions, and even from doubly adulterine children the right of maintenance was not taken away.

But if in a district in which the Roman law held sway upon all points with which no custom dealt, we compare the freedom there obtaining with the state of things in existence elsewhere, the advantageous position of Pyrenean women is brought still more clearly into relief. Klimrath (p. 110) says of other parts of France, "The woman is in her husband's power. She cannot go to law without his or the law's authorisation. She cannot in her lifetime dispose of property or put herself under any obligation without his consent, unless separated from him or in business on her own account." Many Customs make the husband's consent a necessary

¹ The age was in Labourt 28 for males and 20 for females, in Soule 25 and 8, and in Basse-Navarre 25 and 20 years, respectively.

preliminary to the validation of wills, and in some the betrothed, just like the wife, passes into her future husband's power. In others, again, if the husband survives he takes even the clothes, linen, and jewels of his late wife. In Normandy the Custom expressly states that the mistress can have no interest in family property until her husband's death, and forbids the husband to alter in the marriage contract the provision of the Custom as to the proportion of property acquired during marriage to which the wife may ultimately succeed. These are only a few out of innumerable instances, in which in other parts of France the law went out of its way to unduly favour men, whereas the opposite was frequently the case in the Pyrenees.¹ It was only as the demands of agriculture and the power of feudalism made themselves felt that the value of the physical strength of a man gained for him exceptional privileges. The New For of Béarn (Rub. 43, Art. 3) shows that, whereas the right of girl or boy to succeed to property was theretofore equal, after 1552 the eldest son got the monopoly. But originally in Béarn, as among the neighbouring Basques, the eldest child girl or boy succeeded, whether noble or *roturier* indifferently. Indeed, so thoroughly was the principle of equality applied, that in the country of the latter—in Soule, for example—the eldest girl often became the guardian of her younger brothers. Pitou ("Condition des Personnes chez les Basques Français," Bayonne, 1897) well sums the whole matter up thus: "En face des dispositions du droit coutumier basque on ne peut s'empêcher de remarquer combien ce droit est favorable à l'égalité de l'homme et de la femme. Il semble négliger la différence des sexes pour ne s'occuper que de la qualité de propriétaire, et rattacher à cette qualité des droits qui par leur nature sembleraient devoir être invariablement les attributs de l'homme dans un ménage. Cette façon de concevoir les relations des divers membres d'une famille est absolument propre à la législation basque."

Side by side with the recognition freely rendered by the descendants of an impulsive and generous race like the Kelts or Iberians to the true position of their women in the abstract, is to be observed the respect wrung from them by a continuous appreciation of the intrinsic merits of the latter, emphasised as it was in fact by habits of long-standing duration. An heiress did not marry the head of a family but a younger son, who naturally felt a respect for his wife's higher position. To do otherwise was considered unlucky. This

¹ Cf. *Constitutions of Catalonia*, vol. i. p. 54, where, in the confirmation of "Trêve de Dieu," occur these words: "Jussu domini F. M. B. et dominæ A. B. principum."

and other current beliefs went to strengthen the inherent conservatism of a district little affected by invasion or revolution. For example, it was a saying among the Basques that fields were never so well cultivated as they were by the women when all men had gone to the wars. This conservation of habits is shown by their continued adoption of black as the colour of the dress of their women and girls, especially noticeable in the black veils generally worn in Navarre. Here we have merely an up-to-date continuation of the black robes of the Iberians. Further instances are the exuberance of their entertainments at baptisms, marriages, and funerals, which needed sumptuary regulations in Guipuzoa, Biscaye, and Tarbes to keep them in check. "Le mort à la fosse, les vivants au saoulée" ("funeral baked meats") has passed into a Basque proverb. The same generous spirit which came down through the ages from their Iberian forefathers made those subject to the Parliament of Bordeaux, and notably the Basques, divide between husband and wife all property acquired during married life. In Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia alike this custom prevailed, and to it in some measure is to be attributed the business-like capacity and thrift displayed in the present day by women of the south-west, who are financially predominant partners in the administration of the family budget.

Only from these various extracts, however, taken as a whole, can any safe deduction be drawn. Regarded separately, they not unseldom convey false ideas. This is particularly the case with isolated bits of legislation, as, for example, the clause in the charter of Cardona, at the eastern end of the Pyrenees, in the twelfth century, "If a slave, male or female, escape to this place, or any man with another man's wife, or a thief, a coiner, or a criminal, he shall be let live in safety among the rest of the inhabitants, and without molestation." This does not mean that wickedness of all kinds was there thought of lightly, but that the necessities of a new district and daily danger from the Moors made it necessary to try and increase its population in every possible way. A similar illustration is afforded by the favour shown to illegitimate children in the France of to-day, which arises simply from the desirability in the face of an increasing Germany of counterbalancing somehow stagnation in the French birth-rate. Such favour would be quite wrongly attributed to the desire to cherish vice on the part of contemporary French administrators.

In the foregoing patchwork of regulations and facts, then, no perfectly distinct pattern can be traced. Supplemented by others, however, which space forbids to give, and regarded with a benevolent bias, we maintain that the Pyrcnean woman lived a more

contented life and held a higher relative place in the hierarchy of citizens than do her more restless and dissatisfied Anglo-Saxon sisters of to-day. In Navarre, as a rule, out of three husbands proposed by her father she had to choose one, although entitled to refuse the first two. By the Fuero of Castile (lib. iv. tit. 10, c. 8) it was forbidden the father to make his daughter marry against her will. In Aragon and Catalonia he was obliged to furnish a *dot*,¹ with which the husband could not anyhow make away. On the other hand her virginity was warranted,² and something in the nature of the *Morgengabe* expected from the husband when in a position to give it. Divorce *a mensa et toro* was sometimes allowed by the ecclesiastical courts, and upon application for this the wife was permitted to give evidence; but second marriage, except of childless widows, was not everywhere commended, and even in their case forbidden under the Fuero Judicum in Castile, as well as in Catalonia and Aragon. Furthermore, in Navarre the woman who lost her husband got not only her *dot* back but also half the fortune acquired by herself and her husband during marriage, as well as the usufruct of his estate during her life. This she had by law, whereas in Béarn such usufruct depended entirely upon the goodwill of the husband. We have already seen how she was treated in the matter of the devolution of property, and it remains only to take a bird's-eye view of her position in the eye of the penal law.

As probably the lowest class is most aimed at here, we shall at the same time be able to judge something of the Pyrenean proletariat, who then lived even here a very hard life. In Navarre, twice a year at the Rhede, women prisoners *enceintes* were let out of prison for a time. They were not subject to torture in Navarre, except perhaps in sorcery cases, when, no doubt, much cruelty was used towards both sexes alike; and in the fifteenth century all trial by ordeal was abolished. In the words of a recent writer on Navarre, "*Femina æque punitur atque vir, æque protegitur. Lex in exigendis fiscalibus pecuniis mulieri plane favebat.*" Under the Customs of St. Sever, Labourt, Béarn, and Navarre, women suffered the same punishments as men for adultery. The Custom of St. Sever is especially clear upon this point. "*Homme et femme trouvez en adultère doivent être fustigés par ladite ville tous deux ensemble et payer au seigneur sept livres huit sols 6 deniers tournois.*" In Béarn the offending couple were marched naked round the town and then banished. As regards the punishment of offences against women we find a fine

¹ Moret, *Annales de Navarre*. Pamplona, 1766.

² For Gen. Nav. IV. l. 2, A.D. 1300.

ordered by the Fuero of Medina Coeli for calling a woman a harlot. In the Customs of Labourt rape is punishable by death, even though the offender be willing and able to marry the outraged woman, while the seducer has to give a marriage portion, if he cannot himself marry his victim. That the sexual question greatly exercised law-givers in those days is to be inferred from the fact, that out of the thirteen articles of the Customs of Labourt two are devoted to the protection of women, while of the thirty rubrics of the Customs of Bayonne one is entirely given up to the consideration "des adultères concubines, tant prestres religieux que autres."

Passing to a more savoury aspect of the position, many proverbs peculiar to the Basques and Béarnais throw a further side-light upon the way in which their women were regarded in the past. If the *placens uxor* is referred to but seldom, as in "La Femme du Pasteur se pare sur le soir," *i.e.* for her husband at the hour of his return, and also in the pretty saying, "A woman once loved is never hated after," yet of the heiress and her ways much mention is made. "Ne prens point vanité usmême de ta fortune, car souvent le croissant porte le déclin sur ses épaules." "Celui qui choisit sa femme par la seule considération de son dot s'en repent dès le lendemain à cause du mal qui lui en revient." The above are all Basque. In Béarnais we find the following: "Don't let your wife wear your shoes;" "A girl of good family has plenty of linen;" "The heiress has a feather head;" "The people of Aste and Béon marry among themselves, and all goes well with them;" "When a man marries he cuts himself in half." Compare "Adstrictus nuptiis non amplius liber est," "La dot de la jeune femme apporte l'aisance dans la main du mari," and as an instance of later literature (seventeenth century, "Société Béarnaise," &c., p. 79), "Mademoiselle D., héritière, très bien faite, très bien élevée, était la plus riche partie qu'il y avait en Béarn. Mais par la raison précisément qu'elle est héritière et qu'elle est, dit-on, de la manière du Béarn, c'est-à-dire qu'elle voudra maîtriser, elle ne fera toujours coucher son mari sur des roses."

Thus from the legal history of Béarn, Bigorre, Navarre, and the land of the Basques on both *versants* of the Western Pyrenees we claim to have at least made out a *prima facie* case which shows that there women were held in old time in especial esteem; and, further, that this contention is corroborated by such chronicles as exist of life in these little States, and by their folklore. So that the son of the soil might well make answer in the words of his old diction to the question, "Mulet, qui est ton père?" "La plus belle jument qui soit en tous les monts Pyrénées est ma mère!"

THE SONG SCHOOLS OF SCOTLAND.

THE records concerning the rise of the musical art in Scotland are meagre in the extreme, and to the regret, it need hardly be said, of all interested in its growth and development. Just as the country possessed in remote ages a common language, it is permissible to infer that music was wedded to the various dialects of the people, and that a good deal of it has been handed down—songs giving expression to victory, joy, and the rude martial fervour of the times. Amongst other things affording evidence that music was in general use at an early period, are there not innumerable references in ancient documents and kindred forms of record? True enough, there was no uniform system of notation, and thus each composer was a law unto himself. We know that Fingal fought, and many believe that Ossian “sang”; but whether the warrior-bard really vocalised his own poems is as doubtful—perhaps more so—as the claims of Macpherson to the discovery of Erse MS. in the remote Highland glens, “copy” which, as all the world knows, he subsequently arrayed in “Klopstockian bombast.” However, there are respected historians who pin their faith to Ossian’s warblings, more especially on the festive occasions peculiar to those Bardic times when the Celts “sung to the sweet sounds of the lyre, when the soft hands of virgins trembled on the strings of the harp,” and when singing to the *clarsach* was considered an indispensable part of education. Merlin, the poet of Tweeddale, and Taliesin, “the bright-browed” singer of Strathblane, have both sung about the days of the Cymric hero Arthur.

Oddly enough, it was left to an Englishman, Joseph Ritson, to write the first history of Scottish music. This lively author tells us that the earliest specimen of Scottish song was to be found in the rhyming chronicle of Andrew Winton, Prior of Lochleven, an effusion supposed to have been written about the year 1420. And Ritson is hardly on safer ground when he says that the genuine and peculiar natural song of Scotland is to be sought in the productions of obscure or anonymous authors, of shepherds and milkmaids, who actually felt the sensations they describe—those, in short, who were

destitute of all the advantages of education, and perhaps incapable of committing the pure inspirations of nature to writing. Yet Burns and Ritson were contemporaries. James I. was both a poet and musician, and could, according to Buchanan, compete in singing with the best vocalists of the age. His grandson endowed the Chapel Royal as a music school, and, in turn, the fourth James took steps towards founding a similar establishment, where sixteen prebends and six boy clerics were "competently trained in song." It was before this monarch that "the crukit (lame) vicar of Dumfriess" sang, as also "tua Ingliise wemen," who received a fee of fourteen shillings, Scots, equal to about one penny in sterling money. Rizzio long got the credit of having been the author of many Scottish tunes! That Caledonia's type of melody was greatly in vogue in those days there can be no doubt. The witty and ever-watchful Henry Peacham describes, for example, a man suffering from what is, sure enough, a prevalent modern ailment—dejection of the mind "for want of money." That man's tonic was first-rate—a perambulation of his lonely garret while humming out some *new* Scottish tune or other! But it is with the Song Schools of Scotland—vernacular, *Sang Schules*—that our present purpose is concerned.

The advent of organs created a demand for *sangsters*, and, naturally enough, the grammar schools were drawn upon to an appreciable extent. It will also be readily understood that the origin of those Song Schools lay with the Church. They were peculiar to Scotland "for instruction of the youth in the art of musick and singing quhilkis almaist decayit and sall shortly decay without tymous remeid be providit." And it may fairly be claimed that the Aberdeen school ranked high amongst similar institutions founded in the Cathedral cities, and in many of the smaller towns—it might, indeed, be more correct to say that it stood preeminent. Possibly old Thomas Mace cast longing eyes at it. Anyhow, his "Musick's Monument" shows that he knew what was going on north of the Tweed. Here, then, is valuable contemporary evidence of the regard in which those seminaries were held amongst English musicians. The schools would arise, says the late Rev. Neil Livingstone, from the necessities of Popish worship. "Boys behoved to be trained for chanting, and those so employed required to be able to read Latin, so far, at least, as the church services were concerned. The Song School, therefore, was the elementary seminary, as compared with the Grammar 'Schule,' and the two in combination seem to have formed the preparatory course of attendance upon College. While primarily intended for church students they were also open to

others, and it looks as if a considerable number had taken advantage of them. The school seems also to have included the departments of writing and arithmetic, and probably reading in the vernacular." Yes, the three "R's" were taught, along with "musick, meaners, and vertu." Records show that in the year 1256 "four singing boys" had to attend the services in St. Nicholas Church, Aberdeen, the master of the schools being held responsible for their attendance. The Burgh schoolmasters were also at one period required to teach common church tunes, to sing part of a psalm with the scholars every morning, and to "precent" in kirk on the Sundays, and hence those worthies were called *Sang Masters*. The Aberdeen Song School had a master as early, at any rate, as 1483, and his duties involved the teaching of "all bairns under his care, and specially the bairns of burgesses to sing and play on the organs, he receiving from them the usual scolage and dewites according thereto." Various "Sirs" held those coveted appointments; but it should be explained that this knightly prefix only denoted membership of the ranks of ungraduated clergy—"Pope's knights" they were commonly called. Passing over the school's numerous and thorny vicissitudes in the days of the Luther "heresies," the degeneracy of the clergy, the encounters of the Royalists and Covenanters, the junketings of masters and scholars on social occasions, and—tell it not in Gath—the abduction of even a Provost, its text-book may now be briefly noticed. Here, then, is an exact copy or print of the first title-page of the third and last edition of this very curious "Cantus." The value of the work is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is the only known record of the music of the day as really taught in Scotland's foremost Song School. Certain copies appear to have had a second title-page, from which we quote the following supplementary details: "The Third Edition, Exactly Corrected and Enlarged. Together also, With severall of the choicest Italian Songs, and New English Ayres, all in three parts (viz.) Two Trebles and a Bass. Most pleasant and delightfull for all Humours. Aberdeen Printed by John Forbes, Printer to the Ancient City of Bon-Accord. Anno Dom. 1682." In this edition there is "also herewith Printed, for the Encouragement of Young Beginners in Vocall Musick, the Print of the Hand for teaching the *Gam* thereon." The first two editions are dated 1662 and 1666. The whereabouts of the copy of the first edition, sold in 1842 (possibly the only one then in existence), is not known. A copy of the second edition is to be found in the Aberdeen University Library, and copies of the third issue are in the Aberdeen Public Library, and in the possession of a private collector. A

reprint of the last-named edition was issued in 1879 by the New Club, the impression being limited to eighty-six copies.

The contents of the work are in many respects characteristic of the times, and, strange though it may appear, there is not a genuine Scottish melody in the whole collection, which comprises the soprano (*cantus*) parts only. It has with much reason been assumed that the other voice parts were never printed, but in all likelihood they existed in MS. for examination purposes. Another feature of the work is the almost uniform air of melancholy and monotony pervading the tunes, due, of course, to their being mainly set in minor keys. English composers were freely drawn upon to illustrate the words contributed by the Scottish poets, and the only sprightly number in the little volume is none else than Morley's grand old glee, "Now is the month of Maying." An impression long obtained, by the way, that the original of our National Anthem was to be found in the *Cantus*; but such a view is absurd, as anybody can see on glancing at the music of *Remember, O thou man*. There is a certain resemblance, but it is microscopic. The *Cantus* music is now believed to have been contributed by Thomas Davidson, a Master of the Song School; but the dedications are without doubt from the wily pen of John Forbes, the Burgh printer himself, and quaint enough specimens to be sure of the obsequious incense offered at the municipal shrine. Those dedications are addressed to the provost and bailies of the day, as also "to the Rest of the Honorable Counsell of the City of Aberdeen," and we cull the following as a fair example of the author, who had on a previous occasion deftly measured the length of the Town Council's purse: "It hath ever been the chief Honor, and singular Praise of this Famous CITY to be the Sanctuary of *Sciences*, the Manse of the *Muses* and Nurserie of all *Arts*: So that under your (and your Hs. Worthie Predecessors) prudent Patrocinie, vigilant Care, and Fatherly Inspection, so little a Plate of Ground hath yeilded very many Plants of Renown, who have always Flourished as Trees of delight both in Church and State throughout all the Corners of Great Britain: yea, whose Excellency hath ever been so eminent, that to have been born or bred in Aberdeen, hath been a great Argument and Ground to procure promotion for any, to Places of any Profession elsewhere. Yea, the Fame of the CITY for its admirable Knowledge in this Divine *Science* and many other fine Enduements hath almost Overspread whole EUROPE: witness the great Confluence of all sorts of Persons from each Part of the same, who of design have come (much like that of the *Queen of Sheba*) to hear the sweet chearful *Psalms*, and Heavenly *Melody* of

famous BON-ACCORD, whose hearts have been ravished with the Harmonious *Concord* thereof. . . . Your Hs. Obedient Servant hath still made it His resolute Purpose and constant Resolution to sail all Winds, and serve up the weak Parts which GOD and Nature hath bestowed upon Him : that so at least with the *Ephesian Bee*, He might Contribute His little Wax, and silly Bumb to the Hyve of Famous BON-ACCORD's Common-well. . . . Admit then this poor Present to your Hs. Favourable *Acceptance*, Its *Breath* and *Being* depends on *Your Brow*, to receive Its *Sentence* from the Same, whether It shall be smothered in the *Birth*, or view the *Publick* under your Hs. *Patrocinie*." There! But we must remember that, according to honest John—truly a "man o' pairts"—the bench was blessed with "as many Musitians as Magistrats," who had, doubtless, along with their most obedient henchman, surveyed mankind "from China to Peru." After Davidson's death (1675) "the airt of Musick" in Bon-Accord was placed in charge of Louis de France, a teacher of high attainments imported from Edinburgh. Pepys, it may be noted, had something to say about alien musicians, and this is the *à propos* extract from his inimitable Diary: "Here they talk how the King's viallin (!) Banister is mad that the King hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the King's music, at which the Duke of York made great mirth." John Banister had been dismissed his position in Charles the Second's band, having given his Sovereign some impertinence regarding the engagement of French musicians by royalty. Touching this same Louis, the following is from a MS. music book of the reign of Charles II.: "There are fyne Scottish and English aires, old and new, taught by Louis de France, now music-master of Aberdeen, having been the schollar of the famous musician M. Lambert, being the King of France's chiefe musician for the method and manner to conduct the voyces." In a few years de France was back in Edinburgh, teaching such boys as had "ane disposition to come to his school for instruction in the grounds of musick, and the four parts of the psalms." Sure enough, his services to the musical art in the Granite City were of the highest order. After his departure, private musical societies came into vogue, the advent of the modern precentor had to be reckoned with, and eventually the magistrates of the day ceased to interest themselves in an institution which had long been a credit to their "braif toun." The school had done its work, and in 1758 it was sold by public roup. Unfortunately, no drawing of the building has been preserved—at least to our knowledge. In the same year the old Grammar School, the auxiliary of the Song School, was also sold. It immedi-

The Gentleman's Magazine.

the "Musick Schoole," according to the map which
reason of Ruffinomy "had been at great paines in
in one noble court."

made our sketch with the following extracts from Burgh
r records, each and all so delightfully typical of the old-
methods of exposition.

AYR.

The said day, the consell grantit the soume of four pundis to the
support of James Synsonne doctour of thair Sang Scuill, under Sir
Johne Blak, to help to by him claythis, for his guid seruice the
tym bygone, and in honp of his continence in tym to cum (1577).

The said day, the po and counsall, inrespect that
Maister Willaem Skene, of the sang schooll of this
burgh, is latlie depart and considering gif the said
school be dissolvit and s and to the prejudice of youth
of this town, and underst Leslye, in Kyntor, to be a
qualefeit musician, albeit he -- tract his scholeris in playing,
theirfor to the effect that the id recht dissolve, and quhill
a qualefeit man be provydit to occu the place, has appoyntit and
nominat the said Johne Leslye. A the said Johne Leslye being
present acceptit the charge and pr t faythfullie to leave the said
charge qubensoever the prouest, uillies, and consell thinkis
expedient (1598).

The hous callit the Kirk ludge to be devydit in thrie houssis for
the sang schule and the twa Inglis schoolis teichit be the twa reidaris
(1605).

On this day, 15: December, the scholars of the grammar, sang
and writing schools rose against their masters, seized the sang school,
and held it by force of arms three days (1612).¹

AYR.

"Sir Johne Sinclair, chapland and chorist of the Parish Kirk and
queir of Air" complains that having been feed by the council five
years before to "sing and say for all the dayis of his lyfe" he had

¹ Serious complaints had been made by the townsfolk against frequent
rioting amongst the "bairnis and scoleris of the gramer and sang schoollis."
Their outrages were accompanied by "wearing of gunes and schoiting tharwith,
bracking up durris and windowis and stealing foullis, pultrie, breid and vivaris."
Those riots invariably broke out when the curtailment of holidays was threatened,
and, on one occasion, at any rate, "lang befor the *superstitious tyme of yuill*."
The punishment meted out to the young rebels was often severe, and included
absolute rustication "furth of all the scuillis of the burgh."

been interdicted from discharging the duty. He therefore protested that as he was "reddie to fulfill his pairt of the bargain the falt sould be fund in thame and nocht in him" (1559).

EDINBURGH.

The Provost, Baillies, Counsale, and Dekynes sittand in judgement anent the Supplicatioun given in be James Lawder, Prebendar of thair queir, grantis license to the said James to pas furth of the realme to the partis of England and France, thair to remaine for the space of ane year nixt efter the dait hereof, to the effect that he mon have and get better eruditioun in musik and playing nor he hes provyding always that the said James caus ane Chaiplain to keep his foundationer of Sanet Kathyrains altar be ane preist quhill the said year be done (1552).

"Item, I lief to my sone James Henrysoun my gown, my coitt, my bumbasie dowblet, and the bodie of poldavie, my kist, my bybil ane pair of monycordis, my hat, thre of the best sarkis, ane pair of round scheittis, foure serviottis," &c. &c. (Extract from the Testament of Edward Henrysoun, Maister of the Sang Scole of Edinburgh.)

GLASGOW.

Ordean Mr. William Struthers teacher of musick shall sing in the High Kirk from the ringing of the first bell to the minister's coming in; and appoint foure men to sit beside him beneath the pulpit and in the menetime that the chapters be read by the reader successively to the singing. ("Kirk Session Records," 1587.)

The Presbiterie ordenis that thair be na thing red or sung in the new Kirk be Jobne Bucchane reidare thair, bot that quhilk is contenit in the word of God. ("Presbytery Records," 1596.)

The provest and baillies aggreit with James Sanderis to instruct the hail bairnes within this burghe that is put to his schole, musick for ten shillings ilk quarter to himself, and forties pennies to his man; and thairfor the said provest and baillies discharges all other sangsters within this burghe, to teache musik in tyme coming during thair will allanerlie (1626).

Forassmeikle as of befor thair was ane act sett down in favouris of James Sanderis reidder, that na maner of persone sould be permittit to teiche musik within this bught, or keip ane schole to that effect, except himself allanerlie as the act in the self bears. And now seeing that the musik school is altogidder dekayit within this said bught to the grait discredit of this citie and discontentment of sundrie honest men within the samin who has bairnies

whom they wold have instructit in that art: And that Duncan Birnet, who sometime of befor teatchit musick within this brught is desyrous to tak up the said scholl againe and teitche musick thairin; quhassupon the said baillies and counsell convenit the said James Sanderis befor thaim and eiftir deliberatioun thairanent they with consent of the said James Sanderis in respect of the former act sett down in his favour, hes grantit license to the said Duncan Birnet to tak up ane musik scholl within this brught, during thair will and pleasure: he taking frae the toun bairnis such skollegis as is contenit in the act set down of befor (1638).

A sark and a bonnet and afterwards a coat to be bought to him that carryes up the line in the High Kirk. ("Kirk Session Records," 1604.)

STIRLING.

Maister William Row is ressavit and admitted to be principall doctour of the grammar scole, teacher of musik and uptaker of the psalmes in the Kirk for the space of ane yeir to cum, quha promessed faithfullie to discharge the saidis offices, for the quhilk the toun grantis him in feall as doctour twentie merkis and as teacher of the musik and uptaker of the Psalmes twentie li, with aucht s in the quarter betwix him and the uther doctour, and sex s & viij d in the quarter for teaching of the musik to ilk toun bairne in scollage and benevolence of strangeris. ("Burgh Records," 1620.)

From the accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of Scotland: Item, to Jacob, lutar, to lowse his lute that lay in wed (pawn) xxxij. s. (1500).

Item, to the four Italien menstrales to fe thaim hors to Linlithgw, and to red thaim of the toun, lvj. s.

J. TAYLOR FYFE.

IN THE COUNTRY.

So go your way, and go your way,
 And leave me here contented
 To pass the pleasant days of May
 And breathe the wind hay-scented.

So go your way, and go your way,
 And waste the sunny summer,
 But I shall hear the bird's voice gay,
 And watch the busy hummer.

THE north-west corner of Berkshire possesses many rural attractions. In places there are pleasant woods, mostly of oak and ash, with at intervals clusters of fir shooting above their neighbours like sable spires. Here also in perfection are England's meadows, thronged in spring with cowslips and purple orchises, whilst the glades are profuse in celandines, wild arums, and violets, blue, white, pink, and azure. During this season at eventide the nightingale trills its plaintive song after the cuckoo has sounded its last call for the day.

In summer the landscape is gay with golden corn, but scarcely so gay as formerly. The ditches are bright with yellow fleabane, blue knautia, the prickly teasel, mullein, crane's bill, meadow-sweet, and other wild flowers. The common species of butterflies, such as the tortoise-shell, red admiral, purple emperor, orange-tipped, blue, sulphur, and five-spotted burnet, flit lightly over field and hedge, and from flower to flower.

In such a district various interesting facts, unfamiliar to many people, may be gathered by an observant person. I need hardly mention the squirrels which chatter in the trees, perform feats of climbing and leaping, and sometimes lodge their cumbrous nests in the branches. It is amusing to menace one of those agile little rodents up an isolated tree, and to observe the concern which it evinces chiefly by an unusual gibbering, while it flourishes its splendid tail.

During an evening walk we were startled by something which rustled briskly through the grass. Going in pursuit we soon over-

took the fugitive, and found it lying an inert lump all prickles to the touch. It was a hedgehog. Very stupidly, this animal is much persecuted, yet it is innocent. It may conveniently be kept as a pet; it enjoys bread and milk, eats beetles and almost anything else, even to snakes, it is said, although there may be room to doubt this assertion, considering that snakes are careful to retire when the hedgehog roves. It frequently anoints itself while eating, and then becomes unpleasant to handle.

The grass-snake, or ringed snake, unfortunately belongs to a race which, as regards many of its members, deserves extermination. Perhaps the creature is confounded with the poisonous adder; at any rate, every ignorant labourer tries to slaughter it, and everybody loathes it. Some, however, have braved general opinion, surmounted other obstacles, and domesticated this reptile.

Perhaps the snake is more naturally associated with southern than with our fitful skies; it certainly enjoys warm and disappears on cold days. When the sun of September loses vigour, the snake retires into the bowels of the bank, or into some other secure place, and spends winter in deep slumber, from which the warm weather at the end of April again rouses it into activity. It may then be seen basking on a sunny bank or heard in the dead stuff at the bottom of a hedge, where it rustles as no other thing. It is scared by a person's approach, and wriggles away so fast that, if you wish to catch it, you must not hesitate. On such an occasion it is well to have a bag. To carry in one's hand a newly caught snake is unpleasant, because in its fright it emits an effluvia which would disgust any but ardent naturalists, and would, I venture to say, have left Tobit, had he lived among English meadows, at no loss for a means just as efficient as those he used to scare away the evil spirit.

Nor is the progress of domestication henceforth encouraging. The animal answers all advances with furious hisses and menacing gesticulations. Once a large grass-snake when newly caught flew at my hand, from which it drew just a speck of blood. Even this would have been serious if done by some of the tribe. But in a few days your ward grows tranquil, gives over hissing, loses other offensiveness, and may be held in the hand while it twines its body round the fingers and darts its tongue in and out. We now have an opportunity of closer examination. Certainly its appearance, like that of many poisonous flowers, is showy. Might we not, therefore, doubt the innocence of the grass-snake? Its body is completely clothed with scales, grey inclining to tawny, which on the back are granular, but broader lower down. Here they are met by polished semi-rings,

sheathing over one another, and usually mottled black and milky white, though they are sometimes uniformly black. Of these there are about one hundred and seventy. The back is not marked conspicuously, and here lies the difference by which this snake and the adder or viper may easily be distinguished; for along the back of the viper runs a zigzag chain of black lozenges. Above the black flank slits of the grass-snake, though not quite corresponding, are two sets of smaller black dashes, which, with the others, make a somewhat ring-like appearance, four slits making one ring. Hence doubtless comes one of the snake's names. The throat is ivory-like, the head brown, and at its back are four daubs, a yellow and black daub on each side. The eyes have hazel irides, are lidless and capable of turning through a small angle only. The yellowish cheeks are striped with black, and thus the swarthy features are made more expressive. The cloven tongue of jet is protruded through an orifice in the lips, withdrawn into a fleshy sheath, and rooted in the throat. When active the snake darts out, wags and withdraws this curious member every moment, thus undoubtedly invoking suspicion, especially when the tongue is kept steadily out and its barbs are in different planes. As a matter of fact the tongue terminates in two harmless hairs. The jaws are somewhat bony, their worst feature. The snake, therefore, has reason to make the most of theatrical bravado, and scares most people, though undoubtedly to its detriment.

A snake's motion is noteworthy. The backbone is constructed to facilitate lateral flexion, and thus enables the snake to tie itself in knots. In its favourite posture the snake is coiled, and you have only to touch its tail when it is immediately hooked round your finger. When startled on a bank and partly hidden, owing to the marking on its sides, the snake resembles the rim of a revolving cogwheel. It moves by pressing its ribs against the ground, and when that is perfectly level it draws its body into curves, but never contracts it into a lump as does a worm. On uneven ground this motion becomes so rapid that capture requires an alert hand.

A snake's cage should be of ample extent. It should be ventilated by perforated zinc, but not so much as to tempt capricious weather, and, above all, not in such a manner as to make escape possible, in effecting which, needless to say, your prisoner is apt enough. Indeed, so ungrateful is a snake, that while exercising it on open ground, care is required that in its path are no holes or other places of shelter, into which it will inevitably creep. The cage should have an extensive skylight, because those within particularly enjoy basking in the sun. It should have a den of earth for the snake

to lodge in at night or during ungenial weather. There should also be a box of earth containing a den for the snake's hibernation. Under these circumstances the cavity might be lined with cotton-wool, as a chill seems permanently to injure a snake's health. There must also be an extensive cage for frogs, on which the snake feeds. In this case there should be abundance of perforated zinc, but no skylight. Frogs are swallowed alive by the snake in its natural state; but, as the latter appears not to refuse them when dead, it might be more humane first expeditiously to kill the snake's prey, if it will then touch them. Nor should they be over large, although a snake conveniently swallows a frog or toad twice the size of its head, owing to the large capacity of its jaws and throat. As a matter of course its visage becomes frightfully distorted by such large mouthfuls. So far, too, is the snake from having a moderate appetite, as some aver, that it often swallows four frogs in succession. They must, of course, when alive, be abundantly supplied with water, and so ought their devourer to be. The serpent's appetite for frogs seems to have been long familiar, and those who have read Pilpay will remember how one of his ingenious fables turns upon this circumstance, which has also been utilised by poets.

Perhaps snakes have little character. Yet few animals, wild when newly caught, can be tamed in so short a time; and age seems to make little difference in this respect. They certainly appear to have a rude intelligence. I kept a snake which more than once crawled from a box of earth placed on a chair, went about the room and climbed back into its den. Snakes also seem social; for if more than one are placed in a box they will shortly be found heaped together.

The appearance of the species before us varies considerably in different individuals. Of three grass-snakes before me one is dusky-green; in another the markings are unusually vivid; and the third inclines to yellow, has a plethoric throat, but fainter markings. Grass-snakes are not commonly longer than three feet, but often of that length. On the other hand the viper never exceeds two feet.

A snake sheds its skin at least twice a year. The slough, of a dirty transparency, may frequently be found entire, either in a crack of ground or entangled among sticks. The skin splits about the head, and in divestment is turned inside out, leaving what crawls forth attired in Sunday best, and undoubtedly glad to have finished the business. A snake's eyes, usually so clear, become soapy-blue before a change. The coverings of the eyes come off with the skin, and then resemble miniature spectacle-glasses, highly concave.

At such times the snake requires a few sticks, by the help of which it divests itself. A snake once performed this task merely by aid of a broken saucer. Sometimes a little of the old skin adheres to the tail, and then the snake feels grateful to you for pulling the rest off, although, if you do this clumsily, it may show its displeasure by a hiss.

Snakes' eggs are white, and perhaps larger than a sparrow's. Their flexible shells are frequently found on manure hills, in a conglomeration, after their contents have been hatched. Baby snakes deserve notice. When only eight inches long they twine and coil their little bodies, are vain of their tongues, emit effluvium, and even hiss. Their markings also are those of their parents in miniature. What their food may be it is hard to say. Frogs can scarcely be found small enough for such tiny gullets.

The amateur naturalist cannot too strictly be cautioned against capturing, at least directly by the hand, any snake until he is quite sure that it is harmless. The adder is found in many parts of England, and its bite causes at least a very severe illness. As the adder is prone to dry places, a snake found on a ditch-bank by a meadow, or in a damp place, would be less likely to prove noxious than one found, say, on a heath or rocky place. In the district of which I write the grass-snake is unfortunately not spared, and it is therefore not so common as formerly.

Persecution is the lot of beast and bird, save a few of the domesticated kind which, in a measure, escape the intolerance of man. The owl which hoots at night—possibly feared by its ignorant persecutors on that account—and wings through the air in ghostly silence, is victimised by gamekeepers and exposed to post-mortem ignominy. I should believe the woodpecker to escape did not its rich attire tempt lawless guns. The trees pierced by this bird at nesting-time are unsound, and in the trunks of these it pecks a hole two inches in diameter, as neatly as if a carpenter had used a drill.

Every one is familiar with the cumbrous wild bees, humble bees, bumble bees, dumbledores, as they are variously called, which boom, some yellow-belted, some with red and some with grey fur, among the flowers. These have nests, one sort on the surface and another below the ground. In the case of the former, one comes across a heap of moss, neatly woven and, strange to say, rain-proof. It looks like a nest of the fieldmouse rising among the grass, but a tap of the stick soon awakens a hubbub of buzzing from within. Removal of the moss discloses a lump of rudely made brown comb, most of its cells containing bee-grubs and some honey, but very little of this confection, considering the industry of its collectors. These cunning

insects throw themselves supine, their legs sprawling, to receive your unwary hand, which is stung by the bees whose legs it touches. The sting received, however, is very slight. These bees are yellowish grey. Those which are distinguished by white belts, or by red and black about their rich fur, make similar nests, usually in the ground, but are somewhat more spirited and sting more unpleasantly. The moss mounds above ground are often pillaged, comb and builders vanishing. If this is not done by wanton boys, it may be the work of either field-mice, squirrels, or, more probably, hedgehogs. Both bees and wasps suffer from parasites. A small insect, much like that which clings to the joints of certain beetles, infests the rude comb of the former and perhaps, also, its builders. Though wasps are free from such pests, a reddish insect, one of the coleoptera, sometimes trespasses on their economy by being hatched and reared from an alien egg deposited in their cells.

Our house stands on a hill which forms one of the bounds of an extensive vale. In unsettled summers, when tufted thunderclouds brood over this expanse, as if by some subtle instinct the purple of the distant fields and copses grows deep and blurred. It is noteworthy that most thunderstorms pass either along this vale or along the White Horse Hills; but, when a regular storm chooses the intermediate space for its path, the thunder is heavy, and generally some casualty is reported from the district, and the lightning is particularly liable to victimise trees about one spot. We are perhaps meditating an excursion to some place of interest, but suddenly snowy masses of cloud sound a distant thunder-knell resembling the discharge of artillery which startled the revellers of Brussels that night when "all went merry as a marriage-bell," and few thought that "after night so sweet such awful morn could rise." Yes, while you were dreaming of coming delights and the stars were revelling in their azure chambers, Nature, looking over the accounts of the past day, found the balance of the atmosphere lost. She is now sending her bailiffs, terrible Jötuns of tempest, to confiscate the glad some sun and strip the sky of its blue robe. All hearts sink. Yet, look at those phantasmal mountains. Have you ever worshipped buildings of men? Then admire those cotton-wool tufts, so frequent an appendage of thunderstorms, cresting the structure like a giant acanthus. Admire that bold, ribbed turret at interview with the sun, who takes the vapouring mass for a royal mantle. Treacherous gift! why not have been contented with his simple majesty. That pinnacle rose two hours ago, suffused with a coppery blush, over the horizon, and was the first visible sign of the coming disorder.

Explore the summits and ravines, shadows and snows of the wondrous range. Below all is something monstrous and immaterial, like Milton's Death shaking the mortal dart, or a dimly-revealed Enceladus with mountains piled upon his mighty spirit, tormented with fiery serpents—you may see them wriggling about him—you may hear his Titanic groans. The same beam which bade the seed sprout from the loosened clod has also fledged this vulture of summer skies. The sun is now captured, and the ponderous Babel leans terrifically towards us, like an upper Tartarus, upon tottering pillars of white hail, which are clasped with lightnings as with vines; and on the storm's brow are vertical pale ire-streaks. Some fragmentary clouds pour from the sullen cave, like a flight of bats from Avernus, and all things are wrapped in twilight. With the sound of ocean the wind roars in the trees, whose dusky forms are scarcely distinguishable through the deluge of rain, until the lightning, itself like a dazzling tree with branches sprawling to the earth, blurred by the rain, glares on paddock and stack, brightening pools, bubbles, and the water-beads at the eaves, while the inmost recess of the chamber is illuminated. Three explosions, as of the shattering of huge blocks of oak, with a prolonged peal, follow. There are two or three similar outbursts of light and sound, with a continual flicker, and thuds as of Thor's hammer. The parting storm is arched with wavy lightnings amid a roll of majestic thunder. Then what a change! the sky is packed with vapour, too radiant to be looked upon, like eternity bursting on the departing spirit, while from the dark and troubled world behind sound the funeral drums.

I call to mind another time when a storm scowled over farm and field. In unearthly contrast to the gloom, which was now and again traversed by dazzling cracks, were a bunch of feathery clouds and a large bow, which must have taken their hue from the pale horse bestridden by Death. Surely such a grim arch would have reminded the Florentine poet of the visionary entrance to the Infernal Regions. Strange to say, this demon of the atmosphere laid aside its terrors and brought little thunder. On the morrow the sky is filled with watery masses of blue cloud; but, swell they ever so pompously, they seldom regain the electricity which they have squandered: to do so they must be born again.

If I were asked to name a piece of country which looks pretty much as it did in the days of Pope and Cowper, uninvaded by modern innovations, I should think of the Thames where it flows, reduced to the breadth of a canal, twelve miles west of Oxford, through pastures so peaceful that one might suppose they had been

the heritage of kine for the last thousand years. Willow row behind willow row, rickety fences and dilapidated sluices characterise the somewhat depressing view from the bridlepath. The meadows, from which peewits so often sound their distracted cry, are bounded or intersected by ditches and brooks containing clumsy-headed miller's-thumbs, minnow shoals, and blood-red sticklebacks. May such nooks, like the antique architecture of old abbeys, long retain their simplicity to recall to us and our children the venerable past.

Suppose we approach the old-fashioned river by one of the many turfless paths overhung with "hoary-leaved" willows, at the feet of which may run a shallow ditch studded with the golden blossoms of creeping Jenny. The willow bole is always of the same height, and wears a massive knob of stumps, in which are set the plumes of its foliage. At times these are cut, either as supple bronze-barked withes, for binding faggots, or, when two or three inches of girth have been developed, for hurdle-making. The shorn bole stands for a while like a gnarled giant's club, but soon sprouts afresh. The crown of stumps, beginning to rot, forms a loamy bed, and this frequently harbours sprays of fragrant honeysuckle or clusters of pink dog-roses. Presently the trunk decays internally, and the weight of the knobs tears it asunder into three or four parts leaning different ways; and in this state the willow survives an æon. A Struldbrug of this sort is more picturesque than the human monstrosity seen by Gulliver.

The river flows in rapids and pools, between abrupt banks. Through the shallows may be seen the variously-hued waterweed, stratified by the current, which bends and sways the reeds jutting from the eddies like huge sea-green porcupine's bristles. Further on the water becomes brown and peaceful, and is paved with orient water-lilies and their green and crimson plate-like leaves, some of the last being curled up into scrolls; in the dim depth are the dusky forms of perch and chub, and sometimes a roach darts upwards a silvery gleam as from a mirror. In places the channel is blocked by floating masses of water-crowfoot dotted with blossoms resembling those of the garden strawberry; and from a shallow cove are thrust the leaves of the spearhead and arrowhead, so shaped. At the margin rises a wall of stave-like reeds; and among these stand conspicuous the tall flowering rushes which wear crowns of pink blossoms, bur-reeds which consist of aggregations of prickly marbles, yellow flags whose petals are shaped like dogs' tongues, purple spires of loosestrife and giant docks like palm leaves. On the moist strand cluster water forget-me-nots, where at an earlier time beamed golden

kingcups, the earliest flowers hereabouts. The bank is clothed with fragrant peppermint. On the floor of a brook, whose water has ebbed, flourishes the yellow water-lily, the unsuccessful rival of the splendid white kind. It draws luxuriance out of the moist mud, from which its bloated roots are partly revealed, the vivid green leaves growing from them seeming to thrive better here than in deep water. The blossoms are shaped like miniature peonies, and have a decided, though not unpleasant odour. The buds and their stalks resemble drum-sticks.

More gaudy than the numerous flowers are the dragon-flies, which swarm among the reeds at the end of May. The deep metallic blue of the males justifies Longfellow when he likens the insect to a knight

That down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent,
With steel-blue mail and shield.

The females are light metallic green, and quite as radiant, though their wings have no daubs of colour like those of the males. The sturdier sex have tails provided with pincers, wherewith they seize the necks of the females, and thus flit along tandem fashion. Dragon-flies are more like jewels than insects. On the other hand, nothing could be plainer than the brown which the caddis-flies, also a numerous swarm, seem to have copied from the abandoned shard of the dragon-fly. Why did they not also borrow its scales, and thus escape the jaws of their radiant rivals, who devour their tender bodies?

Both the caddis-fly and dragon-fly come from the water. The former, before metamorphosis, has made its body a sheath out of bits of stick, reed, and stone, stuck together, and crawls along the bed of the brook, carrying this structure until its wings are formed and it emerges to aerial life. When the dragon-fly undergoes a similar transition it leaves behind a translucent grey shard, with large eye-globes and the visage and legs of the complete insect, but lacking wings and having a stouter abdomen. In the shoulders of the discarded panoply is the rent by which the winged insect emerged. Other varieties of the dragon-fly are its miniature the pin-fly, and the large brown and green dragon-flies which often fly remote from water; but the most wonderful kind I have seen contracted its body with respiration. Its wings were slim and transparent and its abdomen was marked with azure, and not rod-shaped.

On the banks of the river are many pretty shells. One kind is like a miniature ammonite, but not ribbed; another has a bulged base lengthening into a pinnacle; a third, often polished and light as a feather, is more bulged, having hardly any pinnacle, but a wide orifice.

It is a pty that the stickleback hardly attains two inches in length,

the variety and vividness of its hues, the large size of its
spiked nature of its fins would make it a famous fish.
Many of these fry remember to bandage their glass, because
it is unendurable to creatures of the water, and soon
their destruction.

And now a glance at autumn. Here is an oak throttled with ivy.
Hear the hum of insect wings. We find bees taking the last
honey of the season, and wasps their funeral banquet from the yellow
clusters. This creeper produces globes of ripe and black berries in
the following spring.

In another fortnight the squirrel's winter storehouse is full of
hazels and beech-nuts. A touching scene prevails along the tinted
hedge in absence of the insect brood. But here is the cuckoo-pint
once more. It first appeared as a herald of spring; summer
changed its whitish-green flower to a cluster of green berries,
resembling an ear of Indian maize, and now autumn enlists it as
one of her heralds, turning its berries red.

The hedge itself blazes with berries, the red bullet- and slug-
shaped hips, and the glossy clusters of the wild guelder-rose. There
are also black clusters of shot-like elder-berries, also black sloes
suffused with purple bloom, and black cornel berries. Spindle
berries are pink, or rather a flesh-pink pod, dividing, shows small
round orange berries. Here is a branch which summer garlanded
with green bryony. The branch has lost its leaves, and autumn turns
the wreath into a necklace of red coral-beads. Here again is a tuft
of moss variegated with red, yellow, and green, attached to a branch
of the dog-rose. Little maggots, cradled in cavities in the swollen
wood, cause the wondrous growth.

This season produces many kinds of fruit, not usually garnered :
golden crabs which Atalanta might have picked up; splendidly
polished, dusky-grained horse-chestnuts, set in pulpy caskets with
prickly exteriors, and indigestible eating-chestnuts packed in bristly
nest-like cases. Fir-spires, like sombre priests with extended arms
blessing the wood, are decked with fragrant yellow cones. Observe
Nature's skill in cupping the acorn and winging the thistle seed.
Let us admire those trees and flowers which, when luxuriant, foresee
a bleaker season and leave tokens which cheer us then !

But the herbage is hardly as gay as arboreal growths; the
bracken shakes dry and auburn in the wind, the poppy and campion
are changed into pepper-boxes, the pink cone-shaped teasel stands
grey and sapless like a watch-tower abandoned by the gay insects
once posted upon it; but the willow-herb wears a champion's feathers.

The fungus tribe also displays its unhallowed and unsound glories. The mushroom is snowy above, pink beneath, fragrant, but often baneful. There are small toadstools tinted green and crimson. One stands up like an umbrella, flaked with snow and soot, and makes a landmark for fieldmice. Here puffballs cluster in a fairy ring of luxuriant grass. These, when mature, are bags which squirt brown dust from a central aperture at a touch of the foot. From an unsound trunk juts a fungus like a great freckled yellow tongue.

However, Nature soon wearies of the splendid spectacle, and mother earth demands something of the trees in return for nourishment at her patient breast. Then beech, chestnut, elm, sycamore, oak, and lime shower down their gold as the wind, that subtle tax-collector, rustles through the branches. By-and-bye the earth will demand a silver tribute from the dark-hued clouds, though at present the sad stubble is silvered in the sun only by the work of spiders.

Somewhat later the starry-belted Orion will smile at eve across the misty fields, and spider-threads will then shine with morning frost. Meanwhile, as you tread some lane across which trees shake each other's skeleton hands, step reverently for your "steps are on an empire's dust," and a glorious empire it was, and fell when its banners waved most gorgeously.

And now surely the river is full dreary, especially when the low-lying meadows are flooded? But frost brightens the prospect here in its most forlorn mood. Two clear nights make ice which will just bear, and a third (if it can be coaxed) makes the ice firm. Then, in absence of the pestilential snow, the skater has a whole meadow of ice, under no part of which the water exceeds a foot. He may of course have an unpleasant fall if the ice breaks. But this ice soon shows its inferiority to pond ice. After a day or two not a square yard is level, and he may skate over a whole field where there is no water, while the surface takes every undulation of the turf.

A few years back the river flooded as if every cloud had rained into its sources; and, before the tide had materially decreased, Winter took it into his head to rule with a rod of iron, so that running brooks were sealed with thick ice. Meadow after meadow stretched out like a frozen lake, and it was possible to skate from one into another. You shot now over a layer of ice poured like candle-grease over the rest; now you clattered along a brook, over a seam of ribbed ice clear as crystal, beneath which coursed silvery bubbles and waved brown reeds; and now,

with a qualm, you found yourself crossing a deeper brook, the bottom of which was distinct six feet below the transparent ice, through the clear water. There were also spacious sheets of flawless ice, upon which you could try a Flying Mercury. This is certainly a figure highly unsuitable for Hyde Park; but here were none to embarrass the performer with their persons or criticism. The skater attains full speed by a few vigorous strokes, brings his feet side by side, wheels suddenly round and describes a vast circle on one foot, taking the outside edge backwards. The last mode of skating seems on ordinary occasions to require very little conscious impetus, and now the speed feels actually appalling; his brow often bends forward as if it would touch the ice, the correct balance being difficult to obtain; and this is a defect. The figure is certainly dangerous, very exhilarating to certain temperaments, but esteemed only lightly by figure proficient. The turning-round business once brought me down, and a cluster of blood-spots was left on the ice by my eyebrow—for fortunately I fell forwards. It is easy to conceive that a mishap at this point, or a flaw in the subsequent ice, might cause fatality. The figure of course requires quite an acre of faultless ice for its performance.

Miracle of all, there fell not a snowflake to mar that sheet during the fortnight of its existence, although at last the track lay over gaping cracks, rugged mounds, and along the sloping ice of a brook which had subsided, making a trough; and at one spot you had to jump across such a trough, where a slab of ice, from beneath which the water had ebbed, had fallen in. However, when the thermometer rises to freezing-point, you must not mention ice from beneath which the water has receded; you might as well try to skate on chalk.

The neighbourhood once had another attraction for certain collectors. In former days there were deposited along the road-side heaps of limestone, from which could be obtained aids to a geological collection, containing ammonites—some measuring eight inches across—small scallops, belemnites, and other fossils. The extensive use of Mendip stone, however—which makes better thoroughfares—has thrown the quarry into comparative neglect, and the stacks of stone which formerly indicated its activity are now replaced by piles of sand and débris, clothed with thistles, silverweed, and viper's bugloss.

THE 1900 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

IN the beginning" the heavenly bodies were started on their swift career, in paths so complicated that we can but dimly appreciate them. We should expect the path of the earth revolving round the sun, and the path of the moon round the earth, to be circles, such as a ball describes when swung round with a string. Also it would seem natural that the earth should revolve round the sun in what may be called an upright position ; but, as a matter of fact, the orbits of the earth and of the moon are ovals, bringing them nearer to their centres at one time than at another ; while the earth itself is not upright, but tilted a little on one side, about 23° , or the sixteenth part of a circle ; it is to this "tilt" we owe our summer and winter ; if the earth were upright we should have no changes of seasons. The more the general scheme of the Universe is understood, the more we learn of the marvellous adaptability of simple means to stupendous ends.

It is evident that as the sun and the moon vary in distance from the earth, they must also vary slightly in apparent size. An eclipse takes place when the moon passes in front of the sun, and blots it out ; if this occur at a time when the sun is near, and appears large, while the moon is distant, and therefore appears smaller, the moon is not large enough to cover the whole surface of the sun, which is seen as a bright rim round the moon ; this is called an annular eclipse. On Monday, May 28, the moon was so near to the earth as completely to cover the sun's face and to show a total eclipse. But this totality could be visible only from those parts of the earth in the direct line of the sun and moon ; the centre of this narrow band whence totality could be witnessed began in Europe at Ovar, near Oporto, and crossed Spain to Alicante ; astronomical parties were despatched to these points from various countries, where totality lasted for a minute and a half ; others, including the writer, went to Algiers, where the time of totality was but little over one minu'

Under the most favourable circumstances, when the sun appears at its smallest, and the moon at its largest, totality may last for nearly seven minutes.

The most striking phenomena of a total eclipse are the corona or brilliant atmosphere surrounding the sun (which is visible only when the sun itself is completely blotted out), and the coronium, the inner part of the corona of glowing gases, whence flames of fire are seen to be darting ; it is the examination of the corona and of the tongues of flame from the coronium that makes a total eclipse so attractive to the scientific world. The photographic camera records the shape and aspect of these flames during the few seconds they are visible, while the spectroscope reveals to us what are the substances in combustion, many of them known to exist on our own planet.

A total eclipse, therefore, is one of the rare opportunities of adding to the very little we know about our sun ; it has long been observed that sun-spots occur with frequency at intervals of about eleven years, and statisticians aver that the conditions and climate of the earth are greatly affected by them ; it has been suggested that these dark spots are craters of flame, and this theory appears to be confirmed by the fact that when sun-spots are most numerous the storms of flame from the coronium are found to be most active, and the inner corona is brightest and most extensive. We are now at a period of minimum sun-spots.

The people who think it worth while to journey in search of an eclipse are likely to be men of wide interests. Among our fellow-travellers are civil engineers, geologists, and scientists of various nationalities, familiar with every part of the world ; conversation at table is of the Panama Canal, of the trade between San Francisco and the East, of South American railroads, and Californian mines. Our captain tells how the use of lightning conductors has ceased with iron ships ; an engineer tells us how there has been no instance of a factory chimney in use being struck by lightning, since the products of combustion act as a lightning conductor ; we hear how the failure of the Panama Canal was due solely to bad management, and that it is sure to be an accomplished fact one day ; that the Nicaragua route is impossible owing to recurrent earthquakes, which destroy the foundations of any system of locks. The captain narrates how, previous to a heavy thunderstorm last night, he saw a lurid light in the sky which remained visible for several seconds. Every one has some contribution to keep the ball of conversation rolling, except the double-chinned doctor, whose whole attention is concentrated on the business immediately in hand. Nor is our short voyage devoid of

interest, as we nearly ran against a whale on the port bow, and we startled a flying-fish on the starboard bow ; it is not every one who knows that those creatures are to be found in the Mediterranean Sea.

Arrived at Algiers we find every hotel crammed ; happy and self-satisfied are those who had the foresight to engage rooms, which the wise ones had declared to be quite unnecessary in May. A sojourn of an hour or two in the picturesque and uncleanly Moorish bath, among twisted marble columns with carved capitals and dim, irreligious light, served to remove the traces of travel-stain, and to emphasise the *genus loci*.

The great day, Monday, the 28th, awoke to a cloudless sky ; from dawn till sunset not one little fleecy cloud passed across the heavens ; a light and steady northerly wind tempered the fierce heat of the brilliant sun. Uninvited strangers found their way to the Observatory, on the hill two or three miles outside Algiers ; here were the excited astronomers, rendered still more nervous by the perfection of their opportunity, by their heavy responsibility, and the consciousness of what would be expected from them. One man has the duty of drawing, on paper, the eclipse and lunar outlines as viewed through a glorified camera obscura. A green tent that has already done duty at a former eclipse in Japan, contains the instruments for spectroscopic observations ; another for the series of photographs ; then there is a considerable sprinkling of amateurs, hospitably welcomed by the Director, M. Trépied, with their telescopes, their opera-glasses, and their little cameras. All about is a wealth of brilliant flowers, rose-coloured mallows, among the prickly-pears, and the gently waving boughs of sub-tropical foliage ; dark cypresses contrast with feathery pines ; little Arab boys have their bits of smoked glass, sometimes held the wrong way, and blackening their little noses ; far away stretches the deep blue of the Mediterranean, blending on the faint horizon with the cloudless sky.

The general aspect of the Observatory grounds is as of a fortress prepared for battle ; the great port-holes in the white domes are open, and from their black cavernous recesses peer fearsome tubes, which might be peaceable telescopes, or some modern weapons for making war by machinery. Telescopes abound, planted on walls and piers, or held with uncertain steadiness before the eyes of fair astronomers ; opera glasses are fixed to sticks and trees. Adjoining the photographic tent sits an Englishman, solemn as a minor canon chanting a dirge ; he gravely fixes his eyes on the grass, while in loud and distinct accents he counts up to eighty ; then we see that he is watching a metronome before him, and voicing its ticks for the

benefit of the photographers in the tent. They, in their turn, are rehearsing in dumb show all the movements to be put in practice during each second the eclipse lasts; a small boy in a big hat pretends to take a glass plate out of a box and hand it to his father, who goes through the motions of placing it in the instrument; with monotonous regularity, governed by the utterances of the minor canon, sundry movements with glasses and cloths take place, until the plate is assumed to have ended its course, in a box, while a fresh plate enters on the same career. The Director walks from one observatory to another, with suppressed emotion, issuing final commands to each group of observers, as, before Trafalgar, Nelson called his captains to him for the last time. We should no more dream of addressing any remark to the Director than we should of speaking to the man at the wheel, yet it is felt that the consequences would be so serious if we did, that a friend (who probably does not know) felt it necessary to whisper that we are not to speak to him as "his temper is very short to-day."

At last the moon enters on the first contact; a group is observing the clear and black-bulb thermometers, and recording every few seconds. For more than an hour we watch the black shadow creeping over the sun, with but little diminution of sunlight; this is an intensely interesting time to those who are observing the moon's disc, and the outline of the lunar mountains thrown into strong relief against the sun.

Some five or ten minutes before totality, the sunlight seems changing in quality: colour goes out of everything; the air is sensibly colder; flowers begin to close their petals; some martins, who have their nests under the eaves of an observatory, make their preparations for going early to bed; the shaggy observatory dog coils himself up finally for the night, and presently the planet Mercury shines out brilliantly near the sun. There is a hush, a chill, a silence, and then, quite suddenly, comes the moment when the sun is wholly hidden. This is what we beheld: a solid disc of utter blackness, the like whereof one never thought to see in the heavens. Above and below the disc (more above than below) were quivering fan-shaped rays, like spun-glass in moonlight, stretching away into space some three, four, or five times the sun's diameter; while at the lower edge of the moon we saw a narrow rim of golden orange and flame colour, with glowing points of deep red like burning metal. This was all; it seems little enough when put into words, but the effect was surpassingly solemn. The molten coronium, so little seen, and in one part only, while extremely vivid, was less striking than we

had expected ; but what were the great pale rays stretching far away into the sky ?

The minute of a total eclipse is the shortest minute in life. We dared not for one moment remove our eyes from our glasses ; suddenly, in an instant, from the lower part of the moon, shot the first ray of returning light. With dramatic suddenness the world was again bathed in floods of sunshine ; one great sigh of relief went up from the many on the hill-top, as the moment of tension was past. We saw nothing but what I have tried to describe, we knew not how dark it became, or whether other stars were visible ; the central fact of the eclipse itself absorbed the whole attention—it was a spectacle that could never be forgotten.

The fall of temperature varied from four degrees on the Observatory hill to twelve on Cape Matifou, where a party of observers was stationed. The joyful congratulations exchanged, as the sun continued to brighten, showed that the savants were satisfied with their work ; the small boy in the big hat marched about with an air that can only be described as triumphant. A remarkable and excellent picture of the total eclipse, as seen at Algiers, will be found in *Knowledge* for July.

The points of disagreement among the observers were curious : some said the long streamers were straight, others that they were curved, or fish-tailed ; some could trace the streamers much further than others. The personal equation of observers has always to be taken into account.

In the Square at Algiers, the Arabs, in statuesque white draperies, watched the eclipse with their usual silent gravity until the burst of light at the end ; then the contagious enthusiasm of the crowd became irresistible, and the sun was cheered in many tongues. In the steep streets of the native quarter, white-veiled Arab women and gaily-dressed Jewesses thought to help on matters by clashing together their pots and pans, and, as a matter of fact, the light did return a full two seconds earlier than the astronomers had predicted.

In the villages all the French were on the *qui-vive* ; school teachers marched their children to good points of view on hill-tops. The Kabyles, who are engaged on house and field-work, side by side with their conquerors, scoffed at the whole thing and betted freely that nothing unusual would take place. But when the darkness came on, one exclaimed in consternation, “ Si le bon Dieu se mêle de ce jeu je ne parie plus.”

Another had confidently boasted that although the foreigners

might be clever with machinery and inventions, the Kabyles must know as much about their own earth and sky ; after the eclipse he came humbly to his mistress, saying : " I see that the French are a great people, while the Kabyles are but foolish folk."

An Arab woman, believing the end of the world was at hand, went and sat by her son's grave, so as to be quite ready for the resurrection.

A total eclipse is a sight to be seen by most men but once in a lifetime ; the effect produced on the imagination is of the supremacy of light, and of the accidental and abnormal quality of darkness, which is but the absence of light, with its analogy in the moral world of the eternity of goodness and of the temporary character of evil.

EDMUND VERNEY.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

O MASTER of the Morning ! Thy long trill
 Wakened the lindens ere the peep of dawn ;
 And when the sun's last splendour was withdrawn
 Into the deeps of the West, I heard thee still
 Calling the nightingale across the hill
 To song test in the presence of the moon.
 The joyous spirit of Spring is in thy lay :
 Its strength, its hope, its freshness, and the day
 Wakens too late, and languishes too soon,
 For one with soul so tirelessly atune.
 No note of pain or sadness dost thou know ;
 Love without anguish, youth without despair,
 In matins loud, or vespers rich and low—
 This is the burden that thy song doth bear.

Deep in thy Agapemone of green,
 Listening, I hear thee now : thy passionate throat
 Throbs with a rich, melodious polyglot,
 A love-song to the beauty of thy queen
 Who sitteth in her bowery unseen.
 The carol trembles up into the blue,
 A tangle of soft sounds and loud refrains,
 A gossamer of music, hung with chains
 Of iridescent notes instead of dew :
 A fountain babbling the long day through.
 Master and lord of the wild flutes of Pan !
 O forest minstrel, blithe and debonair,
 Sweet piper upon pipes Arcadian,
 Thy song is my delight and my despair !

TABLE TALK.**PRESERVATION OF GOOD LOOKS.**

THE view has recently been publicly put forward, on what professes to be authority, that a new shaft may be added to the female armoury by the partial abolition of wrinkles. The remedy, which is found in sleeping easily and gracefully, and with the face composed to an agreeable expression, has been, not unnaturally, received with much amusement and some ridicule. It is none the less sensible enough so far as it goes, only it does not go nearly far enough. The habit of thinking worthy, agreeable, and, if possible, noble thoughts, is a great producer and preserver of beauty. The finest facial gifts will not endure with one who indulges in mean or debased thoughts and occupations. Every observer knows how much a cultivated expression adds to the charms of female loveliness. Everybody cannot, of course, pretend to high culture. A mere observance of the Horatian counsel—*nil admirari*—not to wonder at what passes around you, nor lose your self-possession in the presence of the unfamiliar, will go far to take its place. Nothing vulgarises the expression more readily than the habit of gazing with astonishment at what passes. It is a counsel of perfection, if not a sermon, to advise everyone to think high thoughts and to be cultivated. It is nevertheless, within certain limits, practicable with the exercise of self-restraint. Such a course will at least arrest the growth of wrinkles. Especially should such always be taken into account in youth. The little tricks and petulances that in childhood are almost if not quite attractive, harden with increasing years into blemish and grimace.

EFFECT OF GOOD HEALTH UPON PHYSICAL APPEARANCE.

PRACTICALLY, the conditions most favourable to the development and preservation of beauty are, as every medical man will acknowledge, the sound mind in the sound body. At present, such a state of affairs is rarely to be hoped. Illness, pain, and

sleeplessness will naturally produce wrinkles. The mere loss of tissue caused by age will bring about the same result. It is not with the old I am concerned, though age has sometimes a beauty of its own, and I could with conviction repeat the lines of Donne :

Nor spring nor summer beauty has the grace
That I have seen in an autumnal face.

I am compelled to quote from memory, since books of quotations do not deal with Donne ; and I cannot hunt through his works in the search after a distich. With attention to diet, and the restraints upon temper and meanness and vice of which I have spoken, it is possible to arrest the development of wrinkles. With one practising, under normal conditions, these restraints, sleep will have the requisite ease and grace. I may not alter a line of Coleridge and speak of him as one

Who smiling always, smiles in sleep.

He, or preferably she, however, will, under ordinary conditions, preserve the expression most conducive to the preservation of good looks. I have taken advantage of some medical utterances to deliver a homily by which my readers may be astonished, but can scarcely be offended. There may be much about my views that is sanguine, but there is at least nothing that is polemical. Gratiano says,

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

It is true that constant indulgence in laughter is a source of wrinkles ; but the conditions of existence are scarcely such as to provoke endless hilarity.

THE STAGING OF SHAKESPEARE.

A DISCUSSION has been, I will not say raging, but simmering, between the actor-managers, such as Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Sidney Lee and other Shakespearian scholars as to the manner in which Shakespeare is to be staged. Actor-managers naturally adhere to the plans by which their most conspicuous successes have been reached. Scholars, on the other hand, call for a more regular production of Shakespeare's plays *if necessary*, at a less prohibitive cost. I have italicised the words *if necessary*, as furnishing the basis of a false issue and a fruitless discussion. It was strongly urged against Charles Kean, after his quarrel with Douglas Jerrold, that Shakespeare, in Kean's revivals, was buried beneath upholstery. I have never heard a similar arraignment brought against the revivals at the Lyceum or Her Majesty's, and can conceive no man of taste venturing to express disapproval of such representations of "Hamlet," "Much Ado About Nothin

"The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King John," and "Julius Cæsar" as have been given us at one or other of the theatres named. What, I take it, certain scholars, notably Mr. Sidney Lee, seek, is a theatre devoted wholly to the performance of Shakespeare or of the masterpieces of the Tudor stage. The extreme cost of the revivals recently undertaken is supposed to be prohibitive of the establishment of a theatre of the kind, and the scholars declare their readiness to accept pieces mounted on a less ambitious scale. Since, however, all the revivals I have mentioned have been largely, and some of them lastingly, remunerative, there is no reason why such should not be multiplied. In London, Mr. Tree tells us, 242,000 people witnessed "Julius Cæsar," over 170,000 flocked to see "King John," and nearly 220,000 were present during the run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

MR. TREE'S LECTURE ON SHAKESPEARE.

THESE figures I take from the lecture by Mr. Tree, given before the Oxford Union Society, to which, during the past summer, I had the privilege of listening. Mr. Tree adds, that not one of his Shakespearian productions has been "unattended by a substantial pecuniary reward." These statements I accept, and I doubt not that future experiments in the same direction will be accompanied by an equal measure of success. I hold also that the species of analogy instituted between Shakespeare and Wagner is true in the sense in which it is advanced, and I believe that if the choice had been afforded him, Shakespeare would have been no less ready than Wagner to avail himself in his productions of the services of the sister arts. Going a step further, I shall be sorry to witness the day when managers such as those named will not devote their minds to the illustration of Shakespeare. While with Mr. Tree in all these respects, I see nothing about which to quarrel. May not two things co-exist? While an Irving or a Tree gives us a superb representation of a play of Shakespeare, why may not another Phelps, if we can find one, repeat the experiment once given at Sadler's Wells? I am not contented to take the performances of the Elizabethan Stage Society, however interesting they may be in some respects, as enabling us to dispense with other productions; nor do I think that a company such as that with which Mr. Benson visited London satisfies all requirements. Let us find an ideal manager of a Shakespearian theatre if we can, and make much of him when got, but do not let us discourage the efforts of a Tree or an Irving.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1900.

*THE TRAGEDY OF EMMA
COLLINS.*

BY KATHARINE SYLVESTER.

THE spring breeze, bearing on its wings a message from the hyacinths in the garden, blew through the open windows of a room in which three women sat at tea. The glossy newness of the black dresses they wore told a tale of recent loss, to which the trace of tears on the face of the oldest of the women added further testimony. Though no tie of kinship had existed between Emma Collins and the old man who had yesterday been put to rest in a corner of the churchyard, yet the gloom cast by the terrible shadow showed for her no sign of lifting, and she found it impossible to join in the talk of the other women. As for Helen and Sara, own nieces to the deceased, they were already experiencing that reaction which, sometimes following in the wake of sorrow, gives new zest to the common facts of life. They prattled away to one another across the tea-table with a sort of suppressed cheerfulness, giving now and then a furtive glance at the older woman, who sat grim and silent behind the urn, drinking her tea in gulps, and trying in vain to still the trembling of her lips.

"Of course we shall have to keep very quiet this summer," said Helen, pensively toying with her tea-spoon. "No picnics or garden-parties! And that lovely sprigged muslin I had made up last month—I suppose it'll be out of fashion by the time I can wear it."

"You talk as though we were going to be in mourning for ever," responded her elder sister. "Why, even next month we can go into greys and lavenders. You'll look awfully nice in a French grey, Helen," she added, giving an admiring glance at the fair hair and

pink and white face which showed no sign of the wear and tear of the thirty years of life it had already witnessed.

"Do you think so?" said Helen, walking to the mantel-piece, and looking at herself in the glass. "I'm not sure, after all, that black doesn't become me best. Don't you think Miss Barlow has made these sleeves too tight?" she asked anxiously, turning towards the tea-table.

"And if she has, is it of the slightest consequence?" burst out suddenly from Emma Collins, on whom the frivolous talk of the other women jarred beyond bearing. She rose from the table and left the room, shutting the door sharply. The sisters looked at one another with lifted eyebrows.

"It's too absurd of Emma Collins," commented the younger woman. "And Uncle Sam no relation, either. She'd like to put us in disgrace because we have an appetite for our meals! I'm sure I feel his death awfully, but one can't go on crying for ever!"

"Poor Emma!" returned the other more gently. She was her sister's senior by a great many years, and had a placid, amiable face. "You know it's really very hard on her, uncle always having made so much of her and given her all the power. But it's done her no good. She's grown so interfering and set on having her own way. . . ."

"She'll have to do without it pretty often for the future!" said Helen, with a determined toss of her head. "Of course we'll always want her to live with us just the same, but the house belongs to us now, and it's you or I that must be mistress here! . . . I meant to ask her for the keys this morning," she added, rising and walking to a cabinet on which she began a rearrangement of the ornaments.

Meanwhile Emma Collins sat alone in her bedroom and tried to take a sensible view of things, but she could do nothing but cry and cry for the dear dead past, for Uncle Sam, and for the future that looked so desolate without him. For since the day that he had brought her, the cousin of his late wife, to share with two orphan nieces the shelter of his home, it had been the old man's pleasure to show his appreciation of her qualities by doing her honour above the other women. Shortly after her arrival he had handed the basket of keys over to her charge, meaning by this act to symbolise the position she was henceforth to fill in his household. There was at the time no opposition on the part of the other two to this preference of a comparative stranger. Sara, the elder niece, was a gentle, indolent creature, with whom the glories of responsibility were more than counterbalanced by its risks; and Helen was too young to have any say in the matter. But that was ages ago. Since then

tempers and jealousies had had time to grow up and develop, and Emma knew that of late years her tenure of office had come to be regarded in the light of a usurpation. And this all the more that the old man's reliance on her, increasing with age and infirmity, her position had become still further accentuated. She had given of herself full measure pressed down and shaken together, and that with no sense of obligation conferred, for even greater than his need of service was hers of serving. And now he was dead—and no one wanted her any more—and what was she to do with the long empty days that lay between her and eternity? Of course there were Helen and Sara, to whom her loving nature held out arms above the hedge of jealousy that their uncle's favour had set between them. But they had one another and many relatives besides, and their hearts were not built on a generous scale for loving. . . . Then the black cloud shifted a little, and she fell to wondering whether Gilbert Tarsk, her nephew, all that remained to her of kinsfolk, sent often from his distant colony a thought to England, and to the aunt who had watched over his youth with a mother-like devotion. In the early days of parting there had been letters by every mail; but, with the process of time, the correspondence from being often one-sided had dropped to an exchange of letters now and then during the year. Yet his image had never left its niche in her heart, though the veil of time hung before it, dimming and blurring the features. If only fate had willed that he had remained at home! How different, how full her life would have been! . . . Who knows? Perhaps one day his heart would turn to the old country and pilot him back to her across the sea. The hope, idle as she knew it to be, had on her a cheering effect. She dried her eyes, and a little later went down-stairs, resolved to adjust herself with all possible grace to the new order of things.

None the less did she find the process of dethronement a disagreeable one, particularly as Helen, into whose hands the reins of government had passed, chose to evince her contempt for the old order of things by constant upheavals and overturnings. It tasked Emma's powers of endurance to the uttermost to stand by, a patient witness, while the younger woman organised what resembled games of post with the furniture, bullied the servants, and sent the tradespeople to the rightabout. Emma had only herself to thank in the matter, inasmuch as the old man's will had been drawn in accordance with her advice. But, strange to say, she failed to find in the sciousness of her disinterestedness a permanent source of cons^{ol}

One morning, about a month after Uncle Sam's death,

returning home from an aimless walk through the town, sick and weary in spirit. It had seemed to her that the butcher, standing at his shop-door, the acquaintance who passed her in the street, had greeted her with less consideration than in the old days, and the thought struck her that Napoleon dethroned was fortunate in having a St. Helena to go to. Perhaps, after all, it would be best for her to go out of sight of those who had known her under happier conditions, and live out her life elsewhere on the tiny annuity which was all she had consented to accept of the old man's bounty. Thinking these thoughts she opened the garden gate and came face to face with Mrs. Cave, the laundress, who looked flushed and angry, and who lost no time in giving vent to her grievance.

"I think it's time I gave up the laundry-work altogether, that I do! It seems I can't give satisfaction, after all these years of moiling and toiling! Here's Miss Helen been fault-finding with the way the clothes is got up, and talking about the steam laundry over to Hillingdon. Of course she's got a right to send her things where she likes; but I do think, after washing for a family for the best part of a lifetime . . ." And poor Mrs. Cave's anger drowned itself in a tempest of tears.

The story of the laundress's woes had called up an answering flush on the face of her listener. She laid a hand on the poor woman's shoulder. "Never mind, Mrs. Cave; I will speak to Miss Helen. I dare say it'll be all right." But the laundress shook her head disconsolately. "They say you've got enough to do to look after your own rights now Miss Helen's 'missus'!" she muttered to herself as she went her way down the road.

Meanwhile, Emma had burst into the drawing-room where both the sisters were sitting at work. "What's this about Mrs. Cave?" she demanded hotly. "I met the poor creature in tears. She says you talk of sending the work elsewhere. Surely, surely you can't mean it?"

"Indeed I do, if she doesn't mend her ways," returned Helen nonchalantly, biting off a thread.

"But after washing for the family for I don't know how many years?" Emma tried to speak temperately, but her voice shook with indignation.

"My dear Emma, I can't go on having my clothes look as if I had wrung them out myself, just because Mrs. Cave and Uncle Sam were young together! Don't quarrel with me because I prefer starch to sentiment, but read the letter that has come for you by the four o'clock post."

Emma turned, and instantly forgetting Mrs. Cave and her wrongs, snatched at the letter lying on the mantel-piece. "It is from Gilbert Tarsk," she murmured faintly, changing colour.

It was long since she had heard from him, and now for some reason unaccountable to her consciousness her hand shook so that she could hardly open her letter. A few moments later she gave a little shriek, and the two women looking up from their sewing saw Emma Collins with the tears running down her cheeks. But they were tears of joy—not of sorrow. "Oh, girls! girls!" she cried. "Gilbert's coming home. My own nephew—after all these years—not to go back, but to stay in England always! It's too good to be true! It's too good to be true!" and she buried her head among the sofa cushions, sobbing aloud. She soon recovered sufficiently to sit up and discuss the new arrival with the other women, who for once deigned to evince sympathetic interest.

"Of course we shall be glad for him to put up here—at least for a time," said Helen, with a condescension of hospitality that was lost on Emma. "You're sure to find one another a disappointment, though," she added as a corrective to the older woman's happiness.

The weeks that intervened between the arrival of her nephew's letter and his appearance in person were lived by Emma in a happy dream. The petty slights and contradictions to which she was still subjected passed by her almost unnoticed. Was not her millennium near at hand—the coming of her own boy to fill her heart and mind, and to be her champion always? She supposed he would want to marry some day; but need that make any difference? She could love him and his wife too, whoever she might be. There was little Jenny Farwell, the doctor's daughter, on whom she had once bestowed music lessons, and who repaid her by a permanent attitude of humble adoration. It wouldn't be surprising if she took his fancy, with her meek eyes and pretty shy ways. But pshaw! it was folly this castle building, and she turned with a smile at herself to the re-reading of Gilbert's letters, trying with their aid to picture to herself what manner of man the new Gilbert would be. From the background of her memory she routed out all incidents and images connected with his childhood, burnishing them with her imagination, ready to produce for his edification. As the days of waiting approached their term she could scarcely eat or sleep or sit to her work for more than a few minutes together. Helen, while carping at her restlessness, seemed to some extent to share in it. She was of a social turn, and the advent of a stranger to the quiet household could not but have its exciting aspect. The little town, too, was all agog

with the news, and Emma found that as part-owner of the coming man she had almost regained her past degree of consideration ; and the discovery helped further to raise her spirits.

One morning came the long expected telegram, followed a few hours later by the arrival, with bag and baggage, of her nephew himself. It was a quiet meeting. Emma stood in the doorway and watched him, a tall bearded figure, come up the garden walk. He caught her by both hands, and so they stood for a moment looking into one another's faces as though in search of something lost. "You are the same Aunt Emma," he said at length, dropping her hands and kissing her on the cheek, "who stood with your apron spread out while I sat high in the apple-tree and threw down the apples to you. What have you done with the pink ribbon bow you wore in your hair that morning?"

"It's my boy, my Gilbert!" she called out, catching her breath in a little sob. Then she ran across the hall and pushed open the drawing-room door. "He's come! He's come!" she cried to the other women, who, with flushed faces were sitting at a pretence of sewing, and who now rose to greet the stranger.

That night Emma Collins went early to bed that she might in solitude commune with her happiness. It was all true—every bit true. He was her Gilbert who looked at her with her sister's eyes, and smiled with her smile. After supper he had seated himself beside her in the window-seat, well out of range of lamp-light, and had led her to tell him about the old days when he was a boy, and she had helped mother him. And they talked on in a low voice, she pausing sometimes to look at him, or to lay her hand timidly on his. Her heart felt full to bursting of love and pride, and she could not but be sorry for the other women who had no part nor lot in all this beautiful manhood.

For a time all went well. Aunt and nephew walked out together—revisiting old haunts, calling on friends, new and old—and she felt with delight that the glances of the passers-by followed them down the street. And he seemed more than content with her company, and touched by her devotion.

Then came a change—first the cloud as big as a man's hand. It began by his sometimes asking Helen and Sara to join them in their walks, on which occasions it was to them rather than to her that he addressed his talk, and she would fall a little behind, brought almost to the verge of tears by the sense of being left out in the cold. Once when it had cleared up, after a morning of rain, during which the whole party had been grumbling at having to stay indoors, it was to Helen

alone he turned and suggested a ramble across the heath. "It'll be too wet under foot for you, Aunt Emma," he called out to her, as he and his companion joyfully left the house together.

Emma sat by the window all that afternoon, ostensibly absorbed in her book, but actually chewing the cud of a bitter disappointment. Once a tear splashed on to the page, at which she made a dab with her handkerchief, glancing furtively at Sara. But Sara had seen the tear, and reported it faithfully to Helen as they were preparing for the night in the bedroom they occupied in common.

"Emma Collins is a ridiculous old fool!" was the younger woman's comment. "Does she think she is going to keep that nephew of hers always tied to her apron strings? She's as jealous of him as though he were her lover!" And she glanced at herself in the mirror with an inward laugh at the pretensions of the old woman upstairs, who expected to be preferred above the owner of those reflected charms. As time went on Emma found that far from gaining from her nephew's presence a sense of personal reinforcement in the household the odds were more than ever against her, inasmuch as he almost always appeared to see things from the point of view of the other women. That he expressed his opinions half-mockingly, without a trace of the angry vehemence which Helen brought to a discussion, did not detract from the bitter fact of his defection. She would look at him when he smiled at her apologetically after giving his vote against her, with eyes which said *Et tu, Brute!* And then she would disappear from the room to eat her heart out in the solitude of her own bedchamber.

One morning Helen came down to breakfast bubbling over with a great project. This was to invite some of the neighbours to accompany them on a visit to a ruined abbey, about ten miles distant, and to eat with them a picnic luncheon on the green lawns among which the ruins were set. She further proposed bringing the whole party home with them to supper, and turned to Gilbert for his approval of the arrangement.

"Do you seriously propose," burst out Emma Collins, who had listened trembling with indignation, "to give a party now in this house, where not three months back your uncle lay dead? I believe the neighbours would refuse to come."

"We shall see about that," replied Helen, with a determined tightening of the lips. "Besides, it won't be a real party," she added, rising from the table.

"I suppose supper will be laid in the East room, where your uncle's coffin stood," pursued Emma, rendered vicious by a sense

of her own impotence. For once she had her foot on her enemy. Helen made no reply, but her face flushed and her lip trembled.

"Oh, Emma, how can you talk like that?" exclaimed Sara, shocked. But her triumph was only of a moment's duration. Gilbert gave her a look that struck her to the heart, and turned to follow Helen, who was leaving the room in tears. For several days afterwards he met her attempts at conversation with monosyllabic replies, and avoided meeting the sad old eyes that seemed to seek his with a prayer for pardon and reconciliation. Meanwhile invitations were issued for the picnic, and all the household was astir with preparations, for the original plan of a supper was to hold. Emma made no further remonstrance, but, considering the attitude she had taken up in the first instance, it was scarcely surprising that no one suggested her being of the party. That she, nevertheless, held the omission a grievance is only a glaring instance of feminine inconsistency. She was suffering terribly, perhaps more than at any other time of her life. And she asked herself what she had done that God should treat her so cruelly.

The day of the picnic arrived, with a gentle west wind to temper the sunshine. Helen had made the occasion an opportunity for discarding her mourning, and came down-stairs in the sprigged muslin and a new hat decked with roses, in which she appeared surprisingly handsome. Gilbert conveyed his appreciation of the fact by a look which, intercepted by Emma, shot with a new fear the blackness of her mood. "So sorry, dear," whispered the elder sister, as all three were on the point of starting, "that you can't see your way to coming with us to-day!"

"I'd as soon put on a pink gown and go and dance at a fair!" exclaimed Emma fiercely, turning her back on the group at the street door.

Her first errand that morning was to the churchyard to lay an offering of flowers on Uncle Sam's grave, by way of compensation for the outrage which, in her estimation, had been done to his memory. She found the place almost deserted, and took a seat on a bench facing the tombstone. Leaning back she closed her eyes, and tears began to flow from between the closed lids. An acquaintance passing by, the sound of whose footfall was lost among the long grass, marvelled at the evidence of enduring love of which he believed himself a witness. But, alas, for human faithfulness! Those tears wept at his grave-side were less for Uncle Sam than for herself—her present injuries, her blighted hopes. The wind blew upon her in soft warm puffs, presently drying her tears and kissing

into stillness the quivering lips. She opened her eyes and looked about her, and slowly the peace of God's acre slid into her soul. Yes ! they had been unkind, cruel almost, but had she not brought it upon herself, by her exactingness, her ill-temper? Gilbert had given ample proof of his regard for her when he made her home the goal of his visit. And how had she requited him ? By worrying him with petty jealousies, and by making him a constant spectator of bickerings, in which she was nearly always the first to give the attack. Was it a wonder that he should cease to show any desire for her society ? She had expected too much—she had asked too much . . . But for the future she would act differently—oh, so differently ! She would bear with them all, with their slights and their tyrannies. He would turn to her again, and they would be to one another as she had once imagined they might be. She remembered the old fable of the man's cloak, and the sun and the wind, and laughed aloud at the wind's folly. Then she rose from her seat determined to inaugurate a new order of things by an act which should symbolise the sacrifice of her prejudice. For the second time that morning she visited the flower-garden, and filled a basket with flowers—these to adorn a festival for which the others had been offered as an atonement. "Let the dead bury their dead" were the words she repeated over and over again to herself by way of verbal tonic, as she went in and out of the deserted rooms, making all things ready for the return of the pleasure-seekers. What would they say when they noted the decoration of the drawing-room, the dainty details of the flower-laden supper-table, and realised it was all of her doing ?

Long before the hour that the party was due at home, she dressed herself in her best and took her seat at an upper window overlooking the lane along which they might be expected to return. Sunset softened into dusk, and dusk deepened into darkness, and still she sat there, a rigid figure, straining sad eyes into the gathering shadows. For, alas ! with the daylight her mood had changed, doubts came crowding out the hopes. Had good ever come, she questioned, of pouring new wine into old bottles ?

Would they never arrive ? She began to walk to and fro in her restlessness, pausing every now and then to listen, to peer into the darkness, trembling as though it were Fate who was coming to her out of the lane. . . . At last, and the stillness was broken, a murmur of talk, a light ripple of laughter, the sound of footsteps. The watcher bent forward, her heart beating wildly. Then it seemed of a sudden to stand still in her bosom at sight of the two figures that emerged, lovingly entwined, through the trees.

She knew it now, had she perhaps all along suspected it? the fate that was upon her, scattering to the night airs her newly sprung hopes.

Her face fell upon her arms that lay along the window-sill. "Not that, oh God, not that!" she prayed in a passion of despair.

The voices of the lovers rose up from where they lingered by the garden gate.

"Who is to tell her?" reached her ear, spoken in a man's deep tones, in which a note of anxiety was discernible.

A laugh, Helen's laugh, precluded the reply :

"Well, it won't be a pleasant task. I'm afraid I'm the very last person she'd choose for a niece-in-law! But we can afford to dispense with her blessing, can't we, Gilbert?"

THE LAST ENGLISH REBELLION.

THE first two decades of the nineteenth century are a record of continual riot and disaffection. The exhausting effects of the long foreign wars had fostered a spirit of domestic discontent. The land was weary. Moreover, the working class was suffering under an additional stress—the competition of new steam-power inventions. The hard-faring peasant had been taught through centuries of experience to bear with quiet sullenness the vicissitudes of his lot ; but the artisan and millworker hotly resented the advent of the New Force which threatened to drive him out of existence. The weaver, as Luddite and Plug-destroyer and what not, was waging desperate war against a relentless adversary which, eating no bread, threatened to deprive him of the last crumb of his already small loaf.

In this critical state of the social economy the Government seemed powerless. It could disperse mobs and prosecute disorderly persons, but it had no preventive remedy. The steam-engine was a hard fact : it boded extinction to the hard worker, and the “hand,” gleaned no spark of reassurance or encouragement from the alarmed powers that be, turned “bersark,” there being so little to choose between the board and lodging of the gaol and that of the poor-house. So the authorities were face to face with the pitiful fact that ordinary punishment added no suffering to the everyday misery of the wretched delinquent.

In this state of public affairs it was determined to quiet the country by what was termed “making examples.” It was a vague, blundering resolve, bred of the uncertainty of the times—a hitting out all round in the dark. “If these rioters, or a few of them, can by the jugglery of the law be adjudged traitors, we will offer a sacrifice that the land may have rest,” reasoned the advisers of the Prince Regent. But a real traitor was a scarce article ; murders and other hanging matters were, alas ! of plentiful occurrence, but rioting, though a breach of the King’s peace, was not an offence against the King’s person or power. The famished mobs which sacked factories and destroyed spinning jennies neither usurped the regal authority nor threatened the throne.

The emissaries of the Government, however, set about their task as best they could. Do not let us judge harshly. It is only in accordance with the facts to assert that the prime authorities were honestly convinced that treason was abroad: it is but natural to suppose that the executive would be warned to be on the *qui vive* for treasonable acts; the executive, moreover, would require the assistance of subordinates, and so in the process of delegation would come into existence a body of spies and secret informers.

One of the latter class was a man named Oliver. The movements of this person came to be noticed in the month of May 1817, when he was actively engaged among the Yorkshire workers, where his operations culminated in a trade riot at Thornhill Lees, near Dewsbury, on June 8. Oliver was arrested, along with several of the ringleaders, but almost immediately set at liberty, without magisterial enquiry. What became of the others we need not enquire; he at any rate deemed it prudent to quietly disappear from the neighbourhood. But in the meantime he had made the acquaintance of a Derbyshire countryman named Bacon, whose kinswoman kept the White Horse Inn at Pentrich, a village which will be referred to later on. Bacon, under the tutelage of the crafty Oliver, soon became an attached adherent of the disaffected party, and the effects of this acquaintanceship had far-reaching and most unfortunate effects.

Whilst the Dewsbury riot was in process of hatching, Oliver, after a visit to London, made an excursion to Nottingham, arriving there on the morning of May 26 in company with a Mr. Birkin, by whom he was introduced to several men as the "London delegate." One of these was Jeremiah Brandreth. The same evening a consultation took place between Oliver and the men in a private room of the Three Salmons. What transpired at this meeting is deposed to by various and opposite parties. Oliver, while admitting that he was there as a spy, privately declared that he never directly encouraged by word or deed any outbreak against law and order. On the other hand, it is specifically alleged by more than one of those present that Oliver was the main speaker, and that he was the author of those fanciful delusions which proved the ruin of the Derbyshire "rebels."

The scene changes, and time has progressed somewhat. One morning, some three weeks after the Nottingham meeting, or, to be precise, on Sunday morning, June 8, the White Horse Inn, Pentrich, was the scene of a memorable gathering. Nanny Weightman's public-house was abnormally busy, and, as the

foundrymen from Butterly Furnace and others strolled in, Nanny herself briskly invited them into the bar-room. The licensing laws of that day did not enforce Sunday closing, so there was no breach of privilege in having her premises open at 10 o'clock on the Sabbath morn, though, strictly speaking, we believe the churchwardens or constable should have seen that all inns were closed during the hours of divine service.

This, however, is only a detail: matters of deeper importance than a breach of the Innkeepers' Acts were being discussed in the bar parlour of the White Horse. Nanny Weightman, poor soul, was jubilant, thrilling with the same glorious expectations which had so uplifted Zebedee's wife; for her son George, a tall, strapping young man with a fine red face, and her kinsman Bacon, were destined to be the chief men in that better England which was coming "in the days of pretty soon."

Pentrich, we may mention, is a small East Derbyshire village, in the coal and iron-stone part of the county. In its neighbourhood were the Butterly Ironworks, which employed such of the men as were not engaged in agriculture. Wingfield, with its ancient manor house, lies close by, and the old market town of Chesterfield, crowned with its famous crooked spire and threaded with its equally crooked lanes and alleys, is the metropolis of the locality.

The object of this Sunday conference was nothing less than the overthrow of the British Constitution. It may be noted as a curious circumstance that treason seems to have "stalked" pretty freely and frequently in this district. Anthony Babington, the young Elizabethan plotter (whose end was the scaffold) was of Wingfield Manor; likewise the first Duke of Devonshire and his fellow patriots held secret meeting in the old Revolution House, near Chesterfield, the outcome of which was the "Sacred Revolution" of 1688.

Around the smoke-room mahogany of the White Horse there sat Jeremiah Brandreth (whose acquaintance the reader has already made, and who, by-the-bye, was a frame-work knitter by occupation); William Turner, stonemason; Isaac Ludlam, a carter; and Nanny Weightman's George. These were the destined leaders and organisers of a new party, which was to provide a larger loaf for the working man, and to inaugurate a millennium of cakes and ale. Brandreth, or, as he was called, the Nottingham Captain, was a stranger to the Pentrich villagers. He represented himself as coming from "headquarters" to take charge of the local contingent, and conduct them to Nottingham Forest. Brandreth is an enigma. He had been heard of once before, viz. at the *Three Nations*

meeting, but nothing ever transpired afterwards as to the circumstances which led to his ill-fated appointment. The same uncertainty surrounds his personal history. It has been said that he came from Exeter, and had at one time been a seaman: he was a short-statured, grim-visaged person, clad in the garb of the working class, but a man of some intelligence and education, and of considerable natural powers—a rude leader of men. This Sunday morning he was unfolding to his colleagues and to all and sundry who called at the “White Horse” his scheme for deposing the Government. Lying open in front of him was a map of England, “with canvas at the back of it and crosses upon it so as to find out places.” The tenor of his mission was expressed in some doggerel which he recited beginning:—

Every man his skill must try,
 He must turn out and not deny;
 No bloody soldier must he dread,
 He must turn out and fight for bread;
 The time must come, you plainly see
 The Government opposed must be.

He informed his audience that great events would shortly come to pass, and especially emphasised the assurance that the country was only waiting for the Pentrich men to take the initiative.

After much arrangement and scheming, which lasted until the afternoon, the main plan was sketched out as follows. Such a force as was already prepared to act were to assemble at a given time at South Wingfield, which is a mile or so from Pentrich: they were to march thence, through Pentrich on to Butterly Ironworks, where a halt was to be made, it being anticipated that the ironworker would join them. The furnace works were to be taken possession of, and the cannons understood to be kept there seized. The works were to be garrisoned as a base for the supply of offensive weapons. The march was then to be continued through certain towns and villages to Nottingham Forest, a distance of about fourteen miles. A list of persons known to have guns was drawn up and these people were to be raided and their weapons appropriated by the insurgents. Moreover, it was resolved that a barrel of gunpowder should be procured, and bullets were to be provided as required by stripping the lead from church roofs on the line of route. Those unprovided with guns were to be armed with pike (or “spikes,” as these desperate folks called them).

Such was the crazy scheme, and it appears to have met with the full approval of most of Nanny Weightman’s customers. Brandret

informed his adherents that by the time they reached Nottingham London would have fallen into the hands of the new party, and a fresh Government, which purposed first of all to wipe off the National Debt, would be in power. A "cloud from the North"—the rebels of Lancashire and Yorkshire—were to follow in the wake of the devastating hosts of Pentrich and Wingfield, to eat up the remnant of the land and complete the destruction of the well-to-do. Nottingham was to be their goal, and Nottingham was to be a second Capuæ, a place of unlimited rations, "rum for every man and a hundred guineas apiece." It was a promise of fulness, almost too rosy to be true; but the Captain disarmed all suspicion by arranging for old George Weightman, who possessed everybody's confidence, to proceed on foot to Nottingham and ascertain for himself the state of affairs—a collection being made in the room to pay his expenses. George was ordered to return the next day, and all parties were to assemble at Hunt's Barn, in Wingfield, by dark on Monday evening, to make final preparations.

Monday night found the neighbourhood in a great stir. Men were openly making their way to the rendezvous, not however with the stern, set faces common to those who are about to do or die, but rather in a disposition of grinning good-humour. Everybody in the place seemed to be aware of this famous shindy, and there was no end of hilarity as neighbours met and chaffed with one another. The authorities, however, were not asleep, although little open activity on their part was apparent. Perhaps it would have been more honest if they had exercised their authority at the outset.

The gathering at Hunt's Barn numbered about two score, including Brandreth, Turner, and the other ringleaders. There was some more speech-making. England, Ireland, and France were to rise simultaneously at ten o'clock that night; consequently the highest spirits prevailed among the rebels. William Turner, the young stonemason, was appointed lieutenant to Brandreth, as being the leading Wingfield insurgent and as having special knowledge where guns were to be found. So far the party only boasted of two or three firearms, the rest carrying eight-foot pikes, rudely barbed with iron: these latter had been made and secreted in Hunt's Barn some time beforehand.

It is pretty certain that this gang of misguided villagers never realised the consequences when they thus sallied forth with weapons in their hands. The Nottingham Captain amused them with his strange talk: he had doubtless also paid for a good deal of ale the day previous, and would very likely pay for some more, and—well

—if his wonderful predictions did not come to pass, it was only night's spree which would vary the monotony of their hard lot. A for Brandreth himself, we repeat he is an enigma ; what he thought or believed nobody can tell.

The first anxiety was to increase the slender fighting force and to collect firearms, because even these bonny fighters realise that two score men without arms could neither sack a town nor violently overturn a government. So a house to house call was made. Most of the farmers had gone to bed, and the insurrectionists had to make a terrific uproar to waken them up. When the good man had been brought to the house door or the chamber window, the argle-bargling would begin—the gun had gone to be mended, or it was out of order, or there was no gun. Sometimes it was a man who was commandeered—a farmer's son or a farm hand. Then there would be half angry, half jocular protestations, and the unwilling conscript would either be persuaded to join, or, if very obstinate, he would be allowed to go to bed again. If he joined the rebel standard he was provisionally armed with a "spike" or pitchfork. Brandreth was the only one who conducted himself seriously, and it was he who perpetrated one act of unquestionable crime. Towards eleven o'clock Mrs. Hepworth's farmhouse was raided. This woman, together with her two daughters, a son, and two men servants, were aroused by noises all round the house. The gun was demanded, and at the same time a shot fired by the Captain struck and mortally wounded one of the servants. The violent act sobered the party, and one of them remonstrated with the leader for the murder of "that poor innocent lad." Brandreth desperately ordered his followers to hold their peace, and threatened to serve some of them the same. About this time another scout—young Weightman—was sent forward on a pony to Nottingham to reconnoitre.

After collecting as many men and arms in Wingfield and Pentrich as was considered expedient, Brandreth proceeded, with the help of one Swaine, a militiaman, to form his band into military array. By this time they numbered about one hundred. The next and most important move was to obtain possession of Butter Ironworks—situate about one-and-a-half miles distant—and to enlist as many of the workers as possible for the purpose of manufacturing weapons. Butterly had, however, made special preparation for this visit: nearly one hundred special constables had been hurried sworn in, and this loyal force, under the charge of George Goodwin, was quartered in the buildings. Just after daybreak the garrison

having remained unmolested all night, concluded that the disturbance had settled, and dispersed to their homes, leaving only twenty-five pikemen with Mr. Goodwin. Unfortunately, their surmise proved incorrect, for between three and four o'clock on the Tuesday morning Brandreth and his party made their appearance on the Pentrich road. Rain had fallen in torrents during the first hours of the morning, and, impervious as the Derbyshire native may be to the effects of bad weather, it must nevertheless have been daunting and dispiriting to the rebels at this time. The Captain marched his men right on to the gates of Butterly, and lined them up in front. He then approached the gates, and, knocking at them with the butt end of his gun, called on the defenders to surrender. Mr. Goodwin, the manager, has described the redoubtable Brandreth as he appeared on this interesting occasion: "He gave the command to 'Right face, front!' He had a gun in his hand and a pistol in his belt, which looked like an apron twisted round him." Standing by him were his lieutenants, "Isaac Ludlam the elder with a spear, James Taylor with a gun, and Isaac Moore with a fork." Mr. Goodwin came forward to parley, but not to capitulate. He administered to Brandreth and his followers a sound lecture, and ordered them to begone—which they did, taking the main road to Derby. The honours of war lay entirely with the besieged, and Mr. Goodwin with his own hands captured one prisoner, who had concealed under his smock-frock a bag containing eighty-four pounds of bullets! Verily the satisfaction of that disburdened warrior must have been akin to that of Charles Churchill when he lost both his surplice and wife. "I feel," said the spendthrift poet, "in the situation of a man who has carried a d——d heavy load a long way, and then sets it down."

The party marched on to Ripley, where they halted and gave "three huzzas to guide the men from Heage and Belper," who were to meet them there. Then they pushed on to Codnor, where they knocked up the landlord of the Glass House Inn. Here, ale to the value of twenty-eight shillings was consumed, Brandreth informing mine host that the shot would be paid later on by the "provisional government." The night had been wretchedly wet, and the attempt on Butterly Ironworks had ended in a foolish fiasco. Some of the rebels had already sneaked away when the Captain's eye was not upon them, flinging their pikes into the nettle-beds on the wayside: the remainder, with drenched smock-frocks clinging round their legs, thought the spree had been carried far enough, and that they had better get back home again in time for work. The good cheer of the Glass

The Gentleman's Magazine.

failed to impart to the situation a brighter complexion, now as much as the leaders could do to prevent a general rout of the forces. At Langley they fell in with George ... an, returning from Nottingham, whither he had been detached early in the night. Weightman, resolute to the last, answered their enquiries of his comrades with an improbable lie, grossly different even to those who had already swallowed so much. "Right, my lads," he assured them; "you have nothing to do but march on: they bombarded Nottingham at two o'clock this morning and it is given up to them." At the command of the ... they again doggedly put forward, but desertions became more frequent, and at Eastwood ... mile or two further on, reports came that the Yeomanry were in the neighbourhood. That intelligence practically ended the ... Brandreth's army instantly ceased to exist. Directly afterwards fifteen Hussars came in sight, and the magistrate who accompanied them testified that he saw from a distance the rustic battalion "alarmed," but when he arrived at the place he found only a few guns and pikes.

Such was the termination of the ... English Rebellion.

The termination, did we say? No, alas! it was but the beginning. The cunning beaters had only just started the two-and-sixpenny hare: the field, with its hundred guinea steeds, and riders of priceless reputation and importance, had yet to steeplechase over miles of country, at much risk, ere the quarry could, by any code of sportsman's law, receive its despatch.

For some weeks following the memorable 9th of June, the military and constabulary were busily employed in pursuit of the fugitives. Many of them were captured in the immediate neighbourhood, but a few had gone farther afield and were more troublesome to find. In the meantime public opinion throughout the country was more than a little exercised over the matter. The policy of the Government and of the Government organs was to magnify the importance of the "revolt," and to gravely enlarge upon its potentialities. It had cost the party not a little to engineer this rebellion, and, poor though it might be, they were determined to make it serve its purpose as "an example." So the pikes and smock-frocks were overlooked, and the Pentrich and Wingfield clodhoppers given a noble run for their money. They were to be tried for treason "intended to deprive and depose our Lord the King of and from the style, honor and kingly name of the Imperial Crown of this Realm." The Opposition, of course, was loud in its ridicule of such a proceeding, denouncing it as

a piece of political bluster. A special commission of four of His Majesty's Judges was appointed to try the valiant besiegers of Butterly Ironworks, one of whom was Sir Charles Abbot (afterwards Lord Tenterden).

Thursday, September 25, was the opening day, and great were the preparations made at the county town of Derby. Besides javelin men, no fewer than two hundred burgesses were made special constables, and these, together with a body of Yeomanry and the principal gentry of the neighbourhood, formed a cavalcade which set forward, headed by the Sheriff, to meet the Judges' coach from London. Their lordships were escorted in solemn state to the County Hall, and subsequently adjourned to attend a sumptuous repast provided in honour of the occasion. Next morning the Court assembled for business. Twelve prisoners, brought from Nottingham under an escort of the 15th Light Dragoons, were placed in the dock, with seven others (including Brandreth) who had been confined in Derby gaol. Their solicitors, in accordance with the usual formality, made application for counsel, and Mr. Cross and Mr. Denman were assigned for the defence. This business terminated the sitting.

On the evening of October 14—three weeks after the first brief meeting of the Court—the ancient capital of the Peak County again showed great and unmistakable signs of activity. The streets were thronged with a crowd variously composed of fine gentlemen, burly farmers, and roughly-clad workers. All sorts and conditions of men were requisitioned to assist at the great inquiry. Lodgings were at a premium, and the coffee-rooms and inn parlours were full of folks eagerly occupied in discussing the one absorbing topic. "The town was crowded in an unprecedented manner," records a contemporary writer. The Commission, which reassembled the following day, had twenty-one prisoners to try, and no less than 300 jurymen had been summoned, together with 268 Crown witnesses. This was "stifling the plot" with a vengeance! But besides these supernumeraries there were the great officers of the law—the four Judges, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, two eminent and learned serjeants, and six barristers.

Early on Wednesday morning part of the prisoners were again brought over from Nottingham, and a post-chaise accompanied them loaded with the pikes, guns, and other weapons of the rebels. In the afternoon the Judges attended divine service at All Saints Church, the Sheriff's chaplain preaching from the appropriate text, "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil." The ir-

of the County Hall, or Assize Court, had been entirely rearranged to meet the anticipated press for accommodation. The building was crowded with the élite who had flocked in from adjoining counties, and, in fact, from every part of the land. The Grand Jury was empannelled from the leading county families, with Lord George Augustus Cavendish (brother of the Duke of Devonshire) as foreman. At 2.30 the proceedings began.

As already mentioned, the Government had compassed the intention of elevating this affair into national importance, and were likewise bent upon making it serve as an impressive warning. At the same time they prudently recollected that laughter lies very near to tears, and that the irreverent observations of some discontented scribe might easily turn their tragedy into a screaming farce even before the jury could be dismissed. Accordingly, an announcement was made by Chief Baron Richards prohibiting any report of the trials from being published until the whole should be terminated. The papers on both sides, however, disregarded this injunction to some extent, subjecting themselves to severe censure in consequence. But stringent as the precautions were to keep the trial up to a high sentimental level, it was impossible to ignore its glaring incongruity compared with some earlier State trials. With the trial of Lord William Russell, or the impeachment of Warren Hastings, for instance, it might have several things in common—the eminence of the Judges, the eloquence of the speakers, and the brilliance of the onlookers. But what of the central figures around which the pageant moved?—the smock-frocked subverters of the empire!

Undeniably the game was poor, and the tale of the hunt is scarcely worth telling. The hearing lasted ten days, and the Attorney-General in his opening speech gave an able *résumé* of the law of treason, carrying the Court back to the reign of Edward III., and then leading it forward over the intervening centuries. Brandreth was tried first, and the evidence against him was overwhelming: witness after witness proved his every movement from the Sunday till the Wednesday morning. There were but two witnesses called for his defence, and together they hardly uttered a score of words; but what they testified was an unconscious sarcasm on the whole proceeding—one proved that the prisoner had been a pauper, the other spoke as to his previous good character. Mr. Denman (afterwards the celebrated Lord Justice), the junior counsel for the defence, caught the spirit of the thing as it appealed to an onlooker. In the dock stood the Nottingham Captain, with ferocious visage and black stubby beard, and, pointing at him, coun-

quoted from Lord Byron's "Corsair," then the poem of the hour :—

But who that chief? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more,
With these he mingles not but to command—
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.

And then, turning on the Court, he made the most obvious enquiry :—

Who was it that sent Brandreth from Nottingham to delude these unfortunate men, to inflame their understandings, and to lead them to acts of violence and outrage? There is something here concealed, there is something behind the curtain.

And subsequently, at the trial of Ludlam, he returned to the same argument :—

Why did not counsel for the Crown bring forward the evidence of the previous meetings? . . . It was known the country was in a very distressed condition, and upon that condition wicked and artful men were but too likely to operate, with a view to produce disturbances. . . . But the principal author of these disturbances was kept out of view. The unfortunate Captain, who was but himself an instrument, was brought forward, while his employer was invisible.

The prosecution had been careful not to introduce Oliver. It was feared that the advisers of the prisoners would endeavour to prove that one Crabtree, who had been in association with some of the rebels, was really Oliver; so the real Simon Pure was brought to Derby while the trial was in progress, and privately shown to the witnesses as Mr. Crabtree, who all agreed that he was not the Mr. Crabtree they had met at Pentrich!

The verdict was easy to forecast. All the prisoners were found guilty of high treason, and on Saturday, October 25, were placed in the dock for the last time. They had conducted themselves throughout the long hearing with indifference, and (with the exception of Brandreth, who was undoubtedly guilty of homicide) probably regarded their offence as a bad case of "drunk and disorderly." When severally asked if they had anything to say, Brandreth answered characteristically, "Let me address you in the words of Our Saviour, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me, but not my will but your lordships' be done.'" Chief Baron Richards put on the black cap amid profound silence. It seemed incredible that such a witless band could be taken altogether seriously. Yet they were. Brandreth, the ambitious pauper, and Turner, Ludlam and George Weightman, his lieutenants, were severally sentenced to die the old savage death of traitors, to be "drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there severally hanged by the neck until you be dead . . . that afterwards your heads shall be severed from you

your bodies, divided into four quarters, shall be disposed of as His Majesty shall direct." As for the remainder, some were transported and others set at liberty.

November 7 was the date fixed for the carrying out of the sentences. In the meantime the extreme punishment of the law was commuted in Weightman's case to transportation for life, and the bulk of the public had hopes that the death penalty would not be inflicted upon at least two of the others.

Brandreth continued to maintain his cool demeanour, and all efforts to draw from him particulars of his past history failed. He seems, too, to have been regarded as a sort of outsider by his fellow unfortunates, who now frequently met together in the chapel and exercise ground. The poor wretches, old neighbours as they were, wept and condoled with one another, and seemed to lay the blame upon Bacon (who had escaped with transportation) for bringing them into this trouble. Bacon it will be remembered was the Pentrich man who had made Oliver's acquaintance in Yorkshire. The Nottingham Captain betrayed none of these weaknesses, and, but for the remark that "Oliver has brought me to this," which fell from his lips once or twice, he reproached nobody. His garment might be rough and his countenance ferocious, but in spite of all his crimes there was something remarkable about the man. He was a turbulent personality, whom Charles Kingsley, for instance, would have delighted to study. The day before his execution he wrote a letter to his wife, which we extract in full. It is written in a firm hand, and is a singularly simple and dignified epistle :—

My beloved Wife,—This is the morning before I suffer. I have sat down to write my last lines to you, hoping that my soul will shortly be at rest in Heaven, through the redeeming blood of Christ. I feel no fear in passing through the shadow of death to eternal life, so I hope you will take the promise of God as I have to your own soul, as we may meet in Heaven, where every sorrow will cease, and all will be joy and peace. My beloved, I received a letter this morning, with a pound note in it, which I leave for you in the jailor's hands, with the other things which will be sent to you, as I shall mention before I have done. This is the account of what I send you :—One work bag, two balls of worsted and one of cotton, and a handkerchief, an old pair of stockings and shirt, and the letter I received from my beloved sister, with the following sum of money, £1 12s. 7d. : this I suppose will be sent in a packet to you by some means. My dearly beloved wife, this is the last correspondence I can have with you, so you will make yourself as easy as you possibly can, and I hope God will bless you and comfort you as He hath me : and so my blessing attend you and the children, and the blessing of God be with you all now and evermore. Adieu ! adieu to all for ever.—Your most affectionate husband, J. BRANDRETH.

Both Sheriff and Governor were not a little perplexed in their preparations for the execution: the task of beheading three men was not a pleasant one, and they endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to get out of it. They, however, got the quartering remitted by royal warrant.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the fateful day a detachment of the Enniskillen Dragoons was marched into the town to regulate the traffic, while a special force of police were requisitioned to keep back the crowd and check possible disturbance. A vast mob assembled outside the gaol, and, during a long wait, occupied themselves by inspecting the gibbets, blocks, axes, knives, and other gruesome paraphernalia. Inside the prison malefactors and officials were engaged in despatching the routine of the law: the Sheriff, in formal phrase, called on the gaoler to produce the bodies; the bodies were produced in solemn order; fetters were knocked off, and others with convenient locks, suitable for dead bodies, were fitted on instead; then came the hurdle, on which each of the wretches were dragged for a last ride round the yard; and finally the procession headed out into the free air and faced the crowd. The doomed men were hurried up the ladder, Turner calling out wildly, "This is all Oliver and the Government!" A few minutes after their stiff corpses were dangling from the gibbets.

The next process in this horrible public spectacle was the beheading. After the bodies had been left hanging for half an hour they were cut down and laid with their necks upon the block. The Clay Cross collier who had been employed to wield the axe faltered as he struck the first blow, and the six thousand spectators groaned and shuddered as an assistant stepped forward and finished the mutilation with a knife. The hangman then seized the head by its hair, and, marching round the scaffold, cried, "Behold the head of the traitor, Jeremiah Brandreth!" The same performance was repeated over the other bodies. The overwrought crowd hissed, hooted, and finally dispersed in a panic, it being rumoured the dragoons were riding down upon them. The mangled remains of the conspirators were put into coffins and buried in one grave in St. Werburgh's Churchyard. The block is still preserved as a memento in the prison, and, though stored in a dry place, the blood is reputed to be still moist upon it: tradition asserts that it will always remain so. Among those who witnessed this, the last execution for treason, was the poet Shelley, who wrote an indignant protest against the conduct of the authorities.

*IN THE WOODS OF
ROCCAMONFINA.*

MOUNT ROCCAMONFINA is a mass of extinct craters and torrents of lava, broken down, piled up and altered by action of rain, wind, and sun during long periods of time.

The beautiful mountain group was fixed by nature in all its variety of lofty summits, sharp ridges, deep ravines, steep slopes, and a succession of gentle hills and dales, now well clothed with woods and vineyards. The traveller passing in the train from Rome to Naples, and ignorant of the beauty hidden among the mountain range, scarcely glances at it with an indifferent eye.

On our first visit to this region, we were met at the little station of Prezenzano by our old friend and host Don Beppino, and were soon driving up the hills to his residence in the hamlet of Tuora, some way up the mountain.

Though the sun was blazing in a cloudless sky, its warmth was only agreeably felt in the cool dry air. The chestnut woods were just beginning to show the tints of autumn, and as in springtime the young leaf of the Spanish chestnut is of the liveliest green, so is it of purest gold when, in autumn, the sap has ceased to flow. You look up through the sun-lit leaves, and see the large nuts hanging ripe to their fall in their brown and spiky husks, and feast your eyes on the harmonious tints of green and gold, all the richer from being relieved against the pure sapphire of the sky.

Our jolly host, to do us honour, had summoned to his village the municipal band of the adjacent market town of Tora, and, suddenly emerging from the woods into the village street, we were greeted by lively strains of music, the conductor of the band being, we learnt, no other than a descendant of the great Mercadante !

The few inhabitants who were not busy in the fields stood before their doors to see the foreign visitors. Toil-worn but sturdy men and women ; fat and pretty children, with light dust-coloured hair ; the small boys dressed in coarse canvas jackets and trousers like

men's; the little girls in print gowns reaching to their heels, long aprons, and kerchiefs crossed over their infant bosoms, looking like so many old grandmothers. All were grimy, but not ragged; most of them wore shoes and stockings.

One curly-headed little boy of four years, who stood gazing with his hands in his pockets, was mightily offended when we asked him why he was so dirty, and indignantly declared that his suit was quite new, and indeed, it had no holes; but, if new, its wearer must have been tumbling about in the mud and dust most industriously.

Our hostess and her six children were waiting at the top of the out-door stairs of Don Beppino's house, an old-fashioned straggling building of the seventeenth century, which formed almost the whole of one side of the village street.

Our little party, though all its members were strangers to the lady of the house, was warmly welcomed, and we were ushered into the drawing-room, a large saloon furnished in white and gold, with ancient settees and chairs and a modern grand piano.

On the walls hung three curious large mirrors of the seventeenth century, with large groups of nymphs, cupids, fruit, and flowers painted in oils on the glass.

Having been then shown our bedrooms, and brushed off the dust of our travel, we all met at the family table, where the venerable grandfather—who, though above eighty years of age, always rose at 3 a.m. to go out shooting—and a baby of four years in its high chair, formed the head and foot of the company.

Poultry, as may be imagined, is the most frequent dish on the tables of the proprietors in these mountain villages. Beef and veal can only be had on market-days in the larger towns—themselves mere villages.

This day our meal commenced with the *ante-pasto*, plates full of fine cut ham, olives, and sardines; then excellent soup, fish, meat, followed by cheese, green salads; each course accompanied by special wines, manufactured by our host; the whole ending with splendid fruits fresh from the trees—great apples, pears as large as a baby's head, white, purple, and red grapes, fresh figs, and nuts.

In late autumn, an important addition to the daily fare is the fine mushrooms found in the old chestnut forests; the "Ovolo" like a closed fist in shape, and bright yellow in colour, with a thick stalk; the "Gallinelli," so called from their likeness to a cock's comb, reddish yellow; and a large flat kind of the common mushroom shape. They are stewed with cheese, or fried in olive-oil, when they are as delicate as veal cutlets. As long as they last they are the main food

of the peasants, who gather them in the woods at will, paying nothing.

Dinner is taken at midday, and late in the evening supper.

Chi va a letto senza cena
Tutta la notte si dimena,

says the Italian proverb, which may be rendered—

He who goes supperless to bed
Finds no smooth place to rest his head,

and there is a great deal of truth in the saying.

We spent that first afternoon in wandering among the vineyards on the slopes of the hills.

The vines were cut low, and laden thick with grapes used for wine, but there were also abundance of dessert grapes of the most varied and luscious kinds.

Towards night we started in force from Tuora down the winding road to Tora, where the feast of the patron saint was being celebrated. Our host's rural guards, in their green livery, walked before with lanterns to guide our footsteps, but there was scarcely need, for the sky was cloudless and the starlight brilliant.

How dewy, soft, and peaceful was the scene! What a solemn silence over hill and forest! How the stars glittered through the trees, from which an aromatic odour rose!

Down in Tora the little market-place was lighted up with the prettiest of all illuminations, innumerable small coloured lamps. We were taken into an ancient mansion, once the manor-house of the place. Its long wide staircase, suites of spacious, bare, cold rooms with spindle-legged furniture, reminded one of well-known pictures of Goethe's home. One could fancy pig-tailed gentlemen and dames in hoops and farthingales walking about, seated stiffly in the hard chairs, or dancing with great stateliness on the smooth stone floors.

We were regaled by the lady of the manor with sweetmeats and liqueurs as we sat in the balconies to watch the simple fireworks. A band of music was perched on a small platform opposite, men in blue cloaks standing round it, while the women squatted on the pavement below the manor windows in picturesque groups.

When the Catherine-wheels, squibs, and rockets were all let off, we bade adieu to our hostess and set off back to Tuora, being fairly blown up the hill by the blasts of the trumpets at our heels, for the band honoured us by its escort till, at a turn of the road, we thanked them and they turned back.

Heavenly silence ensued. The soft outlines of the curving hills loomed dark against the purple sky, sown with stars. From the depths of the woods came the dreary lugubrious "Hoo-ho-o-o" of the large owls.

In the olden times Tora had a resident prince, who inhabited the now ruined castle. The monument of one of these princes, Francesco Galluccio, may be seen in the church of St. Antonio de Padua, belonging to a monastery situated on a hill opposite the castle. The monastery is in good repair, but all its monks are dead. Its bare and desolate cemetery, a mere stony field enclosed by rude stone walls, still receives the remains of the inhabitants of the district, but only small wooden crosses mark their last resting-place. Not a flower nor a tree, and the whole looks more like a place to cart rubbish to.

The castle of Tora on its hill forms a picturesque object in the scenery, and can be seen from a great distance. A curious custom was once connected with it. When the prince was expected back home after some absence, a fine black horse, called *Lo Scapolo*, because of its swiftness, was richly caparisoned and hung with bells. Then it was taken down the hills to the plain towards the high road. As soon as its rider perceived the prince and his suit approaching in the distance, he dismounted, and giving *Lo Scapolo* a vigorous lash with the whip, sent him scampering back to the castle. Up the steep and rugged lanes the horse galloped without pause, soon arriving in the castle yard. Then twelve nobles of the place, clad in crimson robes of state, set forth, preceded by the abbot and monks, and passed in procession down the rough paths to meet their lord and escort him home. Some of the old lanes, worn deep into the soil, and whose rocky banks sometimes nearly meet overhead, still exist.

We rose early next morning, when small cups of coffee, beaten up with yolk of eggs—for there is neither milk nor cream to be had at Tuora—were brought to us in our bedrooms.

Then we opened the heavy shutters of the windows and feasted our eyes on the glorious view.

Immediately below lay a small terrace, in one corner of which lay a heap of golden-brown chestnuts, while on the parapet stood baskets full of figs and grapes to dry in the sun. A couple of peacocks were picking among the chestnuts with jerky movements of their sheeny blue-green necks. From the terrace the ground fell rapidly away in undulating vineyards, bordered by rows of pines intermixed with smaller trees. One immense stone-pine, 200 years old, lifted its umbrella top like a cloud into the air close by. Beyond the

vineyard at its foot, ridge after ridge of softly-wooded hills, with intervening shadowy ravines, descended gradually to the wide valley of the Volturno. Close by to the left, as if astride its hill, lay the castle of Tora, the houses of the little town clustering round the ivy-clothed walls of the feudal ruin and tall square tower, now the haunt of wild pigeons. The foliage of the woods made a soft cushion on which the buildings seemed to rest, while the tall tower was relieved against the distant misty plain.

All round that plain soared the mighty mountains with innumerable peaks, each lower one crowned with a ruined castle. Highest of all rose the range of the Matese with Monte Meta and Monte Miletto, across whose summits snow-storms drift as early as October, and as late as June. This range stretches all across the horizon from north-west to north-east. In front, rising isolated from the plain, shine the china-white rocks of Mount Vairano, behind them the summits of Tifano and the Capua mountains. Then, closing the view to the south, the most beautiful object in the magnificent landscape, fantastic Monte Maggiore, with its jagged crests. Far back and still more southward, the lower range of Mondragone, and, in the gap between, faint and far, the pale ghost-like pyramid of Mount Vesuvius, only to be recognised by its plume of smoke.

The river Volturno, at the farthest side of the valley, can only be traced by its white pebbly bed, except when swollen by rains, when its current broadens into a blue strip of water. The railway passes through the middle of the plain, the trains looking like toys as seen from Tora, and their rumble quite unheard.

Over this splendid scene the dawn appeared with rose-rays darting up behind the mountains, which were outlined in deep purple hues against the dark-red line of colour on the extreme horizon. Streaks of thin cloud lay along their sides, and over the plain lay dense white mist, out of which the tree-tops rose as if from islands.

As day advanced, the near hills and woods were alternately hidden by the rising mist, which fled defeated before the all-conquering sun, till finally every dell and dingle, every ridge and summit, every branch and leaf, glowed soft in violet shade, or glittered in glorious sunlight.

Carriages were now waiting at the door, and after a plunging start up the steep village street, we rolled smoothly along the excellent high road which wound round the edges of the bosky ravines, among the solemn chestnut forests and tall pines. Now and then a high bank on the roadside revealed the interesting variety of volcanic strata.

Up and up we went, over many an ancient lava-stream, now overgrown by luxuriant verdure ; round the rims of long-extinct craters which had been filled with molten stone, had then become lakes, and were now sheltered valleys of high culture.

In a couple of hours we arrived at the little town of Roccamonfina, situated in an elevated valley (once an immense crater) of uncommon fertility.

In this valley, once, as is supposed, the haunt of the aborigines, a town was founded by ten Roman families, traces of whom still linger in the names of neighbouring villages, such as "Gallo" and "Galluccio." Near the market-place are some fragments of an ancient castle, often destroyed and repaired down to the time of the Longobardians, who hereabouts crowned every height with their fortresses.

In 1656 all the villages in this region were ravaged by the plague. There were no doctors, and the people even forsook their relations, leaving them to die in the woods or deserted houses. The Duchess of Mondragone, owner of the land, enforced a strict quarantine, and confined all suspected persons in a monastery. Old chronicles relate that no fewer than 114 families of rank became extinct, their members all dying of the plague.

In 1734 Roccamonfina became royal property, but the land now belongs to different proprietors.

When we entered the town Don Beppino was received by a group of his constituents, headed by a band of musicians. He went off with them, while we were regaled by the syndic with coffee and cakes. From the terrace of his house we looked into the market-place, in the centre of which is a plane-tree which was planted in 1616 ; its massive bole is surrounded by a wooden bench. Under an avenue of noble trees on one side a motley crowd of peasants were assembled, selling or buying butchers' meat, fowls, grain, oil, sausages, fruit, and cheeses of all kinds, brought from far and near. Women bore on their heads rolls of home-woven stuffs of brilliant dye, or utensils and pitchers of curious shape in terra-cotta. There were handsome faces and figures amongst these people, in varied and picturesque costumes. Some of the women wore their hair in peculiar broad flat braids brought far over their ears and cheeks, and all wore the headkerchief, white or coloured.

The mountain air of Roccamonfina is so salubrious that the place ought to be, as Dr. Johnson-Lavis says somewhere in a pamphlet, the "Frascati" of Naples. By express train and carriage the place can be reached from Naples in about three hours, the drive from the

station at Cajianello being very pretty, through an avenue of cherry-trees which line the high-road.

On the return of Don Beppino we prepared to ascend the summit of the mountain, called Monte Croce, where is a picturesque group of rocks, the *picire-troccole*, the remains of an old volcanic cone, once about 8,200 feet above the level of the sea, but now truncated to little more than 3,000 feet.

Two donkeys with pack-saddles were provided for the ladies, on which the latter balanced themselves as well as they could, while the patient beasts clambered up the steep paths. We passed the little hamlets of Gallo and Giglioli, near the former of which stands an ancient and enormous chestnut, hundreds of years old. It is called "La Castagna d' Amore"; its huge trunk, full of knobs and knots and bosses, covered with moss and lichen, and supported by a mass of twisted roots, would be a fine study for a painter.

Down the steep path beneath its shade came groups of peasant women, laughing and talking as they swung along with easy step, supporting with one hand the classic-shaped water-jars on their heads.

Soon we arrived at the head of a deep and lovely ravine, where, in a fold of the mountain-side, stands the monastery of the Virgin of the Lattani. The old building was once the stronghold of a feudal baron, the tyrant of the district.

We were admitted by a rosy-faced monk with a magnificent black beard, who had been in Egypt as a missionary for twenty years. He bowed deep with Oriental grace to Lady H——, one of our party, who exchanged with him a few sentences in Arabic. We were taken to see a grotto in the mountain-side, where rose the miraculous spring of pure water. The grotto adjoins a small chapel hewn in the rock, in which is an image of the Virgin adorned with necklaces of gold and beads. Her chief shrine is inside the monastery.

On this steep mountain, so runs the legend, about the year 1420 A.D., a vassal of the house of Gallo used to drive his goats to feed. He soon noticed that one fine young she-goat always strayed from the flock, remaining away all day, and returning at sunset with swelling udder. She became his favourite, and he hung fresh garlands of wild flowers over her horns every morning. The unusual abundance and rich quality of her milk made him curious to learn what herbs she fed on, so one day he followed her into the mountain recesses. All at once she sprang forwards and disappeared. With difficulty the goatherd forced his way in her track through the thick bushes into a gorge full of wild plum trees, and at last caught sight of

the goat grazing close to a rivulet flowing from below a rock. On approaching nearer, the goatherd saw a large serpent holding in its mouth two keys. Alarmed at this strange sight, which he attributed to witchcraft, the man ran back to his village and told what he had seen.

Next day he led the villagers to the spot, but no serpent was seen, only the keys were lying on the ground close to the rock. At first no one dared to touch them, but at last a bystander, looking curiously about, spied a door in the rock. Taking heart, he tried the keys, and found that one fitted the lock. When the door was opened, the villagers were startled to see a figure of the Virgin and Child sculptured on the rock. The fact was told to the Bishop of Teano, and soon after a small chapel was built close to the spot, and dedicated, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, to the Madonna of the Lattani. A marble tablet, inscribed in Longobardian characters, and promising indulgences to all who pray in the chapel, fixes its erection in the year 1430. The large church and monastery were added in 1448, built on the neighbouring site of the ancient castle.

Still another legend is attached to the building of the monastery. A few months after the discovery of the image of the Madonna, Saint Bernard and Saint James visited the mountain, which had already acquired the name of Lattano or Mountain of Milk, in remembrance of the miraculous abundance yielded by the favoured goat. Saint James observed, runs the story, that a Franciscan monastery ought to be built there; on which Saint Bernard, smiling incredulously, thrust his staff of chestnut-wood into the crack of a rock, and exclaimed that the barren stick would sooner grow into a tree than a monastery be erected in such a wild and inaccessible spot. The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when lo! the staff had become a fine tree, and is still to be seen growing from the dry rock.

The shrine of the Virgin dei Lattani is still visited on high festivals, not only by the neighbouring populations, but by thousands of worshippers from afar, who firmly believe in its miraculous powers.

A few monks live peacefully in this remote retreat, where they are often cut off from the rest of the world for weeks together during winter, being unable to traverse the snow-blocked mountain roads.

Leaving this picturesque spot, we proceeded to climb the highest summit of Monte Santa Croce, wading through deep volcanic ash of a grey colour, and fine as flour.

On each side of our path the ferns and stunted beeches had caught fire, and were crackling under the fierce flames, which, driven

by the wind, flickered across our road. Soon after we riders dismounted, and followed our companions up the last climb to the *pietre-troccole*. Under the shelter of these rocks we were glad to take refuge, for the wind at this height blew keenly.

What an expanse of sea and land now met our eyes !

To the west, across the valley of the Garigliano, towered the mountains of Casteforte and Traetta, on their spurs many an ancient fort and grey village shone in the sunlight, while their lower slopes were green with fine holm-oaks. Still lower the vegetation changed to the pale olive, the brilliant carob, the broad-leaved fig, the delicate almond and plum-trees.

At the foot of the Traetta we could just distinguish the little port of Mola di Gaeta.

Immediately below us lay the hills of Sessa-Arunca, and beyond these rose Monte Massico, famous in ancient times for its wine.

Far across the blue water were the Neapolitan mountains and islands, and, farther west, the faint outlines of the Ponza islands.

Between the bold mass of Monte Massico and the Traetta stretched the marshy plain at the mouth of the Garigliano, with the little fort of Torremare on the seashore, where, once upon a time, a Longobardian champion named Datto was sewn up in a leather sack and cast into the sea to perish. The serpentine windings of the Garigliano shone in azure tints as the water found its way between the willows to the sea. Over all lay the immense peace of a cloudless summer sky :

Ocean and earth ; the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy.

It was long before we could tear ourselves away from this incomparable panorama, but the syndic knew that his cook would be ready with dinner (inevitable prose of life !) and hastened our departure.

He had invited the notabilities of the little town, and a merry meal we made, and one of interminable length, for our host was not satisfied till he had proved what good fare his mountain town could furnish, from the exquisitely tender ham, taken as *ante-pasto*, to the fat turkey that closed the substantial portion of the banquet, and which, after all, had to be sent out untouched, no one being able to eat any more. No need to say that the wines and fruit were excellent in this land of volcanic soil.

Our farewell look at the place was a ramble across and beyond the market-place, to where the crater-valley (surrounded by low hills, the remains of old volcanic cones) is level enough to recall to mind

a sweet English landscape with flat cornfields and scattered groves. The sunset rays fell softly over the greenery, casting long shadows from the sleeping trees.

In the dewy twilight we drove back to Tuora, talking of brigands as it grew darker and darker. Many were the gloomy nooks and narrow gorges whence a band of robbers might have surprised and overcome our defenceless party; but, happily, those times were past. And yet not so very long ago—about 1865—the then syndic of Tora directed many campaigns against the brigands of this district, who often haunted the mountains to the number of a hundred. The deep ravines and narrow valleys favoured their escape. Every day the inhabitants of the little towns heard of some friend or relative being killed.

We reached home late, and somewhat chilled, and so went into the ancient kitchen, the most prominent object in which is the wide hearth, with overhanging roof. Beneath this hangs, on an iron chain, the big copper cauldron, capacious enough to hold the terrible brew of Macbeth's witches. On either side the hearth-stone the steel dogs, two hundred years old, support the huge logs of oak, olive, or chestnut, that blaze and crackle and explode, and send aloft flames of every hue, which lick with fiery tongues the soot-black stones of the hearth-back.

Across the hooks on the front of the steel dogs is laid the sword-like spit, at any height convenient, on which is strung a row of little birds to roast, or three or four plump-dressed fowls, which are basted, in the primeval way, by holding above them a lump of lard wrapped in paper, setting the paper on fire, and allowing the frizzling fat to drop on to the roasting fowls below.

Oak benches, with high backs, black and polished by centuries of constant use, flank the hearth on either side, and there the company sit in rows, in a real "ingle-corner," watching the sparks and flames disappear up the roaring chimney.

The smoke-blackened walls of the kitchen form a Rembrandt-like background to the old-fashioned copper utensils suspended thereon; to the reed-mats of many colours on which food is laid to dry, or be prepared; to the white-kerchiefed heads and bosoms and round bare arms of the serving maids, as they pluck game or wash vegetables.

The strong and sensible face of the elderly spinster-cook might have served as a model for a "Saint Anna"!

It was delightful to be in Italy in October, and yet able to bask in the warmth of a wood-fire, that most ~~most~~ ^{most} rational of warming appa-

ratus. We fell in love with Don Beppino's home-hearth, the true copy of Burns's "chimla-lug":

"While frosty winds blow in the drift,
Ben to the chimla-lug."

It is not only a Scottish peasant who feels inspired by a glowing hearth; our host, Don Beppino, has felt its influence. It may be interesting, as far as a translation can do it, to give the reader an idea of the effect of the conditions of flaming logs, roaring chimney, and outside storm, on a poetical mind belonging to a very different country and period than those of Burns's.

And so we will end our sketch of Italian rustic life with a (too-imperfect) version of our kind host's effusion:

MY CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Bright shone the flame; upon the hearth
The scorched wood crack'd,
And gratefully diffused around
The heat that lack'd.

Without our walls is raging wild
The whistling blast;
And on the window-panes the snow
Is thickly massed,

The while I stretch my stiffened limbs,
And my heart's beat
Renews its rhythm in the warmth
Of this retreat.

The scorched wood cracks; the ruddy flame,
'Twixt light and dark,
Flashes and pales, while upward flies
The brilliant spark.

I sit and muse, and in my brain,
As in the fire,
The heated cells give forth their light,
And never tire.

Once on a time, with sturdy oaks
These hills were clad;
Now the full green of graceful vines
Makes Nature glad.

Once on a time, from hill to vale
Roamed the wild boar;
Now engines shriek and rouse the hills
With thundrous roar.

Once on a time chestnuts and bread
Were native food ;
Now wide earth's products furnish man
With all that's good.

Once, mutt'ring prayers, with pride and pomp
The priest went forth,
And, as he passed, the knees of all
Were bent to earth ;

Now faith is dead—like rubbish old
Are cast aside
Belief in God, belief in good,
Priests and their pride !

Yet, though the feudal times are gone,
And rites impure,
Tyrants and masters still exit,
And crush the poor.

Belief is dead ; and yet the crowd,
In deep-awed mood,
Follows the idol high-upborne
Of painted wood.

At cottage-doors upon these hills
Knocks famished care,
Till desperately men cross the seas,
To find death there !

The sons forsake parents and home
In search of gain,
And exiled die on foreign shores
In weary pain.

Not long ago these hills were wild,
But men's hearts beat
In lofty love of fatherland,
With fervent heat.

They loved and hated—plotted too,
By fire-light,
With patriot leaders, eager for
The coming fight.

Now things are changed ; the body rules,
And appetite ;
Vanished the reign of intellect,
That child of light !

Become mere clods, we cast her off
With the ideal ;
Careless of all such flimsy things,
We prize the real !

Then fill the cup with choicest wine,
And in it drown
All care, misfortune, serious thought,
Which brings a frown !

What is our progress? wealth and want
Walk arm in arm !
Virgin and Venus we adore—
And where's the harm ?

Beggar and criminal in our eyes
Are just the same ;
We kiss the lips of friend or foe
Under one name !

What *is* this progress?—but who's that?—
A friend comes late.—
Welcome ! that's right !—I was reviling
Men and the State !

L. WOLFFSOHN.

A PICTURESQUE ROGUE.

NO author has a keener eye for the dramatic element in crime than Robert Louis Stevenson. The bold and dashing villain was ever dear to his heart, and in his novels, when he is portraying the type, how delicately and almost lovingly does he emphasise the dash and bravado that redeem their careers from uninteresting sordidness. Such villains are more common in romance than in history—only very occasionally can the *Newgate Calendar* produce an example of the picturesque rogue. But when they do appear how immeasurably do they surpass the creations of romance! Such an one was Deacon Brodie. The story of his life, told in the plainest and baldest prose, fills the reader with astonishment, and, alas! with a certain unholy admiration. Even the sober dulness of the pages of the Criminal Records cannot smother the romance of the Deacon's career. And his crime has gained him immortality—for how, save for his wickedness, could he have become the hero of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's works? ¹

Deacon Brodie was a prominent citizen of Edinburgh towards the end of last century. He came of a respectable stock. His father had been a well-to-do merchant, and had enjoyed the honour of being Deacon Convener of Edinburgh, *i.e.*, the elected head of the tradesmen of the city. With the advantages of his birth, the younger Brodie soon gained a prominent place in the municipal government, and in the course of time was elected deacon or preses of the Guild of Wrights, and entered the Town Council. In the bill offering a reward for his apprehension, he is described as "A considerable House Carpenter and Burgess of the City of Edinburgh."

Until the final revelation Brodie, doubtless, was outwardly all that could be desired of a man in so responsible a position. To the majority of his fellow-citizens he probably appeared to be, like the other members of the City Council, a *douce*, sober citizen, pursuing

¹ Stevenson wrote in collaboration with Mr. Henley a play entitled *Deacon Brodie*.

his trade diligently and with good result, carefully and scrupulously conforming to all the conventionalities of the time, and playing, in every respect, an exemplary part in the life of the town ; in a word, an ornament of the civic council, and a model to the younger burgesses. But under the demure deportment of the worthy Deacon lay secrets that his constituents little dreamed of. Who could have guessed the strange metamorphosis that came over Deacon Brodie with the fall of night? What citizen of old Edinburgh would have received with anything but incredulity the suggestion that William Brodie, Deacon, Town Councillor, and merchant, was wont to shed these characters at night and appear as the housebreaker and gambler? And yet such a suggestion would have been in strict accordance with the truth. When the time came for looking beneath the surface of the Deacon's life it was found that he had carried on for years a series of wholesale burglaries in the shops and houses of Edinburgh.

Of course, detection was more or less a matter of time: a man cannot play the burglar for ever without discovery. Even before the last crime which led to his complete discomfiture, there were—must have been—some few who had a shrewd suspicion of the Deacon's real character. For instance, there is the story of a lady who was surprised one Sunday morning during Church time by an unexpected visitor. A man entered her room with crape over his face, bowed to the lady, and then proceeded to remove her jewels before her eyes. Something in the bearing of her visitor seemed familiar to the victim, and as the intruder withdrew she exclaimed with astonishment, "Surely that was Deacon Brodie!" But who could believe so absurd a statement? Evidently the poor lady was under some extraordinary delusion. One can imagine the half-pitying amusement with which her friends would hear the story, if she ever had the boldness to tell it.

There is an even more extraordinary incident which tradition has preserved. One of Brodie's friends informed him that he was going to the country on a certain date. Something, however, intervened to detain him at home. Instead of making his way to the country he had to spend the night in town. As he lay asleep in the middle of the night he was awakened by a slight noise. A small spot of light as from a lantern was dancing on the wall of the room. Hastily arising he looked through a small aperture into the next room, and there saw the Deacon hard at work ransacking his boxes and removing his valuables. "A principal fruit of friendship," says Bacon, "is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of

the heart." Apparently the Deacon took the same view, but confounded the heart with the money box, on the principle that where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also.

Burglary and theft did not exhaust all our hero's energies. In addition to these pursuits he was greatly addicted to gambling, and spent much of his time at night in low gambling dens. This taste introduced him to strange company, for "dice like death levels all distinctions," to use Henry Erskine's picturesque phrase. He even stooped so low as to play dice with a chimney-sweeper. This lapse on the part of the Deacon would, it is true, in all probability have remained unrevealed but for the audacity of the chimney-sweeper in accusing him of card-sharping. The chimney-sweeper's story was that he had been induced to play with Brodie and three of his satellites. In about twenty minutes the man of soot had lost five guineas. As a Scotchman he saw there was something unnatural about this. It was the work of a moment to seize the dice, and lo ! they were loaded. The injured chimney-sweeper at once accused Brodie of this breach of etiquette, and followed up the accusation by bringing an action before the magistrates of Edinburgh. In his defence to the action the Deacon denied all knowledge of the dice-loading, and stated that, for his part, he knew nothing of the game of dice, adding naively "that he always considered all dice to be alike." This last statement drew some vigorous comments from the chimney-sweeper. "Mr. Brodie knows nothing of such vile tricks, not he ! . . . Mr. Brodie never haunted night-houses where nothing but the blackest and vilest arts were practised to catch a pigeon ; nor ever was accessory either by himself or others in his combination to behold the poor young creature plucked alive and not one feather left upon its wings, not he indeed !" and so on.

The interesting question of what had become of the chimney-sweeper's money was never decided. Other and blacker clouds gathered round the Deacon's head before the matter could be settled. In his peregrinations round the "night houses" of the city Brodie had gathered to himself two associates, Brown and Ainslie. To these he added one George Smith, a hawker from England. On his arrival in Edinburgh the Deacon got hold of the Englishman and suggested to him "that several things could be *done* in this place, if prudently managed, to great advantage." Smith readily fell in with the suggestion. Several things *were* done in the town. At that time the shopkeepers of Edinburgh, with a touching confidence in humanity, left their keys hanging up beside the shop doors during the daytime. It was the custom of Smith and Brodie to go round

among the shops, and while one engaged the attention of the shop-keeper "cheapening the goods," the other took an impression of the key with a small piece of putty held in the palm of the hand. In this way a number of shops and houses, including the University Buildings, were entered and successfully plundered.

Now shops and universities were well enough in their way, but the Deacon was soon fired with a higher ambition. One day he happened to visit the Excise House with a relative. On entering the building the thought struck him that here was a new field for his operations. He looked carefully round the offices, and came to the conclusion that it would not be difficult to break into them.

The project was duly laid before his satellites. They approved of it, and set about to collect the necessary implements. A cast of the key was obtained in the manner above described, and a facsimile was immediately forged. From a farm in the outskirts of the town the culter of a plough was stolen. This, along with two iron wedges, was to be used for forcing the doors. With these somewhat primitive instruments their equipment was complete.

The crime had been concerted about November 30, 1787, and on March 5, 1788, they made the attempt. The movements of the company on that evening are delightfully suggestive of the leisurely pace of life in those old days. In the first place the band met for supper in the house of George Smith. The Deacon was the last of the four to arrive at the rendezvous. After an hour's delay he appeared, dressed in an old and shabby suit of clothes by way of disguise. As he entered he flung on the table a pair of horse-pistols, singing gaily as he did so :—

Let us take the road.
Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms brave boys, and load—
See the ball I hold,
Let the chemists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead into gold.

How vividly does the genuine bravado of the gentlemen of the road shine in this little incident ! Nowadays our burglars are a skilful but a prosaic race of men. Who ever heard of them chanting ditties from "The Beggar's Opera," or from any other opera, for that matter ?

Supper finished, our hero and his friends sallied out on their task. They had chosen the hours between eight and ten for their operations, as there was then usually no watchman guarding the

premises. We need not enter upon the details of the robbery. It is sufficient to mention that the burglars were disturbed in their work and came away only partially successful. They had indeed managed to effect an entrance, but the only fruit of their exertions was the paltry sum of £16. There was a larger sum in the office (£600), but by some strange accident the drawer containing it had been overlooked. On the floor of the office they left, as they departed, a spur with a small bit of torn leather attached to it; this was to lead the officials to believe that a horseman had been the culprit and so minimise the chances of discovery, small in any case.

But detection sometimes comes from strange quarters. The plunder was divided on Friday night (the 7th), and on the same night Brown (after getting his share of the £16) gave information to the authorities. The motive of this act bespeaks at once his cleverness and his villainy. He was under sentence of transportation in England and had reason to fear apprehension. In order to escape this calamity he laid his plans. If he gave information as to the robbery, the trial of his comrades would follow and his evidence against them would be necessary in order to ensure their conviction. Without a pardon he would not have been admissible as a witness, and hence he would almost certainly obtain a remission of his sentence. We may say at once that the scheme worked admirably. Brown got his pardon and had the pleasure of appearing as King's evidence against his old associates.

It is true that in his information Brown had avoided implicating Deacon Brodie. We must allow him the credit of this meritorious omission. But with all the clues afforded to them, the authorities were certain sooner or later to lay their hands on our hero. His position was obviously precarious, and so alarming did it become that he had to take refuge in flight. On Sunday, the 9th of March, he made his way to London, followed by a King's Messenger. In London Brodie remained for some time, going about in disguise. Several times he saw the messenger, but was himself never discovered. At last he managed to get on board the *Endeavour*, of Carron, bound for Leith.

Unfortunately for the Deacon, one of the passengers on board the vessel was a Scotsman of the name of Geddes, a tobacconist in a village near Edinburgh. He gives a graphic account of the voyage and of the doings of Brodie. On the night before the *Endeavour* weighed anchor, two of the owners came aboard with a passenger "that appeared sickly and was muffled in a big great coat." For some time this passenger went by the name of "The Gentleman,"

but, in the end, the other passengers were given to understand that his name was John Dixon. Mr. Dixon (whoever he was) had evidently some influence with the owners of the ship, for on getting out to sea he delivered a letter to the captain, in consequence of which the course of the vessel was at once altered. Instead of making for Leith the course was laid for Holland. Arrived at Flushing, Mr. Dixon left the ship, but before doing so he handed to the passenger Geddes some letters for Scotland. These letters Geddes never delivered. His suspicions had been aroused, and when he got to Leith he opened the letters. What he read in them confirmed him in his belief that "The Gentleman" was really Brodie, and he handed the letters to the authorities. Obviously it was a gross blunder on the part of the Deacon to forward these letters as he did. Detectives were at once despatched to Holland, who traced him through various towns and at last captured him in Amsterdam.

The trial came on in Edinburgh in the following August. Brodie's conviction was a foregone conclusion. In searching his house the authorities had found a dark lantern and several picklocks and (buried in his garden) a pair of pistols. Brown and Ainslie both gave evidence. The result of the trial was that Brodie and Smith were both condemned to death.

"I often," wrote the Deacon in one of his letters from Flushing, "I often went in a *retregard*: I have been all my life in a *retregard* condition." His *retregard* was nearly at an end. Two letters written by him from the Iron Room in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh still remain. In these he passionately implores the persons addressed to use their influence to aid him. His crime, he pleads, was not "a depredation committed on an individual but on the public, who could not be injured by the small trifle the Excise was robbed of." Let him, he urges, but escape the gallows and he would emigrate to New York, in which "infant collony" his services might be of use. These letters evoked no response. As the days passed and no answer to his appeal reached him, the Deacon must have perceived that his fate was certain, but even with the prospect of death before him and with all the horrors of a close confinement in prison he did not lose heart. All who visited him bear testimony to his (apparently) light-hearted indifference to his fate. The noise of the workmen putting up the scaffold reminded him, he carelessly observed, of shipbuilders. Surely "so much preparation was unnecessary for the short voyage" he was going to take. One who came to administer consolation on the day before the execution

found him cheerily singing a song from his favourite "Beggar's Opera"—

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.

On the scaffold Brodie behaved with the same coolness. He had himself invented the drop, and, by a curious irony, he was the first criminal at whose execution it was used. He spent the short time while his companion Smith was being hanged in closely examining the working of his own invention. So self-possessed indeed was he that it was rumoured abroad that he had been treated by a famous French quack of that day in some way so that he might be resuscitated after being cut down. Alas! this arrangement, if it was ever contrived, was not a success. The Deacon's friends cut down his body immediately after the execution, and placing it in a cart drove round the town in the hope that the jolting would revive him.¹ But the Deacon was dead.

It is curious to read the account of Brodie's execution given in the newspaper of that day. The journalist begins with a severe condemnation of the Deacon and all his deeds, but as he warms to his work his enthusiasm is kindled. "His courage and magnanimity would have rendered his name immortal had he fallen in a good cause." At the conclusion of the notice the saving clause drops out. The scribe's enthusiasm reaches its highest level. "His untimely fate claims the tribute of a tear; for if those who possess fortitude, courage, *benevolence*, and *humanity* claim our admiration such was William Brodie."

FRANCIS BROCK.

¹ This experiment had been successful in the case of a woman hanged some time before Brodie's execution.

NIGHTS IN LAKELAND.

TO understand a district properly it must be seen under widely varying conditions of weather and season. Probably few of the crowds who annually visit the English Lakes have any adequate idea of what their surroundings are like when the last gleam of purple has died in the west, and the grey of the distance has thickened into night. To some, natives as well as visitors, the district is as interesting during the hours between sunset and sunrise as when the sunshine renders every detail of hill and valley clear and distinct. If you are not likely to be nervous, and are not afraid of loneliness, cross the width of the district, say by the coach road from Windermere to Keswick, under cover of night, and you will fully understand the beauty of darkness. It was at one o'clock on a semi-dark June morning when I walked through Windermere village on this trip. Once clear of the houses, the rustle of the rabbits as they plunged deeper into the woods, the endless craik-craik-craik of the landrail, the occasional deep whistle of an otter from the beck or the lake, were the only sounds to break the silence. The lake was without a ripple as I passed along its shores at Lowwood, the night-glow reflected on its steel-like bosom ; a charfisher sat in a motionless boat towards the middle of the lake, a disturbed white-throat scolded from the reed beds. I felt inclined to go no further—to sit down on the low wall here and wait for daybreak. Surely it would be a noble sight to watch the early sunbeams stream over the Kentmere fells and light up this beautiful lake. Not a soul was astir as I passed through the market-place at Ambleside, but a man walked stealthily from a side street a little further on, and set off towards Rydal. I tried hard to overhaul him, but could not ; ultimately he evaded me by entering a copse near Rydal Hall. By two-thirty I reached White Moss ; by this time the light had so much improved that the fell beyond Rydalmerre was clearly visible. Here the first skylark sang, and as I struck along the old road to Grasmere, birds rose from every meadow and mountain-pasture, and the air rapidly filled with warblings. Looking towards Seat Sandal I noticed the upper clouds

were tinged with golden sunshine, and by four o'clock I met the cold breeze which at sunrise drives over Dunmail Raise. Past Wythburn the wind became stronger. The waters of Thirlmere dashed in white spouts against its rocky shores; the fells behind Armboth were clear of mist, but only the lower slopes of the mighty Helvellyn could be seen. As I passed into the wider valley, the sunshine seemed to filter through the clouds, and the last five miles to Keswick, which was reached before half-past seven, will always be a pleasing memory. The contrast of mist-hung mountains and sunny green woods and valleys was most striking.

A different side, as well as aspect, of the country has been rendered familiar by mountain ascents by night. For our last—a climb of Scawfell Pike—we left Windermere at seven o'clock and strolled on to Elterwater, near which we stayed till after eleven. Then, under the light of a pale half-moon, we plodded into Langdalehead. My brother was suffering from tender feet, so after picking a way among the rough cobbles to the foot of Rossett Ghyll, he called a halt till the light should allow our getting an easier path. Then, taking off his boots, he went to sleep for an hour and a half. This place was very quiet, yet it seemed that its very silence had a basis of sound, for inarticulate whispers and murmurings rolled up the dale, and more than once I patrolled the sheepfold, inside and out, to make sure that no one was near. By half-past two we were able to proceed towards Eskhause. Angle Tarn was passed still in the shadow, and we only caught the sunshine streaming through a break in the mist-banks when a long way up the pass. A strong westerly wind drove grey cloud-masses among the distant northern mountains. For a moment Helvellyn would break itself clear of the whirling mist; Skiddaw and Saddleback seemed to revel in the reek, occasionally throwing up a summit or shoulder as though to mark their whereabouts. Not until the shelter at the pass's head was reached could anything be seen of the mountains beyond Styhead. Then we turned from a view of Bowfell, rising supreme through a sunlit patch of mist, to see Great Gable mounting in grand outlines into the masses which, as smoke from a volcano, seemed rolling out of Ennerdale. The fells beyond and around Honister were visible, but in a few moments the white cloud-tide eclipsed them. Would this wind-swept stream envelop Scawfell Pike before we could reach it? As we toiled into view of the crags this seemed very likely. After a drink from the infant Esk, we passed into Ill Crag. The path for about a hundred yards wound among huge blocks of rocks, and striding from one to another of these we continued the climb.

Between the distant Catbells and the nearer Great End was a splendid vista of Borrowdale with Derwentwater—a well of green, on which floated several darker patches. A sullen waste of water among savage, rocky mountains—the older guide-book writers would have described Styehed Tarn. The Gables stood in a mighty wall across the valley, their foot in depths unseen, their summit now wreathed in swirling cloud. The crest a few seconds ago sheered clear and bright, but a wave of mist overcame it. On Broad Crag we again encountered the horrible *pave* of oblong blocks of stone piled at all angles, for which this range is notorious. As we got along the ridge—and though laborious, the pace was fast—Wastwater came into view over Lingmell Crags, and then we saw that the Pike, the highest summit in England, was clear of mist. For the last hour a steady drizzling rain had been falling, and we had been wet through for some time, but we faced that last loose slope eagerly. The boulders round the summit attest to patience and ingenuity, for level paths have been made to the half-score low shelters dotted among the crags. From this point we got our only tolerable view of the west. The cauldron of Ennerdale still poured its vapour over Great Gable to roll in long irregular volumes eastward, but through the gap of Wastwater was a darker band—the Irish Sea. At the most favourable moment, almost the whole coast-line from St. Bees to the Lune was in view. Wide expanses of glittering sands marked the estuaries of Kent, Leven, and Duddon, but further out a dense blue mist shut out all possibilities of the view of Man, Ireland, Scotland, and Snowdonia, for which this peak is famous. We did not stay long by the caern, as at any moment the western breeze might whip an outlying cloud over us; indeed, we had not gone more than half-way towards Broad Crag when this did happen. It was, however, so thin that we hunted saxifrages among the rocks, and had a look down Piers Ghyll before going on. What a tremendous gulf this is! Half a mile down was the main gully, with a few of its cliffs, tiny with distance, visible. Crossing the crags to Great End was an easier task than before, and soon after half-past five we were near Eskhause. Just as we entered the basin of Angle Tarn a big black raven wheeled past with a threatening croak. I made towards the crags it had left, imagining I heard the cries of young, but the sound evaded me. The parent, however, was marked by my brother, who, through his field glass, distinctly saw it enter a gully in the crags of Pike o' Stickle, and even so distant its angry voice was plainly heard. As we got into Langdalehead, a horseman who had that morning (it was not yet seven o'clock) ridden from Seathwaite, in the Duddon

valley, asked us the direction for Borrowdale. He had ridden up the valley, which ends in Wrynose Pass, and across the boulder-strewn Blea Tarn Moor, but he was concerned at the sight of Rossett Ghyll, over which he fancied his track lay. He was, however, much relieved at having only to face the easier slope of the Stake. We last saw him leading his pony near the top of the climb.

More than once we have been all night in the mist—and one such occasion we particularly remember. Though clear when we started the tops were smothered in clouds, from which fine rain descended before we reached the reservoir under Hill Bell, on our way to Kentmere High Street. Soon after we commenced the ascent, we were completely enveloped. The grassy path up which we had hoped to reach Thornthwaite Crag was lost, but the ascent of the scree required little extra energy. In about half an hour, during which we spread out to avoid the stones dislodged by those in front, my attention was called to a huge face of rock against which our progress had brought us. I shall not forget that council; in varying distinctness were eleven faces, some anxious, more reliant, one or two careless. Behind us was the abrupt rock-ledge with beards of misty rain crossing along its breast; below, a great scree which, in stones of all sizes interspersed with luxuriant parsley fern, shelved down into a great white blank. When we reached the column on Thornthwaite Crag, it was apparent that the mist was deep above us, and therefore no view of sunrise was possible. It was three o'clock, and very cold; the damp collected on our limbs as we rushed about at leap-frog; one of our party routed out some damp-looking timber from the ruins of an old hog-house, so we decided for a fire. To coax the wood to burn required unlimited patience, but after long and deft manipulation of moist paper and matches, a tiny flame came flickering through the dense curls of smoke. At six o'clock the light was much better, so we moved for home—except two who elected to stay with the fire, which was now blazing merrily. It was particularly galling to me to hear a day or two later that a party, while we were shivering on High Street, had witnessed a magnificent sunrise from Scawfell Pike. They had climbed into clear weather soon after they left Eskhouse.

The spending of a night by the waterside few people envy the angler, but in reality no one could wish for a finer experience than all night on Ullswater. Starting from Howtown, paddle slowly out into the middle of the lake and wait for the fish to begin biting, for you must try your luck at night-fishing, otherwise your friends will believe that you are thirsting for notoriety. Trout come on the feed

about midnight and continue gorging, with few lulls, till daybreak. It is not necessary to be expert in fishing, and many, who do not think they possess enough patience for the sport, will be surprised how interesting they find such a night on the water. Often incidents of an amusing or an exciting nature happen. We were once rowing along the top reach of Windermere in pitch darkness when our oarsmen suddenly put on a spurt. For a few seconds, the boat simply tore through the water, then from out of space, or maybe the bottom of the lake, sprang a rock, and we crashed on to it with tremendous force. We were shot over the thwarts into a confused heap on the boat's floor, and I well remember that someone's red-hot pipe reclined for one agonising second on my ear. The difficulty of gauging distances across water is always great, but when night comes on the task is doubly hard. Yet a sunrise viewed from a boat is well worth the amount of discomfort incurred. To some, the silence reigning over the waters is an unspeakable delight—when the shadows drop like a curtain into the valleys, and the night glow fringes the northern mountains, the lights begin to glow in the houses by the shore, and the utter loneliness becomes oppressive. But when light after light goes out and the faint whisperings cease to come from the land, your spirits recover and a happy time commences. Don't, however, go to sleep in your boat while waiting for daybreak. When walking early by the shore of Windermere Lake I glanced over the wall and saw, hard and fast on a miniature sand-bank, a boat in the stern of which two figures were lying fast asleep. I passed quite close and for a moment thought to waken them, then, thinking that the increasing power of the sun would arouse them without the start inseparable to my call, I passed on.

One July night we went "sugaring" for moths. We were not a trio of experienced entomologists; indeed, our leader only would have known the difference between "an old lady" and a "hay-time moth."

By nine o'clock it was thought sufficiently dark for our purpose. At the first hitch, while my brother went back for some requisite, I was left in charge of the tin containing our lure. With a small paint brush I dabbed this fairly over some nine square inches of a sycamore. Retiring on to the bridge, in a few minutes I noticed some large moths fluttering among the outside leaves of the tree; doubtless the strong scent of sugar, rum, and beer had attracted them. In less than three minutes my brother returned, and we had the pleasure of finding on the tree a good specimen of the swallow-tailed moth, not a common insect with us. As we passed up the

lane a whitish moth dashed past, and a gallant though unsuccessful attempt was made to capture it. Our leader was sure it was a tiger-moth, a rare visitant in our valley in July. The insect having escaped, the next best thing was to "sugar" freely the adjacent railings and trees in the hope that it might return. In the next coppice two copper beeches were selected, as their exceptionally smooth bark does not dry up the mixture quickly, after which we took a narrower road into a district reputed to be thickly populated by nocturnal moths. The evil-smelling lure was splashed on one or two of the sycamores lining the beck-edge before we turned into an ideal country lane, where dense tall hedges towered above trailing, clutching blackberry brambles, and nettles, raspberries, and tall grasses grew in such profusion as almost to overflow the narrow space from bank to bank. A night-jar churred from an overhanging oak; a gibbous moon, covered by thin clouds, sent a wan, wicked light over wood and hayfield. Now we passed, ever sprinkling our compound on suitable trees, the offshoots of an oak copse—a collection of giants which had starved out their undergrowth—and in another half-minute reached a widening where more blackberries and stinging-nettles clattered from hedgside to roadway. "Sugar" was spread on a number of trees, after which we retraced our steps, intending to pick up the insects adhering to the traps and at the other end of our beat, half a mile away. It was pitch dark and a light would be required for the assortment of the moths captured. Our lamp, however, failed to keep alight for more than a minute, and investigation proved that the oil in the tank had become rancid; subsequent inquiry indeed showed that it had not been used in six months. After this discovery hopes fell, it was said that such a splendid evening should pass unproductive. We made use of the blaze of the blazed trees, but, when a match was struck, all the traps were powerlessly intoxicated were very quick at flying away. In some stick moths, hay-timmers, and such like remained in plenty, but we managed to catch with them a few of the smaller species. The time passed without further incident. All the time we were in the dogs from every farmhouse within a mile of us, and we were, of course, their owners would becom a necessary insect. We were, of course, free from the one mishap common to such expeditions, and we were on similar expeditions have been successful and successful. The gamekeepers, who mistake the moths of the night for the odour of the poison-bottle when this is present, as an original and certain practice, and we were in a net.

It is a far cry, even in memory, from a balmy July night's ramble to a night when deep snow lies on the silent fells, and a million stars glower upon the freezing earth. I have elsewhere spoken of the summer midnight and the silence of Mickleden, but this is vaster, more complete quietude. Our point was a fine moorland tarn at a fair elevation, a well-known haunt of waterfowl. Scrambling along the steep grassy road to the moor was exhausting, but when we reached the bracken track of the open fell the energy required to move along at all was enormous. At every step the deep snow attached itself to our shoes, so we crashed into the deepest belt of heather. The frost was pinching when we started, but though the air must have been colder at this elevation, its bite was unfelt in the heat of our struggle. Passing a marshy corner a pair of ducks rose—what a lovely night for snaring! The tarn was not yet completely frozen, and wavelets were plashing against the extending sheets of ice. Between us and the fir-crowned island, as we stood thigh deep in the snow-drift by the boat-house, was the stream feeding the water, and it was to watch the birds here that we had ventured out to-night. We climbed round the hill, sliding about among the beds of dead bracken, then skirted the rocks commanding the tarn and its surroundings. Miles away to the south-west glittered an estuary with the sea beyond; to the north a mist-bank hid a long line of mountains, while to the east a dreary white chain of hills stood beyond Lunesdale. Dotted near and far were gems—mountain tarn and open river-reach, with the bright moonlight glinting up from them. We proceeded cautiously towards a bank from which we might watch the birds. The snow stuck to our boots, and quiet progress was almost impossible. However, after a long chilly crawl down a hollow sledge track, which led from the moor to the river-bed, we gained the desired situation. Not a bird was in sight. We lay in the deep snow awhile, for there was a faint splash and squawking in the reed-beds, then a gaunt heron waded slowly up the stream. We almost held our breath lest he should take alarm, and scare away the rarer ducks. Meanwhile the air was getting colder and colder—it was recorded in the valley below as five degrees below zero. There was no wind, however, through our lair, and the position was not very uncomfortable. In a few minutes a squad of ducks came from the tarn to join the heron's feast—a garrulous crew to a taciturn leader. A curlew, probably startled by a prowling fox, whistled across the water; the heron took his warning signal, and flapped over the corner of the hill to a quieter feeding ground. My companion made a sudden movement, and a sheep which, unknown to us, had been lying within a yard of my

hand jumped up and galloped away, crackling the heather as he went. With a shrill alarm the ducks—we never discovered their variety—rose in a body, and at the same moment bang, bang, rang two shots down the ghyll. We were astounded that the keeper should be so near, and lay quiet till he should leave the spot ; as yet he might be unaware of our presence. His shots had both been successful, for he walked leisurely into view to pick up a brace of fine birds. Ten minutes later we ventured for home, passing round the opposite extreme of the tarn to the gamekeeper. He never knew that we had been so near him, though had he been accompanied by his dog it could hardly have missed us.

Another night's frolic was a skate on Lake Windermere in 1895, the last time the whole length and breadth of it was bearable. I had already done the thirty-mile round of the lake, before leaving the brilliantly lighted pier at Waterhead for the heavy black woods of Wray. The ice, it will be remembered by those who at this time visited the lake, was furrowed between Bowness and Ambleside by two enormous cracks, and to cross these a course had first to be taken down the Pull shore, not, however, so near as to reach the thin ice round the mouths of the becks. The first seam was about a mile from Waterhead. As I approached it a few skaters were still gliding near me—apparently they were going as far as the crack and back. Now a long gurgling crackle travelled along the ice ; a lady screamed and made for the shore, fourscore yards away. I called out that we were quite safe, but she did not heed, and rushed towards a dangerous bay which I had reconnoitred earlier in the day. I spurted in pursuit and caught up to her ; barely in time, however, for the thinning crust rocked like a raft before I could arrest our impetus and swerve to sounder ice. I did not fear drowning for the water was shallow, yet an immersion would have been very unpleasant. The crack now loomed in front like a feathery surf. In daylight it was easily passed, but at night things look different. Across this, the widest part of the lake, gleamed the many windows of Lowwood ; at various houses by the shore lamps had been hoisted into the trees, and figures were gliding on the lighted area beneath them ; but out with me was utter darkness, loneliness, and silence save for the quiet rasp of my skates. Wray Castle and a few farmhouses showed occasional gleams of light through the black fir woods and narrow snow fields. Suddenly in front appeared something black, a huge dog squatting on the ice it seemed to be. But as I neared, the mass seemed to dwindle in size—was it the head and shoulders of a man clinging for dear life to a splintered ice-edge ? I put on speed,

then the bulk seemed again to increase, but not till I was within thirty feet did I recognise the outlines of a man kneeling and re-buckling his skate-strap. I hailed him with relief—a companion under such circumstances could not be wearisome—and while the ice roared and snapped in peals like thunder (a common night occurrence on large frozen sheets) we made for the second crack near Rawlinson's Nab. To cross this it was necessary to land and walk or slide a couple of yards. My companion shot round with ease, but my skates struck a chunk of ice or stone and came off, throwing me on my head and partially stunning me. Till this I had not noticed anyone standing by the wood-edge. Two farm servants picked me up, but I was no worse save for a bruise or two. The ice was bad here ; at many places it was broken through, so that for a few score yards we had to follow our leader cautiously. Then we spread out again—the gang was now eight in number—and made for the row of lights at Bowness. It became a mad race in, for we were sure of the surface. In Bowness Bay we found about a hundred persons skating about in the light of a tall electric standard in front of the Old England Hotel. It was grand travelling round Belle Isle where only a few were plying the steel: a concertina squeaked as one party swept by ; an ice-yacht whizzed along, its sole occupant clinging precariously to the frail structure ; a distant hum of voices crept across the island from the bay we had just left. A few minutes more of easy skating, and, as we landed at the Ferry Hotel, the kennelled hounds gave out a merry chorus, which echoed along the fir-covered bluffs, in happy augury of hunting days yet to come.

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

CIPHERS.

THE average individual, when wishing to conceal to some measure the import of his communication, generally satisfies himself with a cipher of great and exceeding simplicity. Like the ostrich, he buries his head in his own particular bed of sand, and deludes himself into the belief that his letter is quite unrecognisable. Unfortunately for the success of this naive plan, the mere sight of a cipher is sufficient to set any number of ordinary brains working, with intent to discover the secret communication; thus it speedily comes about that his most sacred utterances—and his most mysterious—are common property. In nine cases out of every ten it will be found that the false alphabet is based on a regular transposition of the real one: that is to say, supposing M to represent A, then T will stand for H, and so on. It is not difficult to find out the relative values of letters when the alphabet has merely been shifted on a few spaces. Another favourite method, perhaps a trifle less childish than the foregoing example, is the one in which each word commences with its own letter; each subsequent letter being shifted on in proportion to its distance from the commencement of the word. In such cases the word *The* would become *Tig*; T remains, H shifts one place to I, being the first letter changed, whilst E becomes G under the same rule. This is a distinct amendment on the cipher first mentioned, for it effectually stands in the light of any calculation being of use that is based on the assumption that the letter most often occurring must be E—a very general tell-tale in simple ciphers.

Ciphers in which the words are kept separate one from another are, as a rule, fairly easy to discover; especially if the communication be somewhat lengthy. Suppose the artless scribe to have selected the alphabet in reverse order as his particular cipher! Then, perhaps, the word ZWW makes its appearance. Truly a marvellous word, and, moreover, one hard to pronounce. Yet, on consideration, there are not many words of three letters in the language in which the last two letters are identical; too, see, ell, all,

&c., &c., for the list is not one to daunt a stout heart. Then, at last, the word "add" is found to fit exactly, and heigh presto! the secret is a secret no longer.

So much for very elementary ciphers. But there are a vast quantity of others, horribly difficult to discover, and, if persisted in, apt to lead to an overcrowding of the lunatic asylums. The following is a good example of one of these brain-puzzlers :

Both A and B possess	K L M N O P Q R S
copies of this key to	a b c d e f g h i J
the ciphered writing. When	k l m n o p q r K
A wishes to write to B, all he	s t u v w x y L
has to do is to take out his key,	z a b c d e M
lay it on the table in front of him	f g h i k N
and, instead of putting down the actual	l m n o O
letters, to replace them by the letters	p q r P
at the head of each column, horizontal and	s t Q
vertical, in which the real letter chances to	u R

be. Thus A is replaced by KJ or MO : A being found

at a point where the columns K and J, or M and O coincide. This choice of combination is occasioned by there being duplicates of each of these letters in the triangular-shaped key. OM or MO, it is all the same thing ; either represents A, and by this means the cipher is rendered still more puzzling to those not in the secret. I and J are blocked together in the real alphabet in order to obtain a greater number of duplicates in the key ; the only letters not used twice over are V, W, X, Y, and Z. With the exception of W, these letters are so seldom found in proportion to the rest, that the lack of their repetition is no loss. Indeed, it may even be considered a distinct gain ; for those folks who make up their minds early in the day that every letter is represented by a combination of two other letters will assuredly seize upon the combination that stands for W, as one representing some more useful letter. Then the fact that only ten letters of the alphabet appear at all is apt to worry people ; and this worry A intensifies by stringing all his words together into one long chain, instead of dividing them up into their usual lengths. For those who are very particular, an extra agreement can be made whereby certain capital letters may be used as marks of punctuation, or to mark the commencement of words.

This intrusion of capital letters scattered about in apparently haphazard fashion is highly exasperating to the intelligent seeker after unauthorised enlightenment. If the words are not allowed to float together, then another very excellent method of baffling inquiry is to divide everything—regardless of the true proportions of the words—into short lengths, of say four or six letters each. Under such treatment the simple phrase “good-day” becomes *Qjķpso jnmrom sl*. Here *sl* has a lonely, even a rather forsaken appearance, but it only waits for the rest of the sentence in order to obtain a companion.

Now, there are an infinite number of ways by which this particular form of cypher may be varied.

K L M N O P Q R S	K L M N O P Q R S
a b d g l q w d m J	a r s e f o p t u J
c e h m r x e n K	b q t d g n q s K
f i n s y f o L	c p u c h m r L
k o t z g p M	d o v b i l M
p u a h q N	e n w a k N
v b i r O	f m x z O
c k s P	g l y P
l t Q	h k Q
u R	i R

Both these ways are equally good as distribution of the letters ; and, moreover, outside these methods there remains to the would-be solvers the question whether the triangle has its diagonal line to the right or the left, the top or the bottom of the paper.

But friend C has a still more agonising arrangement to defeat the unlawful curiosity of the public. His cipher is on the same principle as that arranged between A and B ; but it has the further merit of shifting from one key to another, so that practically four ciphers are used in the same communication.

Now, by C's method in none of the triangles does any combination of letters twice represent the same letter of the true alphabet, with the sole exceptions of HG in angles A and B which stand for A, and HG in angles C and D, representing U. In A, for instance, KI equals *đ* ; but in B that letter is represented by the combination KG ; in C by MQ ; and lastly in D by DQ. These different ways of expressing

d do not take into consideration the four repetitions of that letter occurring once in each part of the key. When C wishes to write out his communication he prefixes each bit as it is drawn from one or other of these keys by the initial letter denoting the particular key in use at the moment. An example will show what is meant by this explanation. A.KNKHMLPGOID.PHLGB.QGOIQNLHOLC.GPNGNO stands for "Sell all my shares." The

C.'S METHOD.

	a	H	a																	
	b	c	I	b	c															
	d	e	f	K	d	e	f													
	g	h	i	k	L	g	h	i	k											
A		l	m	n	o	p	M	l	m	n	o	p		B						
		q	r	s	t	u	v	N	q	r	s	t	u	v						
		w	x	y	z	a	b	c	O	w	x	y	z	a	b	c				
		d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	P	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l		
		m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	Q	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u
		P	O	N	M	L	K	I	H	G		G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P
		a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	Q	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
			k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	P	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	
				s	t	u	v	w	x	y	O	s	t	u	v	w	x	y		
					z	a	b	c	d	e	N	z	a	b	c	d	e			
C						f	g	h	i	k	M	f	g	h	i	k				D
							l	m	n	o	L	l	m	n	o					
								p	q	r	K	p	q	r						
									s	t	I	s	t							
										u	H	u								

letter followed by a stop is, as explained above, merely a code letter to show from which part of the key the subsequent portion of cipher is derived. This playing in and out with four different arrangements of the alphabet is too confusing for those not in the secret, and the task of solving the mystery straightway becomes impossible. The capital, or false letters, on two sides of each alphabet are so arranged as never to clash: no letter is repeated—no SS or KK; and the

horizontal and vertical lines in each part of the key are arranged in a way that permits only one M to meet the lines commencing N, O, P, Q respectively, whilst the other M meets the lines beginning G, H, I, K, L. If C has the time and energy to spare he can still further baffle curiosity by something after this manner : A.OIC.OIA. OIB.NID.OHA.KHC.PKB.KIC.OMB.MKC.ILB.KH. The solution of the foregoing sentence shall be left to the reader to decipher from the explanatory key given above.

D's arrangement of his alphabet is somewhat different to the previous examples. His true alphabet is arranged in a square, thus:

3	4	5	6	7	
	x	p	q	y	
2	g	b	h	8	
	n	e	i	r	
1	f	a	c	9	
	m	u	o	s	
o	l	d	k		
	w	v	t	z	

In this cipher the vowels are bunched together in the middle. When D wishes to write, he puts down the pairs of numbers corresponding with the lines which the true letter unites. Z is the only exception, being written exactly as it stands. The reason for this is manifest after a cursory inspection of the numbers; to give Z a number would necessitate the use of 10, all the figures up to that number being employed. As a specimen of how to use the above table, suffice it to say that 673694 stands for "yes." By this the reader will easily see how it is worked.

The diagonal scale, in which nearly every letter can be written several different ways, next claims attention; but as this scale cannot be made to apply equally to *every* letter it may perhaps be considered to possess drawbacks. Especially is this the case when the scale is drawn up with A for a commencement. A being a letter in frequent demand, the constant combination of AZ or ZA attracts attention. The diagonal scale given here is one of seven places only, but it can, of course, be extended to any number desired. The method of using it is simple in the extreme. If AZ represents A, then it can readily be comprehended how DX equals F, or CT stands for I. The letters A and Z can only be represented by one combination apiece; B and Y have two methods of being written; C and X possess three; and so on, until the bulk of the letters,

starting with G and ending with T can be expressed in no less than seven different combinations apiece. Therefore, altogether the true alphabet can be written in *one hundred and forty* combinations!

Scale cipher.

ABCDEFGFG

Z abcdefg
 Y bcdefgh
 X cdefghi
 W defghij
 V efghijk
 U fghijkl
 T ghijklm
 S hijklmn
 R ijklmno
 Q jklmnop
 P klmnopq
 O lmnopqr
 N mnopqrs
 M nopqrst
 L opqrstu
 K pqrstuv
 J qrstuvw
 I rstuvwxy
 H stuvwxy
 G tuvwxzy

And if this is the case it may be readily inferred that the secret of the communication is not likely to become anyone else's property without a prolonged and severe tussle.

Leaving these methods to one side, as being perhaps a trifle cumbersome, and also necessitating the possession of a written key to guide the would-be interpreter, how should the average individual proceed in forming a cipher for himself? A cipher involving the minimum of trouble to the correspondents, and yet on exceedingly difficult to discover? To this question there is but one answer. Select a set of figures: the date of some particular year, the distance traversed by the bicycle during a certain time, or any other number likely to be remembered without difficulty. Then write down the sentence as it originally stood, under it writing again the same set of figures selected—keeping these last always in the same order. Finally, subtract their values from the letters above, and the result will be a cipher almost impossible to solve without knowledge of the correct figures. For the letters stand in no relation to one another: their transformation depends on the figure written underneath:

I m p o s s i b l e t o s o l v e .

1 0 6 6 1 0 6 6 1 0 6 6 1

H m j i r s c v k e n i r o f p d .

The figures here chosen are bad ones. The 0 is excellent, not only as a distinct saving of brain-labour but also as a means of getting over the ground faster; but 66 is a mistake, especially as double figures have a nasty knack of coming together (shown here) over a word of two letters only.

In conclusion, a hint will not be out of place here to those who correspond by this last system. Let the writer always be the one to

subtract the values, leaving the comparatively easy task of addition to the recipient. To go forwards is, in this case curiously enough, easier than to go back—a phenomenal experience in this poor old world; and it is only by arranging matters on a basis of this sort whereby both correspondents enjoy an equal chance of the easy work that peace is likely to be permanently preserved. L, M, N, O comes trippingly to the tongue: but O, N, M, L is quite another matter; therefore, as fair play is a jewel, let it always be “turn and turn about.”

G. E. MOYSEY.

A WEEK IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

TO those who shun the ubiquitous tripper, and who are strangers to the "West Country," the writer, though neither antiquarian nor archæological, ventures to say, like the Belle of New York, "Follow me!"

Leaving the main L. & S.-W.R. at Templecombe Junction, a brief journey brings one to what was once the "Island of Avilion," but which in the present day is drained and an island no longer, though still

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

Alighting at Glastonbury, the mind is impressed by the antiquity of its buildings and the traditions of the past. The George Hotel looks as if it were still a hospice for pilgrims, the front of the house being most curiously decorated. Not less interesting is the sixteenth-century building known as "The Tribunal."

But it is within the precincts of the ruined abbey that one fully realises the calm religious atmosphere of the place. The legend of its foundation by Joseph of Arimathea may not be trustworthy, but of the great antiquity of the church there is ample proof, while its beauty appeals to all.

Before leaving Glastonbury, we must not forget to look at the Tor of St. Michael, on the summit of which stands the tower of a once splendid church. This Tor dominates the landscape, and is a landmark to mariners on the Bristol Channel.

A short railway journey brings us to the city of Wells. It is impossible within the limits of this paper to even indicate one quarter of the interesting "sights" of Wells. The whole place is full of memorials of past ages; but the city is modern in its cleanliness, and is evidently well cared for. One of the most picturesque spots is the Bishop's Palace, with its lovely gardens surrounded by a moat (spanned by a drawbridge), in which aquatic birds are abundant and well cared for. Nor are the surroundings of the city less interesting. A walk of a couple of miles takes one to Wookey Hole, where, armed with candles, we followed the guide through a gloomy cavern

full of stalactite formations revealed to view every few minutes by the flare of benzoline splashed on the rocks. Bones of numerous wild animals were discovered in this cave, the history of which takes us back to prehistoric times. The village close by enjoys prosperity, thanks to the hand-made paper factory; and one sees, what is too rare in England, a rural population living in comfort on good wages, earned, not in a smoky, dirty town, but close to their own cottages.

A visit to Cheddar is an expedition no visitor to Somerset should miss, the railway making it easy and cheap; but we preferred to drive, going by a road which led across some of the wildest and steepest bits of the Mendip Hills, the distance being about eleven miles. It chanced to be the date of Priddy Fair (held in August each year) when we drove through this remote Mendip village, and so had the good luck to see one of the most ancient fairs in the kingdom, and one which, as testified by the hundreds of vehicles "put up" in every available spot, is still popular.

The customs of this fair, we were assured, differ little, if at all, from those practised in the days of the monks. A goose, so our driver told us, once hatched her eggs in Priddy Church, which was not available for services for some time after! But that, of course, is an ancient tradition, and reflects not at all on the present generation.

The steep road from Mendip down into Cheddar takes one through scenery hard to equal, and the magnificent cliffs towering sheer up from the road for at least five hundred feet look as if they only awaited a storm to fall and crush any poor mortals beneath. The competition between the rival caves is rather distracting, and for the first time during our stay in the West we were conscious of the excursionist, though scarcely of the "tripper," element. The old cave, discovered by Cox some fifty years ago, is lit by gas, and though this takes off some of the sombre solemnity of the scene, it also enables visitors to clearly see one of the most marvellous of Nature's wonders. The quaint shapes of the stalactite and stalagmite formations are not less wonderful than their varied colouring.

The cave more recently discovered, and lit by electricity, is no doubt equally marvellous. No photographs and no word-painting can possibly reproduce the wonders of these Cheddar caves, but readers of the "Two Men o' Mendip" will recognise the vivid description of a cave in that somewhat weird story of Mendip life.

A shorter drive, no longer over the heights of Mendip, but

through rustic lanes and villages framed in orchards laden with ruddy and golden fruit, brought us back to Wells.

Nor must we forget the Guildhall and the ancient and most picturesque Vicars' Close, now occupied by the Theological College students.

Another pretty excursion is to Shepton Mallet with its quaint market-place and curious market cross. Turning our backs at last on Wells, we started for a drive of some twelve miles over the Mendips to our next destination, and a most interesting and lovely drive it proved. Croscombe, through which we passed, is surrounded by lofty hills, and has a church of which the parish should be proud. The tower is a fine one, but the whole of the interior of the church is a superb specimen of Jacobean oak-carving, the screen being perfect. But the church is (or was) kept locked, and the churchyard also.

A long, steep climb takes one to the summit of Mendip, where the scenery becomes "stern and wild," and even on a fine summer day one can readily imagine the misery of a mid-winter drive over these wind-swept hills in cold and rain. The hollow rumble of the carriage wheels reminds us that caverns are beneath our feet, while our vision is enchanted by the magnificent panorama on every side till on the distant horizon we catch the gleam of the Bristol Channel. To add to one's physical enjoyment the air of Mendip is strong and bracing, like that of Dartmoor or Malvern, and is the best of Nature's tonics.

After descending the long hill we halt for a rest at Chewton Mendip, where at the Priory the late Lord Carlingford lived in happiness with his charming wife, Frances Countess Waldegrave, and after her death lived on, sad and solitary, till he too passed away and was laid by her side in that peaceful God's acre.

Somerset churches are famed for their towers, but that of Chewton Mendip is unusually lofty. An ancient stone cross stands in the churchyard and adds to its beauty and solemnity. One grave not marked by any headstone, was, we noticed, brightened by living flowers planted in the turf, in which was fixed a little card bearing these simple but expressive words: "I thank people to let all these flowers to remaine as I put them as its only for Dear Mother."

From Chewton Mendip to East Harptree the road winds through leafy hedges, but at the latter place we are once more on the verge of Mendip. "Harptree Court," Mr. Kettlewell's charming place was once part of the Waldegrave property, but has been improved in many ways.

"The Combe," which forty years ago was a romantic valley, with the scanty traces of a ruined castle on one bank, now seems little more than a young and crowded plantation, while the writer, who knew the place as a child, sought in vain for some of the ancient landmarks. Memory, however, easily bridges over a long vista of years, and recalls the time when the sigh of the wind among the trees and the song of happy birds first awakened the love of Nature and made the Combe a fairyland of romance. But enough of retrospect. The sun still shines, and Nature has lost none of her charm and little of her mystery; and so we resume our drive through this pleasant land. West Harptree has an undeveloped cave, and is not yet famous. Woodland beauties now replace the wilder aspects of Mendip; and so on to Blagdon (often mentioned in Mr. Raymond's book, "Two Men o' Mendip"). Before entering the village, however, we made a pilgrimage up a precipitous and long ascent, till once more we were on the level summit of Mendip, and visited the Somersetshire "Nordrach," where the open-air cure of consumption is carried on under similar treatment to that employed at Nordrach in the Black Forest.

Blagdon is a pretty village, and owes not a little to the owner of Coombe Lodge and its lovely woods. After a glance at the fine church and a night's rest in a seventeenth-century farmhouse, we once more rejoin the railway at Yatton, and so to Bristol and Bath, and across the Wiltshire downs to a southern seaport and home.

FRANCIS H. CANDY.

Parent wings the young ones cover
Safely in nest ;
Loving mothers linger over
Children at rest.
Only the unlov'd, forsaken,
Those who mourn their desolation
Unwatch'd, unblest.

If shared, the most unkindest grief
May know some light on waking,
And heart to heart can find relief
Tho' both those hearts be breaking !
But, tho' thro' marble pillar'd halls
The crystal fountain rippling falls,
Her list'ning ear hears only
The wave-wash on the island shore,
The hollow echo " Evermore
Alone ! " For ever lonely.

Oh ! that dire morn when, from her couch
She sprang to part with trembling touch
The silken canopy !
And saw the glinting day-break shine
On those unfurl'd white sails of thine
Across the rosy sea.

Since then high noon has bade thy hear
In strength of freedom beat ;
'Tis woman's lot to learn to part
And glory is *thy* meet !
So be, when all thy course is run,
Draws nigh the setting of the sun,
A chill at close of day ;
Then in thy ear no victor's cry
But one unwish'd, unbreath'd " good-bye,
For, in that twilight grey,
The echo of applause long fled
Resounds not on the ear,
But phantom wails of words unsaid,
Our unborn whispers to the dead,
The voices which are near.

Yet who would think of dying now,
 In freedom on the waves ?
 The sea-bird swiftly flying low
 His wing a moment laves
 On crested billow—then afar
 He spreads his pinions wide.
 What if a circling of night's star
 Thou vigil'd at her side ?
 Thine is the world, and thine to-day
 The distant shores and seas !
 A breaking heart is far away
 And onward wafts the breeze !

Ariadne, there is peace ;
 All have to die—
 Swift for some life's sorrows cease
 Quietly to lie
 (As the many lie) in sleeping,
 In the mystic shadow's keeping
 Ever to be.
 Courage ! There a multitude
 Wait. Death is not solitude,
 Ariadne !

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

THE CHAUCER GARDEN.

CHAUCER died in 1400, therefore it is just five hundred years since he was laid to rest. And during the next few months much will be written concerning the poet himself, and of his many-sided contributions to our national literature. In this short sketch we wish to glean a few of the facts which Chaucer reveals regarding the mediæval garden.

The Englishman has always been a lover of his garden. It is an instinct which he shares in common with the love for the homestead. "God Almighty," says Bacon, "planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." With the Englishman, we have unmistakable evidence to prove that it is no mere modern liking. As he is in this respect to-day, so he was in the days of the Plantagenets. And when we consider the dark and confined character of the dwellings of our forefathers in the Middle Ages, it is not surprising that they should have taken a delight in flowers, and in those gentle recreations which brought them into the open air, after the storms and gloom of winter. Castles and country mansions had always their gardens and pleasure grounds. In the "Merchant's Tale" our poet tells us that among other honest things the knight January

Had a garden walled all with stone,
So fair a garden wot I nowhere none.

It is implied that the garden was extensive.

This noble knight, this January the old,
Such deynté hath in it to walk and play,
That he would no wight suffer beare the keye
Save he himself.

Gardens were usually at that period square enclosures, with walls of stone or brick, or else bounded by thick hedges. In the "Romaunt of the Rose" we have the following description :

I saw a garden right anon,
Full long and broad everidele,
Enclosed was and walléd wele
With high walls embatailléd.

At intervals in this garden were seats or benches covered with turf, where one might rest. Then there was generally an arbour, overshadowed with trees or climbing creepers. Such a retreat we have pictured for us in the "Flower and the Leaf," closed in with honeysuckle and eglantine. Chaucer, in his "Knight's Tale," introduces the fair maid Emily walking in her garden on May morning :

And in her garden at the sun upriste,
She walketh up and down, and as her liste,
She gathereth floures partie white and redde.

The present day garden may be said to have laid the whole world under tribute, for there is scarcely a corner of the known globe whose flora is not represented there. Rare exotics from the Tropics, and gorgeous and fantastic blooms from the Orient—a striking contrast to the English garden of five centuries ago. Its beauties were simplicity itself. With America still undiscovered, and the southern seas yet untracked by even the most daring navigators, our forefathers had few flowers to cultivate except such as grew wild in Europe. A handful from the Levant and Asia Minor and a few examples from northern Africa completed the list.

They had the lily and the rose. Chaucer likens the maid Emily to the lily :

fairer was to seene,
Than is the lillie on her stalke greene.

Here the reference is to the Annunciation or Madonna lily. Fourteenth-century England knew nothing of a host of lilies cultivated by present florists, but this peerless bloom was quite a familiar one, consecrated, as it was, to devout uses in the mediæval Church. Nothing can exceed its chaste beauties, and no more fitting flower could have been dedicated to the Virgin. Standing erect, with its green stem crowned by a cluster of bells of pearly whiteness, it is the very symbol of chastity and purity. To this day it is known as Our Lady's lily, and carried in processions on feast days. In Chaucer's time it was the same, and his Prioress in her Tale exclaims : "O Lord our Lord—in laud of Thee, and of the white lily flower which that Thee bore, and is a maid alway."

Again Chaucer tells us that Emily

was fair as was the rose.

Both roses as well as lilies were great favourites in the Middle Ages. They figure together in the accounts of the Royal Garden at Westminster in 1276. The annual rendering of a rose was one of

the well recognised forms of quit rent in the olden times. They were also the commonest of all flowers for weaving into wreaths and garlands.

Also on his heed was sette
Of roses redde a chapelette.¹

The rose is the one flower concerning which public opinion has never wavered. Its popularity dates far back to the Roman occupation. Chaucer wrote, "I love wel sweete roses redde," and although at one time Englishmen were divided as to the colour they preferred, it was only a question of badge of either Lancaster or York.

While many still love the old-fashioned roses which graced and adorned the gardens of our forefathers, modern rivals have sprung up which have largely tended to replace them. The Rose Gallica, the Provence varieties, and the damask rose are the oldest, from which many have been derived; while the teas, monthly, and several other kinds have sprung up from a rose introduced about a hundred years ago. All the showy hybrid perpetuals have been evolved during the last fifty years.

In the fourteenth century they had both the single and the double varieties. The poet preferred the double, because they were the more lasting. A gentle lover of everything beautiful, the subtle influence of the flowers appealed to him with that suggestiveness of association which is always the possession of the man whose heart is responsive to the inner soul of Nature. And Chaucer was a true nature poet.

If the garden was then a thing of simple proportions, such flora as it did possess grew in great abundance. In the "Romaunt of the Rose" we have this picture:

There sprang the violet all newe
And fresh pervinke riche of hue,
And flowers yellow, white, and redde,
Such plenty grew there never in mede.

It comes somewhat as a shock to our modern sentiment to learn that the violet was grown by our ancestors, not only because of its fragrance, but was also cultivated as salad herb. Flowers of violets were eaten raw with onion and lettuce. If, however, treated in this way, it was not alone; for hawthorn, primroses, and even roses shared the same treatment.

The pervinke—that is, the periwinkle—was a general favourite with our forefathers. Another name given to it was "Joy of the Ground," which serves to emphasise this fact. For the title was very

¹ *Romaunt of the Rose.*

appropriate. The trailing leaves and lilac flowers were well adapted to brighten the ground in shady corners of the garden.

Yellow flowers, this would include the marigold. "Jealousy" is described by the poet as being decked with these :

Jealousie that weare of yellowe guides a garland.

Golds was a common name for the marigold with the older poets. Then there would be the primrose. Many pretty plants found in the fields wild were unquestionably also grown in a domesticated state, mingling with foreign representatives. To these belongs the primrose. Chaucer calls it the "primerole"—that is the form in which the name first came to us from the Italian, *primaverola*. Our poet likens one of his young female characters to the "primerole." But in those early unbotanical days names were somewhat loosely bestowed, and originally several spring flowers shared the honour of that title. It was in the Elizabethan era that the name "primrose" became definitely restricted to the flower that still bears it.

A similar want of definiteness of terminology attached to the woodbine or honeysuckle. When, therefore, Chaucer refers to the woodbine, it is not always clear whether or not he meant the honeysuckle, as the name was long indiscriminately applied to any creeper.

And as aboute a tree with manie a twist,
By trent and with the sweet woodbine.

In this case, however, the appellation "sweet" would seem to fix the identity. By the writer of the "Flower and the Leaf," the woodbine is given as the emblem of constancy in love :

And these that weare chapelettes on their hede,
Of fresh woodbine, be such as never were,
To love untrue in worde, thought ne dede,
But aye steadfast.

This poem, however, despite of its beauties, is now from internal evidence no longer supposed to have been written by the author of the "Canterbury Tales."

Chaucer had the true poet's eye for the wild flowers of the field as well as for those under cultivation. The wild dog rose had its beauties for him, as well as the garden bloom. He employs it as a symbol of purity in the passage :

He was chaste
As is the bramble flower,
That beareth the red hepe

Bramble in those days was a term applied to all plants with thorns, but the "red hepe" or hip is a reference not to be mistaken. Again he notices the broom, the *planta genista*, well known during the Middle Ages as the badge of the Plantagenets.

Amid the broom he basked in the sunne.

And the hawthorn, to which he likens Emily :

The fresh hawthorn,
In white motley that so sweete doth smell.

As for the daisy, Chaucer may be called its laureate. The whole of the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" is a song in its praise.

The empress and flower of flowers all.

Not satisfied with watching the daisies all day long, Chaucer prepares to sleep in a little arbour and see his favourites open their eyes in the freshness of the next dewy dawn. He falls asleep and dreams that the deity of Love comes walking to him across the meadow, leading by the hand a queen who is attired for all the world like a "daisy." He is shown that this is the good Alcestis, who was turned into one, and bids him write her story among his legends of good women. But Chaucer is full of the praise of the chaste "marguerites."

Among the yellow flowers of the fourteenth century must be numbered the common flag. This and the purple iris were by old writers spoken of indiscriminately as lilies; just as they sometimes meant by the "Flower de Luce" the iris, at others some sort of lily. Chaucer seems rather to be speaking of some species of lily when he tells us of a certain lady that

Her nekke was white as is the flower de lys.

The red blooms would include the carnation, introduced probably by the Normans, and at once taking a high place in the English garden, the title to which has never been challenged. It was commonly reckoned among the gilliflowers, a generic term of wide application, covering the pink, the sweet-william, and many others. Alexander Necham, who lived in the thirteenth century, numbers the poppy among the flowers which should be found in a "noble garden." The geranium of the Middle Ages was the crane's bill or small herb Robert.

Our ancestors had an affection for sweet smelling plants, such as lavender, rosemary, and thyme. Even kitchen herbs, such as fennel and mint, were not despised. The unknown Chaucerian translator of

the "Romaunt of the Rose" gives both a place in the "fair garden" he describes. Evidently in those early days they were not left to waste their strong scents in some out of the way corner. But fennel has now been stripped of its honours and its dignity. It is no longer placed in the garden close for its fragrance, nor does anyone now believe in its virtue for healing blindness. Among the old allegorical meanings of flowers—rosemary for remembrance and rue for sorrow—fennel seems to have signified flattery or double-mindedness.

Many of the humble plants prized by our forefathers may appear but poor "lilies" to us, with all our wealth of gorgeous blooms to-day. And yet, arrayed with their native charms, blue, white, yellow, and red, they served to gladden and make bright with colour the homesteads of Englishmen five centuries ago. In addition to those already named, we may add the foxglove, mallow, corncockle, St. John's wort, campion, and similar flowers indigenous to our island. If we include further a few others, the tall hollyhock, the monkshood, the pink, and the columbine,

Come forth with thine eye Columbine,

together with sweet smelling herbs such as those to which we have just referred, we then may fairly picture to ourselves what manner of garden Chaucer had in view in his "Knight's Tale." It was to such a nook he himself loved to retire with his books, when his day's labours in busy London city were done.

W. H. THOMPSON.

THE UNION OF POLAND AND LITHUANIA.

DIVIDED amongst her spoilers, her ancient faith persecuted, her tongue proscribed, Poland, of all the countries of Europe, has drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Her children still sing "Polska nie zginie," but although she may struggle and moan in her sleep, it is the sleep from which there is no awakening. Once she was rich and great; to-day the story of her prosperity seems as mythical as the fables of the Age of Gold.

The causes of her fall were various. Much is due to the national character, which is not unlike that of the Irish—brave, impetuous, capable of suffering infinitely in the cause of freedom, but incapable of sustained effort, or of keeping faith and counsel. Much is also due to her system of government, by which all the great nobles were as petty kings, continually at strife with one another, and owing no more than a nominal obedience to the monarch of their election. If we seek for outside causes, we must place among the foremost a crime committed by the whole nation at the close of the fourteenth century, whereby Poland gained a new race of kings and a considerable accession of territory, while she laid the foundations of her own ruin.

In the year 1370 died Casimir, King of Poland. As the last monarch descended in the direct line from the legendary Piast, whose election to the throne had been decided by a miracle, the Poles regarded him with tenderness, and in some respects his title of "the Great" was not undeserved. But if he were an able ruler, his cruelty and profligacy surpassed all bounds, and his slight regard for the marriage tie eventually reduced the kingdom to the anarchy from which he had rescued it. His first wife, the daughter of the pagan chief of the Lithuanians, left no male children; another lady died of fright at the thought of being compelled to marry him; and the wife whom he finally selected was left in solitude while he contracted bigamous unions with two other ladies. One of these, Hedwig of Sagan, was, like himself, of Piast blood, and so lax were the Polish notions with

regard to marriage that her son might possibly have been accepted as the heir. However, her only children were two daughters, and thus Casimir's successor should have been one of his grandsons, the descendants of his first marriage. But the king was premature worn out, and completely under the dominion of his sister Elizabeth, the widow of Charles Robert of Anjou, King of Hungary. An ambitious woman, with all her brother's unscrupulousness and much of his ability, she had determined that her son Louis should unite Hungary and Poland, and so well did she lay her plans that upon Casimir's death Louis seized upon the throne, and upon most of his uncle's personal property, almost without opposition.

In spite of all his intrigues to obtain the Polish crown, Louis seems to have valued it little. He is said to have declined living in the country on the ground that there were too many kings there already, and he left the government of it in the hands of his mother. But she, although nearing eighty years of age,¹ "indulged in dancing games, and music," to the general scandal, and her regency ended in an insurrection and the massacre of some of the Hungarians whom she had brought with her. Three years later she died, and Louis shortly followed to the grave, in 1382, by her son.

Louis's only children were daughters, and as he had no hope of a male issue, he did his best to secure their future by marrying them to members of some powerful family. After various schemes had been proposed, the elder, Mary, became the wife of Sigismund, son of the Emperor Charles of Luxemburg (Carlyle's "Sigismund the Grammaricam"). The younger, Hedwig, was given to William of Austria, son of the Duke Leopold, who was afterwards killed at Sempach.

The retribution which Louis had earned by his treatment of his uncle's family fell swiftly on his wife and daughters. His premature death left his affairs in great confusion; he had intended that Mary should succeed him in Poland, the fate of Hungary being undecided. The Hungarians, however, had no idea of being put off with the young sister, and they crowned Mary immediately after her father's funeral, acclaiming her—as their descendants hailed another fatherless queen—"Maria, Rex Hungariæ." Elizabeth of Bosnia, Louis's widow, constituted herself regent for her daughter.

The Poles had known too much of the sweets of independence during the twelve years of Louis's reign to submit any longer to

¹ There is a tradition that the old-fashioned cosmetic "Eau de la Reine Hongrie" was a prescription given to this queen by the devil to make her beautiful for ever.

union with Hungary in which they bore the inferior part. The prospect of coming under the dominion of the great German house of Luxemburg in the person of Mary's husband Sigismund was distasteful to their pride ; and they earnestly desired a resident sovereign of their own, under whom they might still be as free to follow their own devices as in the days of Louis. There were many candidates for the throne, but the nobles decided upon electing Louis's younger daughter, Hedwig, on condition that she should marry a husband of their choosing. The Queen Regent, sorely pressed on all sides, and doubtful of her power to retain even the crown of Hungary for her elder daughter, yielded a reluctant consent, after temporising and delaying until the Poles threatened to select one of the rival claimants. It was better to divide the kingdoms between the children of Louis than to let them pass to other rulers. Hedwig, a child of thirteen, was sent to do what she could with a people who had successfully defied the sway of father, mother, and grandmother.

Hedwig had been the darling of her father, whose fondness for letters and art was worthy of the descendant of Robert of Naples. After her marriage at the age of six to William of Austria, she had been entrusted to the care of his uncle, the pious and learned Duke Albert, whose castle of Laxendorf had been her home until her father's death. The change from the refinement and culture of Ofen and Laxendorf to the semi-barbarity of Cracow must have been terrible to the lonely girl ; and still more terrible must have been the rumour that, in spite of her marriage to a husband whom she loved, she was to be given to Ziemovit, Duke of Masovia, or some other pretender to the Polish throne. But whatever she may have suffered, she set herself to win the hearts of her new subjects, and from the hour of her entry into the capital all were unanimous in her praise. Her loveliness, even at that early age, is said to have been something marvellous ; and " she was learned, accomplished, and awe-striking, not only from her royal birth, but also from her lofty womanly dignity." Cromer tells us how the ardent desire of the Poles for a king was overcome by the sweetness and affability of Hedwig, and enumerates her virtues, which in his opinion were greatly enhanced by her beauty. " Conquered by charity and affection"—so says Bishop Dlugoss—immediately upon her arrival, the Poles crowned her their queen, " bestowing upon her full power of administering the kingdom of Poland, until a husband should be prepared for her."

The husband was not long in presenting himself. On the borders of Poland lay Lithuania—a dreary expanse of forests and swamps on which the sun shone for only two months in the year, inhabited by

a barbarian race clothed in the skins of animals, and worshipping innumerable gods who were propitiated with sacrifices of the captives taken in war. At irregular intervals their Christian neighbours attempted conversion by the usual means—fire and sword—and led a crusade into Lithuania. Chaucer's Knight had warred "Lettowe" in his time. Of late some of the more civilised among the Lithuanians had shown a disposition to accept the Greek rite which in the eyes of orthodox Poles was little better than the libations of milk and honey to Perkunos, the Thunderer, and Zni the god of Health. Great was the rejoicing among the lords spiritual and temporal of Poland when Jagiello, who called himself Grand Duke of Lithuania, came forward as Hedwig's suitor. Not only would Poland increase her dominions, but she would enjoy a triumph for her faith, since Jagiello and all his subjects must embrace Latin Christianity.

Against this arrangement Hedwig protested with all her strength. Since she had not chosen, as was within her rights, to repudiate her marriage on reaching the legal age of consent (then fixed at twelve) she was William's wife in the sight of God and man, and she would never take another husband. The Austrian dukes, who had been curiously supine during the interval of confusion that followed Louis's death, were now stirred to a sense that their prize was slipping from their hands. They were supported by Wladislas, Duke of Oppeln, once an aspirant to the throne, but now Hedwig's sworn servant and champion. While they exchanged pledges with the Queen Regent of Hungary, the Prime Minister, and the Archbishop of Gran, Hedwig alone had the courage to act. She sent Gnievocz of Dalewice, Under-Chamberlain of Cracow, to bid William come to her at the royal castle—the Zamek—that overlooks Cracow from the summit of a hill.

When William obeyed her summons and arrived in Cracow with a princely retinue, the castellan, having the fear of the Poles before his eyes, refused to admit him to the Zamek, and he and his followers were obliged to find a lodging in the town. But if the castellan were strong enough to keep the Queen's husband out, he was not strong enough to keep the Queen in. There was a Franciscan monastery in Cracow whose inhabitants had not forgotten human feeling. With the help of Gnievocz of Dalewice, husband and wife met every night bringing their trains of attendants, and holding dances and banquets in the refectory, while the good brothers winked at the breach of their founder's rules.

Had William been a little older and much more tactful he might

have saved the situation. Jagiello was very deliberate in his movements, and the man who is on the scene of action always possesses a certain advantage. If William had used his opportunities, it is possible that the Grand Duke would have reached Lithuania only to find him safely established as King-consort. But the Austrian Prince was a boy of sixteen, with all the Hapsburg haughtiness, blent with that curious strain of weakness which has often marred the character of his race. He was one of the detested Germans; he could not increase Poland's dominions to any great extent; and he had not the power of conciliating prejudices. It was soon clear that he had no chance of being accepted by the Poles, and Jagiello was drawing nearer to Cracow every day. One last chance remained. Although William and Hedwig had been married in their infancy with every rite and ceremony, they had not lived together as man and wife after their childhood. William was now introduced secretly into the castle, perhaps by one of those passages which are said to link the cathedral with the Zamek, and concealed in Hedwig's apartments.

It is impossible to determine what followed. The Polish historians, anxious to put the matter in the best light, say that William had barely entered Hedwig's presence when he was surprised and seized by a party of hostile nobles, and expelled from the city. But the Austrian writers—and they are more likely to tell the truth—have another story. According to them Hedwig and William were together for a fortnight ere they were betrayed (possibly by Gnievocz of Dalewice, who seems to have been an unspeakable scoundrel). Some of the attendants gave the alarm in time for the Queen to let her husband out of the window by a rope ladder. When the nobles burst into the room she faced them with dauntless courage, and asserted her right to be with her husband. Hearing orders given to bar the doors, and hold her a prisoner in her own castle, she seized an axe, and attempted with all the strength of a girl of fourteen to batter down the gates that shut her from the city and from William. The Treasurer, Dmitri Gorajski, seized her and dragged her back into the castle, wresting the axe from her when in the madness of helpless womanhood she attempted to use it against herself.

For some days nothing more was seen or heard of her. William, whose followers were too few to attempt resistance, departed from the city, shaking the dust from off his feet, and leaving all his money, jewels, and wedding clothes in the hands of Gnievocz of Dalewice, who kept them for his own uses. He is said to have lurked in

various hiding-places in the neighbourhood of Cracow before returning to Vienna ; but he can hardly have seen his wife again.

Then it was reported that the Queen had listened to the representations of her chief prelates, and had consented to regard her marriage as invalid, on account of her youth at the time of its celebration. "When they had softened her womanly soul with manifold persuasions and prayers," says Cromer,¹ she consented to take Jagiello for her husband. It is easy to guess the arguments which would be used on this occasion—the tranquillity of the kingdom, the strengthening of its borders, the conversion of an entire people. If the Queen pleaded, as she probably did, to be allowed to abdicate rather than commit this horrible sin, they would have pointed out that such a step would again plunge the kingdom into civil war, by contests for the succession, not only at that time, but in after years, when her children might claim the throne. The whole weight of ecclesiastical influence was brought to bear on the solitary girl, whose mother and sister, grappling in the deadly struggle with the usurper Charles of Duras, could do nothing for her, and whose German connections were cruelly inert. If this was not enough, it is said that messengers between herself and William were intercepted and slain, and their death may well have broken down her resolution. But some of the chroniclers maintain that she was firm to the last extremity, and that Jagiello won his bride by force. She was carried to him by four Lithuanian knights, her "charitable and affectionate" subjects having taken care that neither axe nor dagger should again be within her reach.

Be that as it may, Jagiello reached Cracow, and was baptized on February 15, 1386, by the name of Wladislas, in company with three of his brothers, two of his cousins, and many Lithuanian nobles. There is a story that Hedwig, who had expected to find a monster, was so relieved to see a personable man, that she lost much of her repugnance to the marriage, a legend which is manifestly false. Jagiello had nothing about him of chivalry or refinement, and the description of his appearance given by Cromer is that of a Tartar savage, pure and simple. He was of middle stature, bald-headed, with a thin face, narrowing at the chin, and small shifty black eyes. He bathed every other day, but was neglectful of his person, clothing himself in skins. He had one virtue, and that a rare one among his new subjects, he drank nothing but water. Hospitable to strangers, he was weak and

¹ Cromer, who is always courtly, explains that Dmitri Gorajski *dissuaded* Hedwig from following her husband.

treacherous, lending a ready ear to flatterers and tale-bearers. In other respects his morals were Oriental. One curious trait may be noted, his dislike to apples, which was so strong that he could not endure the smell of them.

Whether Hedwig did or did not find him better than she feared, it is certain that at their first interview he was overcome by her beauty, and on the following day he sent his brothers and cousins to present her with more splendid wedding gifts, as a token that she surpassed his expectations. From the beginning she seems to have held her place as a superior being, to be revered, rather than as a wife, who, according to his notions, would be a chattel or a toy; and in spite of his headstrong nature and occasional outbursts of jealousy, Hedwig dominated him until the hour of her death. Three days after his baptism the sacrifice was consummated, and Hedwig became his wife. A fortnight later, on Sunday, March 4, the nobles of Poland assembled in the Cathedral to celebrate the coronation of their Queen's second husband, while at the same hour the gates of Vienna opened to admit the Queen's first husband, a broken-spirited fugitive, for whom life had nothing more to offer.

On William's return he found his father in the midst of his struggles with the rebellious Swiss, which ended four months later in the battle of Sempach, and no other member of his family seems to have helped him in a last despairing effort to enlist the Pope on his side. The triumph of Latin Christianity in Lithuania outweighed all other considerations; Urban VI. declined to hear his envoys. William was then advised to plead his cause in person. "It becomes not the dignity of a duke of Austria to go to law for a harlot," he cried, and would say no more.

Hedwig's first public act after her marriage was to make a tour with her husband through their dominions. Lithuania was visited, and the Queen saw the hideous wooden images of the gods destroyed, the sacred fires extinguished, and the groves cut down, while the converts, arrayed in white woollen garments, were drawn up in batches on the river-side, and christened by immersion, each batch receiving the same name. She must soon have discovered that Lithuania was already in a fair way to become a Christian land, according to Greek ritual, and that the "conversion" for which she had been sacrificed was a matter of conflicting sects, not of faiths. If this added to the bitterness of her lot, she was none the less determined to do her work. As a woman, her life was over; as a queen, she was still to achieve great things.

It was a tangled skein that she had to wind for the remaining years of her life. Poland, under her sway, was unusually peaceful, but Lithuania, where Jagiello spent the long winters hunting "bisontes" (by which his biographer probably means the aurochs), was an incessant cause of trouble. Jagiello's cousin, and evil genius, Witold, was ever plotting to obtain the sovereignty of that country for himself, and intriguing with the Knights of the Teutonic Order who were then masters of Prussia. Wladislas of Oppeln did not let his fealty to Hedwig interfere with any opportunity of stirring up strife, and the Knights were far from blameless in their dealings. There were disputes with Sigismund, who had succeeded in being recognised as King of Hungary after his wife's death, in spite of the agreement that, should either sister die childless, the survivor was to succeed to both crowns. There were perpetual feuds between the members of Jagiello's family, only to be appeased by the Queen, whom all agreed to revere.

Hedwig did all in her power to encourage learning and soften the manners of the rude people over whom she had been called to rule. She founded churches and cloisters, as did Jagiello, who, according to Cromer, was far more ready to set up a new establishment than to maintain an old one. Amongst these was the "College of the Slavonian Brethren," in which service was daily said in Polish. Under Hedwig's auspices a certain Andreas is said to have translated the Bible into Polish. She endowed a college at Prague in which her subjects might lodge while studying at the University. She also laboured to revive the old University of Cracow, founded by Casimir the Great, which had become extinct during the years of anarchy. At the time of her death this object was not accomplished, but she left the bulk of her property for the restoration of the University, and in the following year it was opened, with the Papal sanction, by three bishops and seven Palatines.

In her private life she can have known little but sorrow and loneliness. Her mother, murdered less than three years after she left Poland, was never seen by her again. She may have met her sister once more; her account-book for February 1395 contains entries of presents made to the Queen of Hungary, and it is supposed that Sigismund brought his wife for a visit to Poland at that time, but this is uncertain. Mary's death occurred in the May of the same year. Hedwig had a fervent admirer in Jagiello's sister, Alexandra, married to that Ziemovit, Duke of Masovia, who had been one of her own suitors. The clever, handsome Duchess, whose descen-

dants were to rule supreme in the Old and New Worlds, was far more civilised than the men of her race, and her friendship was one of the few comforts of Hedwig's life. Among all her labours, the Queen found time to relieve the poor, attending to individual cases, and to care for "widows, orphans, and strangers." Jagiello, absent for months together in his native land, left her to preside over a court that was more like a cloister than a palace.

No one seems to have come in contact with this Queen without falling under the spell of her talent and saintliness, the memory of which lingers in the pages of the chroniclers. For Cromer she is "sanctissima femina," while the compiler of "Annales Gentis Silesiæ," who wrote from the German point of view and detested Jagiello, could only write of her as "pia et justa," adding "sanctitas et beneficentia in ea fuit eximia."

Her reputation for holiness increased with every year of her life. Her own people already looked upon her as a saint, and the story of her good works prevailed upon Pope Boniface IX. to write to Jagiello and Hedwig as his dearest children, thus sanctioning their marriage. When, after more than twelve years of wedlock, Hedwig was likely to give an heir to Poland, Boniface offered to become the godfather. The rejoicing of the Poles knew no bounds, and Hedwig herself thought her condition a sign of heaven's forgiveness for the marriage into which she had been coerced, and which she had never ceased to regard as a sin. Jagiello would have had grand preparations made for the expected child, and bade his Queen "make free use of gold, gems, and pearls, in all the decorations, in the clothing, hangings, and vessels." But Hedwig, who had long practised daily austerities, wearing sackcloth beneath her royal robes, made answer that she did not care to use the magnificence which she had abjured, "at the point of death which was often consequent on childbirth."

It was a sad foreboding of the end. After terrible suffering, in the June of 1399, the Queen gave birth to a daughter who lived long enough to be christened by the name of Elizabeth Bonifacia. The news of the child's death is said to have been a fatal shock to the mother. It may have hastened the crisis, but under the circumstances childbirth was likely to have been fatal to Hedwig, and she cannot have wished her daughter to live for such a sacrifice as had been forced upon herself. Jagiello, who had a trick of absenting himself in all emergencies, whether political or domestic, was hunting in Lithuania, and when the Queen passed away, on July 17, there were only trusty friends and devoted attendants to hear her last wishes. She sent word to Jagiello that he should marry her cousin, Anna of

Cilly, the granddaughter of King Casimir's irregular marriage with Hedwig of Sagan. By many of the Poles Casimir's children were still regarded as having a right to the crown, and the Queen hoped in this way to settle the vexed question of the succession, once for all. The poor, Cracow Cathedral, and the restoration of the University were all remembered in her will. From the windows of the Zamek can be seen a ridge of the Carpathians which lies directly between Cracow and Vienna, and on this her dying eyes may have rested when earthly cares were put away and her thoughts were free to wander to the home and the love of her youth.

Thus died Hedwig of Anjou, Queen of Poland, at the age of twenty-seven, "for whose death there was a great lamentation; for a whole year no one might dance, no one pipe, strike the lyre, or play the lute, and with the like make merry." She found Poland torn asunder by warring factions; she left it more or less united under a king whose dynasty was to hold the sceptre without an interval for nearly two hundred years. Jagiello wore her betrothal ring to the day of his death, and obeyed her injunction to marry Anna of Cilly—after an outburst of temper worthy of Henry VIII., when he found her unfortunately plain. After Anna's death he took two other wives, and when he died at the ripe age of eighty-six the sons of his last marriage succeeded him.

William of Austria devoted himself to the task of bringing to order the various possessions of his house, and his severe justice is said to have laid the foundations of the greatness attained by the Hapsburgs after his decease. At Hedwig's death he claimed the throne of Poland as her widower, but no one—not even his friends, the Teutonic Knights—supported him, and he can scarcely have meant more than a protest against Jagiello's recognition. In 1403 he married a lady who in every respect was a contrast to Hedwig, that Joanna of Naples who succeeded her brother Ladislas on the throne of Naples, and was pronounced by the Pope too abandoned to reign. Worn out with labour and sorrow, William died before Joanna's accession, and left no children to inherit his troubles.

A fruitless attempt was made in 1426 to obtain the canonisation of Hedwig, on the ground that miracles had been performed at her tomb "on the left side of the Cathedral of Cracow before the high altar." The great miracle was that a girl of fifteen, her life ruined, her hopes blighted, could take upon herself the burden of a kingdom, bringing light out of darkness and peace out of strife. "The star of Poland" is the title by which she is still remembered, and it is as a star that she appears to us, gleaming for a brief interval through

the dark storm-clouds that she could not dispel. Had her life been prolonged she might have saved Jagiello from many of the blunders which he committed in the five-and-thirty years during which he survived her. Her statesmanship was proved when she was no longer able to witness the fulfilment of her prophecies. Witold had proclaimed a crusade against the Tartars in the last year of her life, and the Queen foresaw that it would end in disaster. Less than a month after her death Witold's army was cut to pieces on the banks of the Worskla, and Spitzko of Melsztyn, who, with other Poles, had joined the expedition in defiance of their Queen, acknowledged, ere he was struck down and slain, that she had spoken truly. She had always striven to keep the peace with the Knights of the Teutonic Order, warning them and the Poles that a collision would be disastrous to both parties. In 1410 matters came to a head; Jagiello took the field against the Order, and inflicted a crushing defeat at the battle of Tannenberg. The Knights never recovered their strength or their prestige, and Poland was seriously weakened by the struggle. Hedwig from the beginning had foretold that the alliance with Lithuania would be Poland's ruin, and history shows us that it was so. Poland resembled a clever ambitious woman who had married beneath her, and whose strength and refinement were not enough to raise her partner; she could only be dragged down to the level of her new connections. Jagiello was the half-savage ruler of a savage tribe, and although, strange to say, he was allied by marriage with nearly all the royal families of Europe, he was regarded by all as a barbarian and a *parvenu*. Hedwig's marriage with William of Austria, although bringing no immediate advantages, would have meant adoption into the rising house of Hapsburg. William's next brother, Ernest, was the father of Frederick, in whose line the imperial dignity was to become hereditary. Under the rule of the Hapsburgs Poland would have been kept in touch with the rest of Europe. As it was, she stood alone, and when her great danger came, as Hedwig had foretold, from the East, it was to no one's interest to save her. Perhaps it was no more than righteous retribution when a Hapsburg prince helped to dismember the country which had treated Duke William so scurvily; but it remains to be seen what price Europe may not yet have to pay for the annihilation of Poland.

CAIMIRILEN VENTING.

CASED IN FRANCE.

THEY would not think of Chinese tortures strike terror into the hearts of civilized Europeans; and the powers of human invention seem to have been easily taxed in order to provide adequate punishment for the poor wretches who have failed to grasp the intricacies of Chinese legislation. One form of mild torture is to shut up the condemned in a diminutive cage wherein he can neither sit, nor stand, nor lie down. However, to put a man into a cage is by no means a novel punishment, and it is not necessary to journey to the far East in order to become acquainted with a real cage, which is the terrible prison of its associations for surpasses the only life cells which poor prisoners in China are now incarcerated.

When we examine ancient prisons beneath the keep of a Norman fortress or the palace of Venetian doges, we wonder what race of man could possibly have endured all the squalor, filth, horror and privation which thus have been the lot of the unfortunates who have suffered in such places. And yet month by month and year by year they were there. The dungeons often situated below the level of the sea, where the wind and filth and storm screamed: where a stream and water the prisoners daily drank: the air was poisonous: the walls had numbered their inmates: a rough board or floor was their bed: the heavy chains dragged their steps: and as they continued to live. It is wonderful what human bodies could endure in the most wretched of all. And all this suffering was inflicted upon them not more for their crimes, the application of the law, the punishment and their instruments of torture of an horrible and the thought of which makes us shudder how men could live in them.

But of all prisons and terrible dungeons those of Mont St. Michel are perhaps the most hideous and cruel. Those who entered them might well say their first object to hope and despair. And there in the hideous and cold damp the iron cage has contained many a luckless prisoner. Few visitors to



Mont St. Michel are likely to forget this fearful prison within a prison, so associated is it with horror, cruel tortures and death.

The cage is hung in a dark sepulchral chamber nigh the cave-like holes in the rock which furnished cells for less distinguished prisoners than those who were confined in the cage. Most of the substructures in the south-west portions of the fortress were built by Robert de Toringni, who ruled as Abbot at the end of the twelfth century. Between the kitchens and the prison is the beautiful crypt of the Aquilon, designed by Roger II. about the same period. Passing through this noble chamber with its six massive columns, we enter the prisons, and in a recess in the wall hangs the "Cage de Fer." It is composed of thick beams of wood, held together by strong iron bars which would defy the most determined efforts to escape. Caged singing birds are allowed to enjoy the sunlight which inspires their songs and renders pleasant their captivity. But the unhappy victims of the iron cage were almost in total darkness. Day followed day and year succeeded to year, but it was all the same to them—one continued existence of gloom, torture, and horror. Such a life must inevitably have shattered reason.

What fiend in human form invented this vile instrument of torture history relateth not. Nor does history record the lives of many of its victims. They disappeared from their accustomed haunts. Nothing more was heard of them. Their fate was sealed. The gloomy walls of the Bastille or of the prisons of Mont St. Michel recorded not the annals of their guests, and the dwellers in the iron cage could scarcely carve their names as other more fortunate prisoners have done on the walls of their cells. However, we know something of the lives of at least two of its captives which are not without interest.

In 1749 there lived in Paris a young poet, named Deforges, or Desforges. After the fatal rising of 1745 in England the Young Pretender fled to France and found a welcome and safety in the French capital. Negotiations, however, were made by the English Government for his arrest, and the French King yielded to their demands. In the crowded Opera House one evening the last of the Stuarts was arrested, and Deforges was present at the time. Indignant at this violation of the sacred rights of hospitality, he believed that the honour of his nation was compromised, and at once proceeded to pour forth his complaints against the injustice of the act in bitter and envenomed verse. His poem began with the lines :

Peuple, jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux tu n'es donc plus l'asile ?

The late "All-wicked in three places, ministers and mistresses," especially aroused the anger of the Court, and caused Madame de Pompadour to fly into a violent fit of passion. Such plain language was too much for the susceptibility of the King and his ministers. The engraved post was discovered and doomed to perpetual imprisonment in "Le Cage de Fer." For three long years he was confined in this terrible cell, the floor of which was only eight feet square: a thin glimmer of light contrived to find its way through certain crevices in the ceiling, but only sufficient to make the darkness visible. The poor poet endured his terrible punishment with courage and resignation, and won the heart of his jailer, M. de Broglie, the Abbé, who felt great pity for his misfortunes. At the end of the three years the Abbé contrived that Deforges should exchange the cage for the Abbey, and released him from his prison. He wisely took great precautions lest the sudden return to the light of day after so long a sojourn in darkness should cause blindness. Nor did the good Abbé's kind offices cease. He procured for him his release after five years' imprisonment, obtained for him the office of secretary to Marshal de Broglie, his brother, and on the death of Madame de Pompadour Deforges became Commissioner of War. In this case, happily, death was not the only release afforded to the victims of the iron cage.

The Dutch writer Dubourg was not so fortunate. His real name was Pierre de la Cassagne, a journalist of Holland, who had taken the liberty of censuring the acts of the King of France, Louis XV. This manuscript appeared in a public print at Frankfort. Although he was living beyond the borders of French territory, at Leyden in Holland, he was not safe from the emissaries of Louis. The agents of the royal police succeeded in gaining possession of his person and conveying him to Mont St. Michel. There he was confined in the cage. Thrilled by his supplications, the prior of the Abbey consented to send a letter to his wife at Leyden, the mother of four children, acquainting her with the fact that he was alive, but entombed in the cells of Mont St. Michel. He was certainly entombed. Overcome by despair and by the sufferings and privations which he had endured, Dubourg died in the night of August 27, 1745. In the morning his body was found almost devoured by a legion of rats. The State Papers contain an account of the burial of "the body of a man named Dubourg, aged about 36 years, who died in a cage situated in the castle of the town, where he had been detained by the order of His Majesty." It is creditable to the humanity of Charles X. that when he visited the island fortress as

Count d'Artois, in 1777, he ordered the cage to be destroyed. This command was not carried out, though the cage was no longer used as a place of confinement until Louis Philippe visited Mont St. Michel in 1837, when he caused it to be broken up before his eyes. The present cage is a restoration and exact representation of this ancient relic of barbaric tyranny.

Another kind of cage is one concerning which there is much mystery. Many conjectures have been made with regard to the identity of the unhappy personage whose head was caged in iron, and was for ever doomed to wear the Iron Mask. Recent investigations have thrown much light upon this subject, but in spite of this the public cling to the old romances which the gossip of Courts has woven around the fate of this unhappy prisoner. Even a writer in the *Times* declares that the secret was probably known to Louis XVIII., and perhaps perished with the Comte de Chambord. A recent privately-printed memoir of Nicholas Fouquet positively states that the famous Viscount of Melun and of Vaux, the faithful Treasurer of the *Grand Monarque*, was the victim, and quotes as his authority M. Desodours, who was present at the destruction of the Bastille.

"In the first moments," says this writer, "which followed the taking of the Bastille, all the doors were thrown open, and the archives were at the mercy of the people. Some spectators, more curious than the rest, picked up different papers, among which were cards signed by ministers containing notes relating to the prisoners. One of these cards, marked 4,389,000, contained these words:— "Fouquet arrivant des Iles de Sainte-Marguerite avec 'un masque de fer.'" This testimony is not absolutely conclusive, and we shall see presently that we have in the State Papers of the French Government much surer evidence with regard to the identity of *l'Homme au Masque de Fer*. Other guesses have been very wild and romantic. Alexandre Dumas wrote a novel on the subject, and assumed that the victim was a twin brother of Louis XIV. Voltaire and Gibbon conclude that he was Admiral Comte de Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Vallière; while the Duke of Beaufort, who disappeared mysteriously in 1669, the Duke of Monmouth, a son of Oliver Cromwell, Fouquet, a lover of Louise d'Orléans, the Armenian Patriarch named Avedyck, a natural son of Anne of Austria, have all in turn shared the glory and mystery of this notable captive.

After endless speculations, it was left to M. Delort and Mr. Agar Ellis to unravel the mystery, and without "any possible doubt whatever" it has been proved conclusively that the captive was Hercules

Anthony Mattheoli. This man was entrusted by the French monarch with the task of persuading the Duke of Mantua to cede to France the fortress of Casale in return for a large sum of money, the possession of which place would enable the French to invade Italy whenever they might feel so disposed. Many intricate negotiations ensued, which need not now be followed. The only fact that concerns us is that Mattheoli turned traitor to his French master, betrayed the design to the Austrian and Spanish rulers, and by devising delays ruined the whole design. But vengeance suffered him not to escape. He was tempted by the offers of the French commander to leave Italy and to meet the emissaries of Louis near Pignerol, where he was immediately arrested and confined in the fortress. His name was changed to *Sieur de Lestang*, and after a year's imprisonment and ill usage he went mad. In his cell he had as a companion a mad monk. The custodian of the prison was *M. de Saint-Mars*, who seems to have devoted his life to the careful watching of his poor prisoners. He removed them to the *Fortress of Exiles* on the frontier of Piedmont, and from that place, after the lapse of some years, to the island of *St. Margaret*. The greatest secrecy was always observed during the journey. Poor Mattheoli was "carried in a chair covered with oilcloth, into which there would enter a sufficiency of air without its being possible for anyone to see or speak to him during the journey." During eleven long years he was confined in this island fortress, and was there obliged to wear the iron mask which has rendered him so famous. Dumas thus described his appearance:—

"By the red flashes of lightning against the violet fog, which the wind smeared upon the sky, they saw pass gravely, at six paces behind the Governor, a man clothed in black and masked by a vizor of polished steel, soldered to a helmet of the same nature, which altogether enveloped the whole of his head. 'My lord!' said one of the musketeers who beheld this strange sight. 'Call me not "my lord,"' said the prisoner. 'Call me the accursed!' He passed on, and the iron door creaked after him."

Mr. Hartshorne, however, in an article in the "*Antiquary*," considers that it is quite impossible that this object can have been wholly made of iron, "inasmuch as it was worn by the prisoner for many years, a discipline which no human countenance could endure. The only iron in its construction must have been used after the manner of a 'privy cap of fence,' a '*segreta in testa*,' in which folding ribs of steel are arranged in a semi-spherical shape to fit within a velvet cap, forming an object of not uncommon use in France and Italy in the sixteenth century. A construction of this kind, covered with black

velvet, fitting to the face, with adjustment for breathing and eating, and fastened at the back of the head, would at once conveniently shroud the features and account for the iron of the mask upon which vulgar imagination has seized and so tenaciously adhered to."

Always to be caged in this hateful mask, to spend year after year in the same gloomy vault, and then to be moved in the oilcloth-covered litter to another dungeon of the same description, all this seems to describe an existence absolutely unendurable. Still Mattheoli lived on, until at length he was removed to the Bastille, where after another five years of suffering he expired in 1703. Thus perished after an incarceration of twenty-four years the celebrated *l'Homme au Masque de Fer*, concerning whose identity no one need now hazard guesses or express doubts. It is all set forth in the State Papers of France, and recent investigations have made assurance doubly sure.

If we were to examine more closely the chronicles of France it might be possible to discover many other cages and their victims, many other tragedies of an equally astounding nature. But a hurried glance at ancient dungeons, and the ingenious devices of their keepers, is abundantly satisfying to the most inquisitive investigator, although he is able to reflect with some degree of thankfulness that he is no longer in danger of incurring the wrath of ruthless kings, and that the reign of the *Grand Monarque* was happily ended some time ago. However, the reigns of "ruthless kings" were not responsible for the incarceration of such a crowd of doomed wretches as were the hateful tyrants, Robespierre, Fouquier, Tinville and others who employed Sanson during his reign of terror. During that fearful period there were thirty-six vast prisons and ninety-six provisional gaols constantly full in Paris alone, and in France 40,000 provisional gaols and 1,200 prisons. Those were the days of liberty, fraternity, and equality, and far surpassed in horrors any that preceded them. "L'histoire des Prisons de Paris," by M. Nougaret, is terrible reading, and supplies us with a surfeit of horrors.

The principal prisons of Paris during the Reign of Terror were the Conciergerie, Abbaye, Luxembourg, Les Madelonnettes, Port Libre, commonly called La Bourbe, Carmes, Ste. Pélagie, Ste. Lazare, La Mairie, La Force and Le Plessis. All these places tell the same story of frightful horror. Hard were the heart which does not feel the keenest pity for the victims of demoniacal cruelty who suffered within these walls the agonies of torture, despair and piteous death.

The most hopeless of all these hells on earth was the Conciergerie, whence few escaped except to ride in the fateful tumbrel which con-

ducted them to the guillotine. All the other prisons daily fed the Conciergerie with a mass of victims who in turn were led to the slaughter. The recent play "The Only Way" founded on Charles Dickens's famous novel "A Tale of Two Cities," is a very correct representation of the scenes which once took place in these abodes of cruelty. Who can see with dry eyes the examples of noble heroism and light-hearted courage which are here set forth, and watch unmoved the rehearsal of the scene of the guillotine when the victims of revolutionary lust practise the ascent to the scaffold? Women especially shine forth as noble examples of self-sacrifice and prove themselves as true heroines. What touching tenderness do they show to their fellow-sufferers, trying to alleviate the anguish which pierces their own breasts also!

As many as eighty prisoners a day were sent to the scaffold, where the sharp knife of the "little Barber" soon ended their woes. Death was everywhere. Even in the streets outside the prisons the terror was felt almost with equal power as in the dungeon. No one knew when his turn might come. Men's faces were calm, but their hearts were filled with fear. *Moutons* were everywhere, detestable traitor jackals, who spied and bore false witness. The *garçon* who served you with a *petit verre* might be an agent of the Republic, whose report might send you to the Conciergerie in the evening, and on the morrow to the guillotine. The fatal roll-call was read out daily. Men rushed to hear if their names were included in the list of victims. If not, they breathed more freely; at least, they had another day to live.

Some of the victims lived to record their sufferings. M. Jacques Claude Beugnot gives a very graphic description of the Conciergerie. The constant sounds of plaintive cries and deep groans fell on the ear. Great dogs howled and barked. One man was raving in his sleep of blood, the hideous headsman and violent death. The noise of grating locks was heard frequently. Some wretches were carried off for examination and condemnation. And then there was the constant dread of a renewal of the September massacres. And yet at times there was a strange gaiety amongst the unhappy prisoners. Men drank and played cards, and amidst all the horrors gallantry and even profligacy and *amours* were not unknown.

The Luxembourg contained a thousand prisoners, and often sixty a day were condemned and executed. Here flourished a notorious spy, one Boyenval, who married Oliva, of the Diamond Necklace fame. He pretended to be a Royalist, and having secured the confidence of some of the prisoners betrayed them. Another hateful

wretch was a jailer named Morino, who loved to arrest modest and pretty women and strip them naked. On one occasion the prisoners were startled by seeing a cannon placed at the door, while armed men filled the corridors. They thought that a massacre was about to take place, and that their end had come. It was only a device of the brutal revolutionists in order to take all the jewelry of their prisoners.

The food which the prisoners received was not plentiful or of excellent quality. They dined in batches at the hours of eleven, twelve and one o'clock, and the dinner consisted of bad soup, half a bottle of bad wine, and two *plats*, the first vegetables in water, the second bad pork with cabbage. They had no other meals during the twenty-four hours.

Amongst the hosts of inhuman wretches who earned reputations for singular brutality were Lhullier—a *mouton* of Robespierre, who subsequently displeased his master and committed suicide in the prison of Ste. Pélagie—Guiard and Beausire. This last wretch used to play cards with the prisoners, and all who won money from him were put to death for conspiracy.

La Bourbe was perhaps the worst of these cruel abodes of horror. This prison was a fold in which sheep were penned for the slaughter, and rarely escaped their doom. In the prison of Le Plessis, on the pretext that some of the captives had tried to escape, the size of the windows was lessened. The air was nearly exhausted by the crowd of poor victims, and in order to breathe they had to stand upon the chairs.

This reign of terror lasted until the 9th Thermidor, an. 11 (July 27, 1794), when Robespierre fell, and the fair land of France was freed from a tyranny which has scarcely been surpassed in the annals of history. It has been well described as the rule of fiends upon earth.

To be caged in France at the present day is not usually perhaps a worse form of imprisonment than that which captives in other civilised countries have to endure. But French ingenuity can still make a prisoner's lot a somewhat unhappy one, and the revelations of the miseries of the poor victim of French militarism, M. Dreyfus, in Devil's Isle, prevent one from earnestly desiring to be left to the tender mercies of the French Government, or their jailers.

WEST-PYRENEAN MARRIAGES.

“MAN'S function is to acquire, woman's to conserve,” said Aristotle,¹ and this principle has regulated the relation of the sexes and the evolution of marriage, almost to our own times. It was much aided in its operation by the *Senatus Consultum Velleianum*,² which prohibited women from becoming sureties for their husbands, or for other persons. Paul gives as the root-idea of this prohibition, that it was contrary to public order and good behaviour, that women should run the risk of having to appear in law courts. But may it not well be, that another good reason for such legislation, which is to be traced right down to the Code Napoléon, has ever been the desire to safeguard the conservative habits of women, especially with regard to family property?

But, whatever may have been the original policy of the enactment, the principle so supported consistently held its own, particularly in the general law of the Western Spanish Pyrenees, and entailed certain limitations upon women; as, for example, the prohibition of gifts from husband to wife, the impossibility of alienating *dot*, and such like prohibitions, which were, however, often modified by the *Fueros* of particular districts.³ Hence arose the conflict of laws, which made Paul Gide say, that in North Spain, “*Les coutumes et la pratique populaires infligent souvent un démenti au langage officiel du législateur.*”⁴ The Church was the lawgiver both of the *Fuero Judicum* and the subsequent law of the *Siete Partidas*, and thus it came about that under them the penalty for harming a woman was less than that for harming a man. It was the Church which prohibited gifts from husband to wife, and turned the *Morgengabe* into a limited *donatio propter nuptias*. On the other hand, woman got under these quasi-canonical codes various privileges, such as not only not to be in tutelage herself, but also the right to be guardian of her children at her husband's

¹ *Pol.* iii. 2, 10.

² *Digest*, xvi. 1, 1, 1.

³ *E.g.* The *Fuero Judicum* upheld celibacy, while many of the *Fueros* of particular places inflicted penalties on the unmarried.

⁴ *La Femme* (Paris, 1867), p. 345 and p. 354.

death. And in particular did Spanish legislation, wherever derived from the law of Visigoths, uphold the honour and indissolubility of the marriage tie. Yet many *Fueros*, in their attempts to foster and promote marriage, excused much of the publicity with respect to its ceremonial, enjoined by the *Fuero Judicum*. They, further, authorised divorces, made marriage a civil contract, not necessarily to be consummated by a religious service,¹ and even sanctioned the left-handed alliance between the sexes known as *Barraganía*. The latter, no doubt, was a custom derived from the Moorish occupation, as was also warranty of the virginity of the *fiancée*, referred to by *Lagrèze*,² an indignity only done away with in the sixteenth century.

And thus it came about, especially among the Basques on both versants of the Pyrenees, that women were regarded in two aspects, namely, sexually, and as respected conservative members of the family circle, ever to be reckoned with. In the latter light, with which we have nothing to do in this study, they were held in greater esteem, and enjoyed a higher position and wider privileges, than in almost any other country. But from the sexual point of view, Oriental influences of preceding ages operated to make women, especially when married, objects of suspicion more than was the case among the Germans; while no doubt the climate and mode of life of the Southerner³ helped to derogate from the exceptional honour in which they were held as wives by many northern nations.

This view is borne out by proverbs still current in the Pyrenees, a large number of which are unfit for reproduction. Of these, the following may perhaps be taken to be a comparatively inoffensive example. Basque in origin it has passed into the French,

La femme rieuse
A la cuisse chatouilleuse;

and its finding a place here is partly due to a striking similarity to the line in Pope's rendering of the Prologue to the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, "A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail." What can have been the common origin? Less unpleasing are proverbs of the following type, "L'esprit des femmes est léger comme le vent de midi," but none the less are they further instances of popular depreciation of the gentler sex in the same regard. And so it came to pass, that, if the wife all through the South-west of France well held her own in the family life of those parts, she yet seems not only to have been generally thought very likely to break, but also to have

¹ *For. Gen.* (Navarre), lib. iv., tit. 1, cap. 1.

² *Navarre Française*, ii. 173.

³ M. Prévost, *Léa* (Paris, 1900), cap. 4.

pretty frequently broken, the seventh¹ commandment, judging from many deeds in the notaries' offices, of which the one we now give, dated September 30, 1428, is a sample: "Maurin, an inhabitant of Oloron, and Domingine, wife of Johannole of Sanboo, committed adultery. Their friends went to find the outraged husband. They begged and prayed him for the honour of God to forget his anger, and to forgive the affront, to pardon Domingine and to live with her as man and wife ought to do. Johannole, moved to compassion, both for the love of God and out of respect for many of his friends, has pardoned Domingine upon the following conditions, viz., that his wife's relations paid all the fines that civil and ecclesiastical law imposed upon adulterers. That Domingine made oath that the son whom Johannole had always considered as his did not belong, in fact, to any other father. That Maurin swore upon the altar with his hands upon the Gospels and the Holy Cross, that never more would he have relations with Domingine. That he would not enter her house, and that he would see her never more except at Church, at the Inn, or at the Mill. Moreover, that on her return to the family home she went on her knees three times, saying thrice, I, Domingine, admit that I have been a bad woman, and that I have committed adultery like a bad woman, and I beseech you, Johannole, to be good enough to grant me your pardon."²

All this tended, at least to some extent, to strengthen the position of wives, and to uphold the solemnity of marriage, which everywhere in the Pyrenees, except in Navarre, required the intervention of the Church, and was looked upon almost as a public festival in each community. A curious but typical instance of the solemnity theoretically attaching to the marriage vow, is shown in the following preamble to a mediæval marriage contract: "In the name of God, Amen. Know all and singular now and for all time, that by law and custom matrimony is ever celebrated with *dot*, and gift by reason thereof. For the Council of Arles decreed that there should be no wedlock without *dot*. That as far as possible there should be a *dot*. For five things have to be learnt by married persons. First, fidelity, for they ought to be mutually faithful, as fidelity is one of the good things of matrimony." The document then goes on to quote Hosea i. 2, passages from the Corinthians, and the Economics of Aristotle, the Hebrews, Tobit, Sallust, and the Proverbs of Solomon.³

¹ In the Béarnais catechism, "Hors lou tems nocés ne haras," *Hors le temps nocés ne ferás.*

² *Archives de Pau, E. 1766.*

³ This was in Bigorre about the fifteenth century.

The fact is, that the safeguarding of the family home was then more thought of, than the inclination of the parties themselves, although in Navarre a father could hardly force a marriage upon his daughter altogether against her will. These circumstances, and the isolation of the districts to which we refer, account for the curious marriage ceremonies still in vogue, of which Lagrèze says, "Il existe dans chaque pays, presque dans chaque village, des usages bien diversés."¹

After this somewhat discursive introduction, perhaps the actual story of a French-Basque little farmer's typical wedding close to the frontier, may find here a not inappropriate place.

The daughter of a metayer named Jean Marie lived with her father, a widower, her brother Pelho, her sister and little brother in the village of Sare, near St. Jean de Luz. They all alike worked upon the land. A young neighbour, Juan Coche, very recently proposed to her, but Pelho objected, on the ground that he was not a fine enough fellow to take his fair share in the farm work of the family. The girl threatened to go into service, and thereupon the match was allowed to come off in due course. The *fiancé* found the money for an extensive trousseau, which was made up at the girl's home, taking six hired women and a sewing-machine seven days to finish. As they were to live in the girl's father's house, no furniture was required. Bridesmaids were, as always, chosen from the girls living in the next dwelling-house, in the direction of the church. Two days before the wedding, two live sheep, well washed and adorned with ribbons, were sent by the bridegroom's father to the girl's house, to be killed for the feast. Next day in the afternoon, there was a great deal of gun-firing on the part of Pelho, and during its continuance a procession of girls arrived, each bearing on her head a decorated basket containing gifts of bread, chickens, and wine from neighbours. They went into the girl's house, were fed, and danced all the evening. The bride's father contributed 60 lbs. of beef, and the brother a skin of Spanish wine (which had surely never paid duty), as their respective offerings in aid of the wedding feast. Next day, at 9 A.M., in pouring rain, the wedding procession marched under umbrellas to the Mairie, where the civil marriage took place, when a paper was handed to the bridegroom authorising the religious marriage, which was celebrated immediately afterwards. None of the girls would sign the register, nor the husband, probably out of mock modesty. This, by the way, shows how faulty educa-

¹ *La Société, &c.*, p. 77.

tional statistics, derived from the perusal of registers, are apt to be.¹ The fee of the curé was 6 frs. 50 centimes, and a bottle of Rancio wine. After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to the café nearest the church until midday, when the dinner took place at Jean Marie's, lasting till 5 o'clock, at which no one except the bride, who had once been in service, used a knife or fork. The cook and waiting maids were aunts and cousins of the bride, and got the middle piece of the splendid cake, which, like all the food, did honour to Basque cooking. The old men became merrier than did the young ones, singing and smoking. Then dancing soon began, to the strains of a hired flute-player. At 10.30 another meal was served, which lasted till 3 A.M. A smaller family dinner party followed on the next day, and a big one on the Sunday, when the bride and bridegroom sat together for the only time in their lives at church. Usually the men are in the galleries, and the women on the floor of Basque churches. At each meal, the bones were thrown under the table to the dogs. In this, Mr. Webster, the greatest Basque scholar of the day, sees a probable survival of the old sacrifice to the infernal deities. Had we here the wedding of a rich peasant proprietor, the festivities would have lasted a full week, and improvisations, often very smart, have taken their turn among the singing and dancing, and other sports. The gun-firing is noticeable, as being a relic of the olden time, when the bride used to be carried off forcibly by her husband. Indeed, in the present day not infrequently accidents occur, from the boys of the bride's family taking the matter over seriously, and so wounding the husband's friends with pistol shots upon their arrival at the house.

At St. Jean de Luz, a curious custom was until very recently always observed at weddings. A scarf used to be passed round the bride and bridegroom, and they knelt with it upon them before the altar, and then exchanged a loaf of bread. This points to the civil marriage of the Romans (*confarreatio*)—the form that was preferred by the early Christians. Often, before the bride and bridegroom are allowed to enter their house, especially if one is a stranger,² they have to give money to sundry guests who have previously barred the way to its entrance.³

In Béarn, again, right in the country, the wedding ceremony was,

¹ Vinson (*Les Basques*) says, "Le département des Basses-Pyrénées pouvait passer vers 1789 pour l'un des plus éclairés de la France. Trente-sept conjoints sur cent signalent leur acte de mariage."

² *I.e.* not a "vecino," "besi," or "neighbour."

³ This is called *Sègue*, and is done by tying a ribbon across the road.

and is to this day, highly symbolical. Last year at Rebenacq a marriage took place between members of the families of two rich peasant proprietors, which we shall now attempt to describe. The bride lived ten miles off, and was fetched by garçons d'honneur preceded by a minstrel, who was the master of the ceremonies, and who instructed the groomsmen what to do and say. On arriving at the farm in the mountains near Laruns, every door and gate was barred. In rhyming verses, never reduced to writing, the party explained that they were not robbers, but honest persons come to see the bride. They were then let in, when they proceeded to put on the bride some white shoes they had brought. After this they were fed, and then a plate was handed round, into which each put a coin. This custom is called *benediction*. Shortly afterwards the bride and two girls went off with them alone. The father and mother followed. At the bridegroom's house a small meal took place, after which the girl's father and mother were forcibly turned out. They retaliated, and took away some spoons and plates amid a general fight. The marriage was solemnised without them, and then took place a triumphal march of the guests called "La Marche des Donzelous." Subsequently a huge feast and dance ensued each in due course, and before midnight the newly-married couple retired. Presently, a party of the younger guests entered their room, bearing a bowl of hot wine containing toast, of which they both partook. This is called the *Roste*, and is a very ancient custom. In the present instance, the atavistic reminiscence of the capture of the wife is apparent, as it is also in the "charivari," or manifestation of objection on the part of neighbours to any particular marriage, as of a widow.

To give one further illustration. In the Chalosse, which touches Béarn near Orthez, the proposal of marriage is made by two friends of the would-be husband, who call upon the girl's parents with or without their principal. This is a great advance upon the method still lingering among many uncivilised peoples, where the man makes the demand in person, bringing an ox before the house of the woman. If he is accepted, he kills the ox, and this becomes in fact the price paid for the wife. If not, he is sent away, and often pelted with stones.¹ In the Chalosse, a figure is employed, and refusal indicated by the girl herself taking a burning log out of the fire and immediately replacing it, or if the *prétendu* is present, by offering him nuts at dessert, or a clove of garlic or eggs at the repast, while acceptance is testified by a leg of goose or a carbonnade. Here we see that marriage is recognised as a contract, and the equality of the contract-

¹ Letourneau, *L'Evolution du Mariage*, p. 138.

ing parties fully admitted. If the reception prove favourable, a day is fixed for settling money matters, which turns out often a stormy affair. This done, the "gouyat" now visits his "gouyate" every evening, when the time is passed in throwing nut shells or chestnut skins at each other round the family hearth. The invitations to the wedding, which are very numerous, being *de rigueur* for all relations on both sides, the curé, the blacksmith, and other village notables, and lastly, "Dous besius dou porc," or those neighbours who, when the family pig is killed, are wont to take their share in the fête which ensues. Such invitations are made in solemn form by four young men, two chosen by the man and two by the girl, who are called *embitedous* (inviters), or *casse-caus* (dog-killers), because the watch-dogs at the various houses often attack them on their errand. They go to each house bedecked with ribbons, chanting :—

Sourtits dehore, sourtits au bent,
 Qu'abets l'embitedor present.
 Sourtits dehore, yens d'hannou,
 Qu'abets aciu l'embitedor.
 S'ets embite, embitat lou !

This may roughly be translated thus :—

Come out, come out, into the wind,
 For here is the Inviter present.
 Come out of the house, you honoured friends,
 For here you have the Inviter.
 Just as he invites you, do you invite him in.

These youths are regaled at every house, and as they enter they say,

Qu'eps e demandi perdoun
 Se'm souy trompat, et qu'eps
 E pregui de m'y decha tourna.

[I beg pardon if I have made a mistake, and if so I beg that you will allow me to turn back.]

On leaving the formula is,

De brabe yen you qu'ey troubat,
 Pan de roument que m'aben dat.

[I have found brave hosts. They have given me wheaten bread.]

The man and girl invite each other to the wedding feast. After this comes the *porte-lit*, or procession of furniture, borne in ox wagons to the bridegroom's house. He has found the wood, and the bride the drapery. The night before the wedding, the bridegroom brings the regulation presents, accompanied by girls and boys. The girls as they approach the house run into it, and then the whole place is barricaded, but bread and wine is found placed outside. Then is sung.

Nobi nobi qu'es a la porte ?

Reply,

Abant lou nobi n'entrera pas
Que can sabe ço que bouilha.
Demerdats lou que porte.

Rejoinder,

Que porte que porte lous soulies a la nobie? Pourtie.
Lous soulies a la nobi.

Upon the wedding day the bride's guests go to her house, and the bridegroom's to his. At the bride's, the crowning and "cintage"¹ takes place. The father and mother of the bride give her bouquets. On leaving home she kneels on the doorstep, and begs her mother's pardon. Then they go to the Mairie and church, the bride on her "parrain's" arm nowadays, but formerly on horseback with him. The bridegroom has arrived first. They are then escorted to their future home, outside which the newly-married couple kneel, and offerings of money are made them by the spectators. Then "*on met l'épouse dedans*," *i.e.* shows her all over her new home. The feast takes place at the bride's father's house, at the end of which the cook comes round for gifts. He is followed by an assistant who carries a bouquet and a bowl of flour, the one for the highest, and the other for the lowest giver. The servants then take the place of the guests at the table, and the evening ends with dancing, songs, and drinking. Next morning, the bride or bridegroom, according as the bride has come to the bridegroom's house, or *vice versa*, carries round *liqueur* to all in the house, and afterwards the bride is escorted home, upon the pretence that she will never make a housewife. A feed ensues as of course, and so the wedding festivities end, at all events as regards their difference from those of adjoining districts. So great used to be the feasting, that Sumptuary laws were found necessary to restrain too lavish expenditure there, and elsewhere in the Pyrenees.²

So much for West-Pyrenean marriages, which have changed very little from mediæval days to the present hour. The *placens uxor*, even if a *maîtresse femme*, is still to be found in most homes, into which she continues to be inducted in the time-honoured way we have now sufficiently described. There she lives and there she dies, and her children (and often her husband too) call her blessed. What better record of family life can greater nations show?

A. R. WHITEWAY.

¹ Putting a white silk scarf round the bride's waist.

² *E.g.* by Henri IV. of France, and by Charles III. of Spain.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

ITALY TO ENGLAND.

PROUD northern Sister, your best poets graced
 My sun-warmed coast, nor did for home repine,
 But their wild rose and heather interlaced
 With dusky olives, and the purple vine.
 Here Byron's fiery soul my charms confessed,
 Here Shelley's ghost took flight—his corse at rest
 Found on my shores all classic rites divine.
 Upon my world-famed hills young Keats laid down
 That "name in water writ," which is our crown,
 Aye, yours and mine alike, since in old Rome
 He deigned to die. Here, in one blest accord,
 The Brownings to high realms of fancy soared,
 And many a humbler British bard outpoured
 His soul, and hailed my vine-clad slopes as "home."

II.

ENGLAND TO ITALY.

Fair Sister, if I claimed from thee a debt
 For those my children, who forsook my side
 For thy fair clime, 'tis cancelled, even yet,
 Since thou my sterner coast hast now supplied
 With Genius all thine own—that artist soul
 Whose poet utterance gilds Fame's deathless roll,
 Was Dante's namesake, and our mutual pride.
 His brother on rapt Shelley's poet wreath
 Heaped laurels fresh—one sister rested 'neath
 Great Dante's noble shadow, till his name
 Echoed afresh upon our northern strand.
 And now the youngest, saintliest of the band,
 Christian in name and faith, in English land
 Rests, while Italian hearts shall prize her fame.

LOWER.

TABLE TALK.

"FRUITFULNESS."

IT is a remarkable, and in a sense unique, tribute to the merits of Mr. Vizetelly's translation of M. Zola's novel "Fécondité," that, having found the task of reading the original beyond my power, I was able to peruse his version, which he has called "Fruitfulness,"¹ with pleasure and profit. An experience exactly the reverse has been familiar. I have not often attempted to read an English rendering of a French work of imagination which was accessible to me in the original, the only occasions of the kind having occurred when recovering from illness, which left the brain wearied or lethargic. I have then felt like one who, having left open on one day a bottle of effervescent wine, tried on the next to enjoy its flavour and benefit by its spirit. So far as my impressions serve me, "Fruitfulness" is an improvement upon "Fécondité." This accomplishment is the more remarkable since the French work is not an easy one to tackle. In perusing the original proofs, Mr. Vizetelly came to the conclusion that an English version of it would be all but impossible, an opinion which he expressed in a leading literary journal. So different from the outspokenness tolerated in France is the reticence enforced in England, that the task attempted and accomplished might well have made the boldest tremble. Mr. Vizetelly has omitted much to which English convention firmly and, I think, rightly objects. He is consequently justified in claiming that nothing "in any degree offensive to delicate susceptibilities will be found" in his version.

M. ZOLA'S LESSON IN "FÉCONDITÉ."

I AM nowise concerned to advocate or refute the lesson enforced by M. Zola that the shrinkage of population in France, due to restrictions upon maternity, is a national evil threatening the existence of France as a nation. An outcry to that effect has been raised by thousands of Frenchmen with no claim to be considered followers of

¹ Chatto & Windus.

M. Zola. It is, indeed, too obvious to call for mention that if one population in Europe recedes while the others augment, a loss of influence and strength is the inevitable result. I see from the preface of Mr. Vizetelly, that English critics who dwell on "Fécondité" with admiration regard the processes M. Zola condemns as a mere evil of the hour. This is curiously unobservant. In France it is sapping the strength of the nation. What is more, France is a centre of contagion. From France the movement has spread into other countries, and England itself has not escaped. At present the cloud in this country is "but as a man's hand." But, unless we take care, our own heavens stand a good chance of being overcast. I am not disposed, however, to preach on the subject. I admire the beauty of the pictures of homely married life, the "delightful glimpses of childhood and youth," which the book contains. It is no less remarkable for the display of character; and the work in itself is a microcosm. Its melodramatic scenes have remarkable intensity. The murder executed by Constance upon Blaise recalls in conception that in "L'Assommoir" practically committed upon Coupeau; but the scenes to which the former gave rise have more psychological significance. "Fruitfulness" is certainly a book to be read.

M. MAETERLINCK ON MYSTERY.

TO the *Fortnightly Review* M. Maurice Maeterlinck has recently contributed an essay, in thirty-two short chapters, on "The Evolution of Mystery." As the greatest living master of the mysterious in fiction he is entitled to be heard, though I fail quite to see the link of association between the mystery he exhibits and that he discusses. The mystery in the dramas of Maeterlinck differs less from that in the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe than his disciples will be ready to admit. Unlike her, he is careful not to dispel the clouds in which he envelopes himself. After thrilling us with details which our senses cannot but regard as supernatural, Ann Radcliffe shows us that we—or, rather, her characters—have been fooled by our senses, and displays both ability and invention in the manner in which she explains away what by aid of natural causes scarcely seems capable of explanation. Quite otherwise is it with Maeterlinck, who explains nothing. Whence comes *Mélisande*, from what far country; why, like the heroine of Jock o' Hazledean, she weeps by the tide or the well; and what tragic knowledge makes her shriek out her fears when Pelleas attempts to recapture the gold crown that has fallen from her head, we know no more than we know the mystic significance of the underground grottoes into

which Alladine and Palomides are thrown. Yet the environment is the same, and neither writer can get away from the dark vaults of the feudal castle. Maeterlinck is, however, much the more potent magician ; his symbolism is happy, and we realise even in his least significant works that our life is surrounded by mysteries never to be fathomed. Wholly Teutonic and not at all Latin is his atmosphere. We are reminded of the Erl King's daughter, whose mission of death is executed so impalpably yet so effectually.

MAETERLINCK : GOETHE : HEINE.

IT is edifying to compare the views of Maeterlinck with those of Goethe, a more robust as well as an immeasurably greater spirit. For the former the paramount interest of life is found in the mystery that surrounds us. The study of this in all its forms is, it is held, "the noblest to which the mind of man can devote itself." It has "ever been the study and care of those who, in science and art, in philosophy and literature, have refused to be satisfied merely to observe and portray the trivial, well-recognised truths, facts, and realities of life." Thus Maeterlinck. Goethe, on the other hand, would leave to the dilettante the task of dealing with questions to which there is no response, saying in his "Conversations with Eckermann": "What a deal have people philosophised about immortality!—and how far have they got?" Indirectly Goethe praises English methods, continuing: "While the Germans are tormenting themselves with the solution of philosophical problems, the English, with their great practical understanding, laugh at us, and win the world." Not much further than we had previously got does the philosophy of Maeterlinck lead us. I cannot, of course, in a few lines show the gist of his argument or the tendency of his reflections. He says: "Yes, it is a truth—the vastest, most certain of truths, if we will—that our life is nothing and our efforts the merest jest ; our existence that of our planet, only a miserable accident in the history of worlds ; but it is no less a truth that, to us, our life and planet are the most important—nay, the only important—phenomena in the history of worlds." On the whole I feel most sympathy with Heine, who defended his songs because in a world of loneliness and dread he had to sing in order to keep up his courage and hide his fright.

HOLIDAY RAVAGE.

NOT in the least do I wish to abridge the few hours of holiday accorded those who, confined in cities, get scarcely an opportunity of observation of Nature or communion with her. None

the less do I wish that some effort could be made to inspire in our millions a sense of what the love of Nature is. As years pass quickly along I find a recurring dread of Whitsuntide. The flowering shrubs are then in full blossom and the air is heavy with the blown scents of the whitethorn. Instead of being content to enjoy the banquet to sight and smell, the majority of people seem to go out in search of opportunities of ravage. At the close of the Whitsuntide festival the hawthorn hedges are torn to pieces. Hundreds of carts roll home environed in hawthorn, with men trolling forth choruses not always the sweetest or most sober, and holding great branches of the same lovely blossom, torn violently from the tree and already faded and dying. In our town roads and squares even the pavement is littered with floral wreck, which is afterwards swept into heaps and carried away in the collecting carts. Not for many days or weeks does the country recover from the injury inflicted on it. Surely we might teach in our schools or lecture-rooms, or mayhap even in our churches, that there are other forms of admiration or enjoyment than destruction. This is a lesson which Englishmen, if not incapable of learning, are slow to learn.

CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE.

EACH award of the Victoria Cross is a sufficient protest that chivalry lives on; a recent instance similarly demonstrates a survival of romance. In the April issue of this magazine "A Kentish Descent," after referring to the services of baronial de Northwoods and later Cavalier and Roundhead Norwoods of Thanet, relates, with something of a dying fall, the declining fortunes of their descendants, yeomen who until the present century held the manor farm of Stilstead in Mid-Kent. Whilst this narrative was yet before us in MS., the present representative of the Stilstead line, Mr. John Norwood, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, won his V.C. at Ladysmith, "under peculiarly gallant circumstances." The young officer is well-nigh the last of his family, but its dirge, we happily may believe, is not yet.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1900.

THE HOUSE AT SANTA FÉ.

BY CHARLES HANNAN.

MY friend Munro fell upon an adventure a few years ago which he has frequently urged me to set down upon paper for the benefit of the world at large. Munro is my partner out in the West, and I had but recently run out from England to Buenos Ayres upon one of those trips I make every second year or so when the events about to be narrated took place. It was summer time and terribly warm ; indeed, I was looking forward with some little pleasure to getting to sea again, and would have been on the homeward journey in a few days' time had it not been for Munro and his personal affairs. He was dining with me one evening at the Grand Hotel when he first told me of a private speculation which he had entered into some six months previously—a block of land which he had purchased upon the outskirts of the town of Santa Fé. "I have not yet seen my property," he said, "and before you leave for England I wish you would come with me, say in about ten days from now, to have a look at the place—it might be worth your while to divide the speculation with me, for the price of the land (although it is dirt cheap) runs me a little close as the payments fall due."

"All right," said I, knowing that Munro would not willingly run me in for a bad speculation and having no objection to a good one, "I will put off my departure for a week or two and go with you to Santa Fé."

I heard nothing more about the land until, some nine days later, we found ourselves in the train. "One gets a breath of air, Graves,"

said Munro, "if we leave both the window and the shutter open in this confounded train, but the dust is too awful for anything; I envy you your voyage home. Let me tell you about this land. It is, as I said, on the outskirts of the town of Santa Fé. By the way, just cast your eye over my shoulder and notice that remarkably pretty girl seated not far from me; my personal attractions have, I am glad to say, quite overwhelmed her—she doesn't understand English, I fancy."

"In that you are mistaken," I whispered; "she overheard you, and is now looking the other way."

"For which respite let us be thankful," said Munro in a low voice; "time was when I should have basked in her smiles, but the memory of forty years on my shoulders and the vision of a wife and five children behind me in Buenos Ayres, make me feel not quite so young as I used to be, and, in fact, that 'I ought not to.' Now, my dear fellow, on that paper you will find all details of the price I paid or am in process of paying, and you will see that if Santa Fé, which is a sleepy hollow of a place at present, increases and expands in any future year, I should stand a very good chance of reselling at a big profit. This other paper," he added, "is by courtesy termed a map or plan, and that mark there in the shape of a cross indicates the solitary house built up to the present time upon my estate. How singularly interested in our doings and conversations our young lady friend appears to be," he concluded in a lower tone. "Let us stroll to the other end of the compartment—I see a couple of seats vacant—it will spare my blushes and give me more privacy whilst I tell you about this house." Falling in with his humour, though I saw little reason for it, I followed Munro to the seat indicated. "Now," he resumed, "there is something rather queer about that house—it is at present unoccupied, so my agent writes me—is rather dilapidated—the doors and windows are boarded up—and the house has been in this state for many a year."

"Looks well," said I, "for your chances of ever letting it."

"That is the curious thing," said Munro; "every month since I purchased the land I have received an offer for a lease of the empty house."

"Direct?"

"No; through a species of house-agent fellow who has my affairs in hand in Santa Fé. These offers I have always delayed accepting, thinking that I had better see the place personally, and having always had an idea that I might turn it into a residence for

my own family for part of the year by way of a change from Buenos Ayres."

"So you refuse to let it meantime?"

"Well, the rent has only lately become worthy of consideration—it began five months ago at an impossible figure, but every month an increased rent is offered—and if a few more pass in the same manner, I shall get quite a respectable sum for that empty house by the simple exercise of a little patience before I close with the bidder."

"Always the same party who offers?" I inquired.

"Yes—a widow with one son."

Engrossed in our conversation as we were, Munro and I were abruptly startled at this moment by certain extraordinary words spoken in Spanish by the young Argentine girl. She must have approached us very silently. "Whatever you do," she said in an anxious tone, "do not let or sell the house, Señor—if it is the empty house of Santa Fé."

"In Heaven's name why not?" cried Munro, leaping to his feet. "Who are you, Señorita—may I ask how we and ours concern so beautiful a lady?"

"Oh, I have said too much," she answered, covering her face; "forget it, I beg of you, Señor."

"I cannot," said Munro; "I must beg you to explain."

"I can explain nothing," she replied, wringing her hands, "nothing at all."

"But, Señorita—one moment, stay."

"Señor," said she, "you are an English gentleman; respect the secrecy and distress of an Argentine girl who listened because she could not help it—who spoke from impulse—but who can tell you nothing more."

Munro permitted her to pass, for what else could he do? She took a seat at the far end of the carriage, as distant from us as possible. Munro turned to me. "This, my dear Graves, is most extraordinary—she was thinking of my house all the time whilst I imagined I had made a conquest. But of all the unsatisfactory affairs I ever came across this is about the worst. What is to be done now?"

"When she is less alarmed," I suggested, "she may tell you her name."

"I'll try it," said Munro, and he did so, but with no success. He returned to me crestfallen. "She has closed up like an oyster, Graves; the secret—the meat we want to get at—remains hidden

within. But she is too pretty an oyster to deal roughly with, and she is, I fancy, a lady. What now?"

"Wait till we see the house," was my proposal. "My curiosity is roused."

"Yes," Munro answered with emphasis, "and so, my dear Graves, is mine."

"Thistles are in the majority here," said Munro the following morning, when we rode out to inspect his property; "a rough piece of camp, with a house abandoned to wreck and ruin in the centre of it—so much for first impressions. A wooden hut," he added as we neared it, "farther away from the town than I thought. A silent, melancholy dwelling—not even a verandah round it—I don't think *this* place would have suited my family, and what the widow and her son want it for remains a puzzle. You have the hammer and chisel; I think we shall soon find a way to effect an entry," and so we did, but our reward was small. There were but three rooms in the hut, "drawing-room, breakfast-room, and scullery," as Munro put it. "I see no bedrooms—well, this is highly unsatisfactory—the mystery remains greater than before. Do you see any way of solving it?"

"One way."

"Pray, what is it?"

"Bring matters to a climax whilst we are in Santa Fé."

"Yes, but how?" he questioned.

"The widow offers an absurd rental—our fair fellow-passenger of yesterday bids you on no account to accept. It is reasonable to suppose that were you to accept the widow's offer, the girl would be informed of it or discover it. Result, a probable climax."

"If there were buried treasure there, or anything of that nature," Munro ruminated as we rode back to Santa Fé, "there would be small necessity of the widow's leasing the house. The hut has long been empty; if there were treasure there, why not take it, steal it by night?—it can't be that. Now, before I let the house, are you going in shares with me in the whole speculation, or do you stand out?"

"I'll stand in," was my reply; "equal shares at the price you paid."

"Done," said Munro; "and now to arrange with the widow; we cannot do better than fix it up to-day."

That evening, whilst we were sitting over our coffee, Munro, who appeared to be in a very curious mood, abruptly asked me if I believed in spiritualism, "for," said he, "I think there must be

unseen forces round about us of which we know nothing, but which yet influence our lives to no inconsiderable extent. At the present moment, Heaven knows why, I am filled with a most insane desire to go out to have a look at our house by moonlight ; now, why should I wish such a thing ?”

“ Well, I have the same sort of feeling,” I laughed ; “ but probably from a different cause. I have been wondering for some time whether anything happens out at that house of ours by night, and if so, what ?”

“ Now why should you wonder that ?” asked Munro.

I confessed that I did not know.

“ You are under the same influence as I—spirits in the air or something. It is an absurd undertaking on the face of it, Graves, to visit that desolate spot ; shall we do it or have some more coffee, and laugh at these feelings which we seem to share ?”

“ We’ll do both,” said I ; “ the coffee and the laugh first, and a moonlight ride afterwards.”

“ And prove ourselves a couple of suspicious fools,” said Munro ; “ but, as the widow enters into possession to-morrow, we had better do what we propose.”

Half an hour later we set out. It was one of those exquisite nights when the moon was full and the air soft and balmy ; so clear was the light of the moon that, as we neared the vicinity of our property, I perceived at some distance ahead of us two figures, one a little way to the right, the other some way off upon the left, both moving towards the solitary house, which we also were approaching. I pointed this out to Munro.

“ Then something *does* happen here,” said he ; “ we shall probably be unwelcome visitors. These people are on foot. Do they know one another, or are they strangers ? It is plain that they will meet at the house, and if I am not mistaken, one of the two is a woman.”

Whilst we continued to observe them from a distance it became evident that the parties were acting in concert, for presently they met near the house and approached it in company. “ An assignation,” I suggested, “ and so engrossed are the persons concerned that they did not notice us. Come !” saying which Munro and I rode cautiously forward. When we reached our destination we discovered that both the man and the woman had already effected an entry. Munro was for turning back, saying that this was probably some Argentine love affair—some intrigue which concerned us not at all ; but I thought differently, having a shrewd suspicion that the woman in the house could be no other than our acquaintance of the

railway train, and this proved to be so. Riding quietly to the door, which we had left nailed up that afternoon, we now discovered it to be open. Leaping from my horse, and throwing the reins to Munro I signalled silence, and approached alone. Indoors one could hear voices. I caught the words, "Yes, after to-night, Lucia, my mother will watch alone, and then we can do nothing, for already she suspects our attachment, and more than ever does she refuse to give me a sight of the cipher key." I looked cautiously indoors. The young man was engaged in spreading upon the floor what seemed to me to be a white carpet or cloth bearing a number of letters or numbers placed at even distances upon its surface. "I shall be late to-night, Lucia," he said, "and you should not have risked this meeting. Last night there was nothing—the night before the same—the night before that the letter B—but what use is this to us without the key?"

It was at this precise moment that I stepped over the threshold.

"Good-evening, Señorita," said I abruptly, whereupon the girl screamed out in such surprise and terror that I felt ashamed of my action, whilst the young man, whom I concluded to be the son of the widow, drew forth a revolver, and before I could make a movement had punished me not unjustly for my imprudence by putting a bullet through my left sleeve, breaking no bones, but wounding the flesh of my arm.

Munro was with me on the instant, and, crying out that he had the Argentine covered if he dared to move, demanded an explanation of the whole business.

The girl by this time had recognised us, and throwing herself in tears at my feet implored pardon for her lover and secrecy as regarded herself, saying that if we would believe her, such a meeting as the present in the empty house had never taken place before, and that our leasing the house to the widow had alone rendered it a necessity that she should see the son to-night and in this secret manner.

"We are lovers," she said, "and I am his cousin, but his mother objects to our union. There is a great sum of money which would belong to us if we could discover it, and of which we would give her a share; but if she gets at it before us she will marry again, and we shall have nothing, and I have told my lover that I will not wed anyone who is poor."

"I admire your sentiments, Señorita," said I cynically; "you know how to look after number one," and the only excuse I can

give for the rudeness of this speech is that my arm was smarting with pain.

"But you," said Munro to the fellow, "this is not your first visit to this place by night."

"No," he answered sulkily, "my mother has the key to a certain cipher, but I have been doing all the watching and waiting for her for many a long night in secret; she is afraid of the night journey to this place, and so sends me. Now that she has got the house from you it will be very different. But one thing, gentlemen, I may safely tell you, that if *we* can't find the treasure it is quite useless for *you* to seek it, for you have no idea how to go about it, nor will we tell you."

"But whose money is this you speak of?" I asked.

"It was left," he said, "by my father—almost his entire possessions. He grew strange and half crazed in his later years, and died in that condition. At one time he had lived here and contrived a cipher which would drive most people mad in the unravelling. I believe he did this so that my mother would be too old to marry again by the time she found the money, and as Lucia won't wed me penniless, I naturally feel that part of the treasure should be mine."

"When you find it," said Munro.

"I shall never find it now," said the other; "my mother comes here to live to-morrow—that ends my chance—and," he added, "as I am a miserable wretch in deep debt, and as Lucia has repeatedly sworn that unless I get at the treasure all is over between us, I think I may end matters in your presence, gentlemen, now."

"Good God!" cried Munro, leaping forward, "stop!" But he was a second too late, for a revolver-shot rang through the cottage, and the young fellow lay before us in the moonlight murdered by his own hand.

Never shall I forget the scene that followed. Lucia kneeling over him wailing to him to come back; that she would marry him rich or poor—alas! all was of no avail.

"I think," said Munro to me, speaking of the tragedy at a later hour, "that the father's insanity must have descended to the son—the lad must have been considerably more than half-crazed. Probably this story about the treasure and the cipher—the figures on the floor and the moonlight—well, it was all very like a madman's dream. How is your arm, old fellow? Let us get away to Buenos Ayres to-morrow, and leave the widow and the house, and Lucia and Santa Fé."

"I don't fancy," said I, "that the widow will occupy the house after this business."

But I was wrong ; she signed the lease and lived there alone for more than a year.

Munro told me the sequel two years later when I happened to be in the Argentine again.

"The widow," he said, "collared the dollars after all. It is from the girl Lucia I received details. The widow and the money have left the country in company, and gone to Spain ; she found the secret hiding-place—there was a cipher, after all, and she solved it."

"In that case why did not Lucia herself seek to lease the house ?"

"Well, you see she had no money, and besides, the widow had the cipher. The house was no good without the cipher and the cipher no good without the house ; above all, neither cipher nor house were of much use without the cipher-key, and this the widow always refused to part with. The son at first believed he might get at the secret without this key if the house but remained unoccupied. The mother thought that she was gradually falling into his power. But the son knew otherwise, and it was the discovery that he could not unravel the cipher, and that the house was let to his mother after months of waiting, which perhaps partly led to his insane act. As to the house, the widow could not afford to buy the land when you secured it—the only hope was that after you purchased the estate you would leave her the dwelling, and the sum she finally paid us for little over a year's tenancy was her entire fortune."

"A good speculation, however."

"Yes, as things went, but she risked her all to get matters completely out of her son's control. He was becoming dangerous to her by constantly threatening her, so she took the house intending to shut herself *in* and the son *out*, whilst she worked out the rest of the already half disentangled cipher alone."

"Well," I said, "I confess I would like some little explanation as to this cipher."

"Such an explanation, my dear fellow, even if I could give it, might take me as long as it took the widow to get at the secret. However, here is a rough idea of it. Given a hole in the roof of a dark room and a moon in the heavens, it would naturally follow that at certain times or seasons a ray of moonlight would stream down upon the floor. If that floor were marked in squares, each of which were numbered thus—

1	18	17	16
2	19	28	15
3	20	27	14
4	21	26	13
5	22	25	12
6	23	24	11
7	8	9	10

the ray would occasionally light upon one of these numbers, occasionally upon another—would, in fact, probably pass across several of the numbers in one night.”

“Fine weather presumed, I suppose?”

“Exactly; the presence of clouds or the absence of the moon would, as a natural result, seriously interfere with the system, hence the long delays in working out. Well, I don’t possess the cipher-key to show you—the widow had that, and she was also in possession of the message in cipher telling her where to seek the treasure so soon as she was able to read it. The moon worked it somewhat in this fashion: if on the fourth of the month the ray of light passed over the square on the floor marked 4, one noted down the number of the hour and minutes at which this occurred; thus, if it happened at 3.5 A.M. the number noted was 35, if at 2.40 the number was 240. By a reference to the cipher-key thereafter the number might be found to correspond with a letter, or it might fail to do so, in which case there was a lot of trouble lost. If the ray did not strike the exact number on the floor equivalent to the day of the month, there was nothing to be noted at all. But if, say, on the 14th, 15th, 16th, &c., the light struck number 14, 15, or 16 respectively, we get a number from the hour, and from that number, now and then, a letter connected with the cipher in some way. A tedious and laborious business, filled with long disappointments and gaps, for it seems that the original message was constructed upon this plan, spread over a period of nearly a year, and it took the widow, and her son before her, considerably longer in unravelling sufficient letters to complete the whole by guess-work. For instance, say

that it were foggy, and she missed the combination when the numbers fell rightly—awful, simply awful the disappointment—and think of watching that blessed ray of light and wondering what it was going to do night after night. I hope you understand the system of the cipher, Graves, much more complicated than I give it to you, but that is roughly how it has been explained to me.”

“Complex, and I should say impossible.”

“So should I, but the widow conquered it, and, of course, Lucia was powerless. As for us, we might have lived and died in ignorance of the very existence of the treasure but for that night. The only thing left for us now is to hope that land may go up in price as speedily as possible. And as the girl Lucia certainly did not deserve the treasure, and will probably end by making a good match by reason of her beauty, I think we need not grudge the widow her fortune. Pass the claret, old man, and drink to an early rise in the price of land.”

“But,” I ventured to remark, “now I think of it, it doesn’t seem to hang together ; what I don’t understand is how the moon and the cipher-key actually worked the thing out.”

“My dear fellow,” said Munro, “if that little matter has puzzled *my* astute intellect, I think *you* may safely let it be. The widow succeeded ; that should satisfy you.”

“But it doesn’t. Many a night, even now, when the moon shines through my shutter, I wake up to puzzle over the cipher. I have never got to the bottom of it yet, and I fear I never shall.”

THE EVOLUTION OF THE STARS.

ACCORDING to the Nebular Hypothesis of Kant and Laplace the sun and solar system were gradually evolved in the course of ages from a primitive mass of nebulous matter. To account for the existence of this original nebula the late Dr. Croll, the well-known geologist, imagined the nebulous mass to have been formed by the collision of two dark bodies in space, a collision which would have the effect of converting the solid bodies into the gaseous state. The first result of the collision would be the shattering of both bodies into a number of fragments, which, by their subsequent collisions *inter se*, would be reduced to smaller fragments, and those again, by the same process, into smaller fragments still, which being acted upon by the enormous heat developed by the collision, would gradually become gaseous, so that "in the course of time the whole would assume the gaseous condition, and we should then have a perfect nebula, intensely hot, but not very luminous," occupying a space equal in volume to that of our solar system. "As the temperature diminished, the nebulous mass would begin to condense, and ultimately, according to the well-known nebular hypothesis, pass through all the different phases of rings, planets, and satellites into our solar system as it now exists. This hypothesis would evidently be applicable to all the stars as well as to the sun, which is merely the nearest of the stars to our earth; and whether *all* nebulae had their origin in such collisions or not, it seems probable that we now see in the heavens some nebulae which are going through the process of conversion into suns and planets. The wonderful spiral nebulae which have been in recent years disclosed by telescopic and photographic research suggest strongly the idea that we see before our eyes the evolution of nebulous matter into suns and stars. Laplace's nebular hypothesis supposed that the planets were formed from the original solar nebula by the condensation of rings detached from the parent mass by the force of the rotation, a rotation for which Laplace assigned no reason, but which, on Croll's hypothesis, might be accounted for dark bodies to have collided, not

in a direct line, but in an oblique or "grazing" collision. However this may be, the spiral nebulae are evidently endowed with rotation, and the photographs of these wonderful objects show that the portions in process of formation into stars or planets are detached from the parent nebula, not in the form of rings but in separate masses. And this process is much easier to understand than the consolidation of the rings supposed by Laplace. Photographs of the great nebula in Andromeda seemed at first sight to show a good example of ring formation in a nebulous mass; but Dr. Roberts now considers that this wonderful object is not annular, but spiral. He says: "That the nebula is a left-hand spiral, and not annular as I at first suspected, cannot now be questioned; for the convolutions can be traced up to the nucleus, which resembles a small bright star at the centre of the dense surrounding nebulosity; but, notwithstanding its density, the divisions between the convolutions are plainly visible on negatives which have had a proper degree of exposure. If we could view the nebula from a point perpendicular to its plane it would appear like some of the other spiral nebulae . . . and its diameter would subtend an angle of about two and one-third degrees; but as we can only view it at an acute angle it has the appearance of an ellipse."¹ As there was considerable difficulty in explaining satisfactorily how Laplace's rings could have consolidated into planets, the evidence derived from the spiral nebulae should simplify the nebular hypothesis and make it, in its general form, more acceptable and probable. These spiral nebulae are most wonderful and beautiful objects. With reference to the nebula known as Messier 74 in Pisces, Dr. Roberts says: "The photograph shows the nebula to be a perfect right-hand spiral with a central stellar nucleus and a 15th magnitude star close to it on the south side. The convolutions are studded with many stars and star-like condensations, and on the *north-preceding* side there is a partial inversion of one of the convolutions which conveys the idea of some disturbing cause having interfered with the regular formation of a part of that convolution;" and with reference to Messier 100 in Coma Berenices he says: "The photograph shows the nebula to be a left-hand spiral with the nucleus very sharply stellar in the midst of faint nebulosity. The convolutions are strikingly perfect and have several aggregations of nebulosity in them; three or four faint stars are also involved."

From the probably great distance of these spiral nebulae from the

¹ "Photographs of Stars, Star Clusters, and Nebulae," vol. ii. p. 63.

earth and their comparatively large apparent size, we may conclude that they are in reality of vast dimensions. The apparent diameter of some of them shows that they must be of much larger size than our solar system. Seen from the nearest fixed star— α Centauri—the diameter of the solar system would subtend an angle of about 45 seconds of arc, while the apparent diameter of the spiral nebulae in Canes Venatici (51 Messier) and that of Messier 74, above referred to, is about 300 seconds, and these nebulae are probably much farther from the earth than α Centauri. The nebula in Andromeda is of still larger dimensions. What the origin of spiral nebulae was we cannot, of course, determine; but possibly they may have been formed, as in Croll's hypothesis, by a "grazing" collision of two dark bodies of large mass. Dr. Roberts thinks that the globular clusters have probably been evolved from spiral nebulae.

Admitting that suns and stars have been evolved from nebulous masses, let us now try to follow their life history from the time that they have sufficiently consolidated to present the appearance of a star or sun down to the distant time when they will have lost all their heat and light by radiation, and "roll through space a cold and dark ball." It has been known for ages that the stars are of different colours—white, yellow, orange, and red. This suggested some essential difference between them, but until the discovery of the principles of spectrum analysis it was impossible to determine their chemical composition. The application of spectrum analysis to the observation of stars and nebulae now forms an important and interesting branch of astronomy. The pioneer in this branch of astronomical research was Dr. Huggins (now Sir William Huggins, K.C.B.), who in 1856 erected an observatory in connection with his private house at Upper Tulse Hill, London. His first instrument was one of 5 inches aperture, by Dollond, but in 1858 this was replaced by one of 8 inches in diameter by the famous American optician, Alvan Clark. For the first few years he worked in conjunction with Dr. Miller, but afterwards by himself. In 1870 he obtained a loan from the Royal Society of a larger instrument, the work of Sir Howard Grubb. This instrument consisted of a 15-inch refractor and an 18-inch Cassegrain reflector mounted on the same stand. Designing a suitable star spectroscope for this instrument, he first directed his attention to the brighter stars—Sirius, Vega, Aldebaran, &c.—and succeeded in comparing their spectra with those of terrestrial substances, such as hydrogen, iron, sodium, &c., and proved the existence of these elements in the light of the stars. About the same time similar ones were made

independently by Rutherford in America, Secchi at Rome, and Vogel in Germany.

Remembering Sir William Herschel's views as to the probably gaseous nature of some of the nebulae, Dr. Huggins determined to test the question by a spectroscopic examination. On the evening of August 29, 1864, he turned his telescope for the first time on the planetary nebula in Draco, which lies near the pole of the Ecliptic. To his surprise he found that the spectrum of the nebula consisted of only one *bright* line instead of the continuous spectrum crossed by *dark* lines which he found in the spectra of the stars. On closer examination he detected two other bright lines towards the blue end of the nebular spectrum. This decided the question and proved beyond a doubt that the light emitted by this nebula came from luminous gas. The question then arose as to the chemical nature of these bright lines, and later observations have proved that the two fainter lines are due to hydrogen, but the origin of the brightest line—the "chief nebular line," as it is called—still remains undetermined. It is probably due to some hitherto undiscovered chemical substance. Recent observations have disclosed the presence of helium, the recently discovered chemical element which is now found in several minerals, although its existence was for many years only known by its presence in the spectrum of the solar corona. Of sixty of the brighter nebulae and clusters, Dr. Huggins found that one-third gave the bright-line spectrum. Among these were the so-called planetary nebulae and the great nebula in Orion. He found the great nebula in Andromeda to show a faint continuous spectrum, so that, nebulous-looking as this wonderful object is, it is probably not truly gaseous.

On May 12, 1866, the famous "temporary star" in Corona Borealis was discovered by Mr. John Birmingham at Tuam, Ireland. Mr. Birmingham wrote to Dr. Huggins announcing the fact, and the letter reached him on May 18. Unfortunately, on that evening the star, which was of the second magnitude when discovered, had faded to below the third magnitude. However, Dr. Huggins, in company with Dr. Miller, at once examined the new star with the spectroscope, and found that, in addition to a spectrum of the solar type, there were some bright lines, two of which were certainly due to hydrogen. The short duration of brilliancy in this star—it faded from the second to the eighth magnitude in twelve days—led Dr. Huggins to conclude that no very large masses of matter could have been involved in the sudden outburst of light, which he thinks might have been produced either "by volcanic forces or by the disturbing approach or

partial collision of another dark star." Some other temporary stars have since been examined with the spectroscope. They all showed spectra similar to that found by Dr. Huggins in the "Blaze Star" in Corona, and as most of them have faded into gaseous planetary nebulæ, they suggest collisions between dark stars as the cause of the sudden outburst of light.

Stars differ in the character of their spectra, and these spectra have been divided into several types. The first, or Sirian type, has the hydrogen lines very strong and the lines of the metallic elements extremely faint or entirely invisible. In the second, or Solar type, the metallic lines are numerous and very visible. The third type shows spectra in which, beside the metallic lines, there are numerous dark bands in all parts of the spectrum, and the blue and violet portions are remarkably faint. This type has been subdivided into two types—one in which the dark bands are fainter towards the red end of the spectrum and the other in which the principal bands are fainter towards the violet. This latter type is known as type iv. Stars of type v., which are comparatively rare, have a spectrum which, according to Professor Pickering, consists of "wide bright bands superposed on a faint continuous spectrum, the strongest one of them probably coincident with a bright band in the spectrum of the gaseous nebulæ, and most of the others probably coincident with hydrogen lines and prominent Orion lines." The stars of types i. and v. are usually of a white colour, those of type ii. yellow, type iii. orange red, and type iv. all red. Most of the long-period variable stars have iii. and iv. type spectra. There is a variety of type i. known as the "Orion type," as many of the stars in Orion show this type of spectrum. Between all these types there are transitional types.

Some close double stars have a "composite" spectrum, showing that the component stars have probably different spectra. But there are some stars not known to be double which show spectra of this composite character. Good examples of these are δ Sagittæ, which, according to Professor Pickering, has a spectrum composed of the first and third types, and ζ Aurigæ, which has a second-type spectrum combined with one of the Orion type.

The question now arises, Which of these various types represent the oldest and which the youngest stars? That is, which are nearest to the nebular stage and which are farthest advanced in their "life history"? From an examination of a large number of stellar spectra Professor Pickering is disposed to think that stars showing the "Orion type" of spectrum are probably "in an early stage of

The Gentleman's Magazine.

development," and that stars with spectra of the fifth type may possibly "form a connecting link between the Orion stars and those of the nebula." After the Orion stars come the stars of type i. (the Sirian), then those of type ii. (the Solar), and lastly type iii., which is the oldest, and probably belongs to stars which are approaching the total extinction of their light. In this view of the "evolutional order" Sir William Huggins concurs. In his address to the British Association at Cardiff in 1872, he said: "This order is essentially the same as Vogel had previously proposed in his classification of the stars in 1874, in which the white stars, which are the most numerous, represent the early adult and most persistent stage of stellar life, the solar condition *that of maturity and of commencing age*; while in the orange and the red stars we see the setting in and advance of old age." At that time he considered the order of evolution was represented by the following stars:—Sirius and Vega, α Ursæ Majoris, α Virginis, α Aquilæ, Rigel, α Cygni, Capella and the Sun, Arcturus, Aldebaran and Betelgeuse, the first named being the youngest and the last the oldest.

That stars of the Sirian type are less dense than those in the solar stage has been recently proved by calculations made by Roberts and Russell of the densities of the Algol type variables, which all show spectra of the Sirian type. The investigation shows that the average density of these stars is much less than that of water, and that they **are therefore in an earlier stage of condensation.**

It has been shown by Homer Lane an American physicist that so long as a star remains subject to the laws of a purely gaseous body, its temperature will increase as condensation advances. When, however, owing to radiation of heat the gaseous state has been passed, the star will begin to cool, its light will diminish, and changes will take place in its spectrum. Sir William Huggins is disposed to think that the hottest stars may be looked for among those of the Solar type. The "evolutional order" now adopted by him seems to be admitting the so-called Wolf-Rayet stars Bellatrix, Rigel, α Cygni, Rigel, Vega, Sirius, Castor, β Centauri, β Centauri, Altair, Procyon, γ Cygni, Capella, hottest star, Arcturus, and Betelgeuse, the youngest being Bellatrix and the oldest Betelgeuse. Sir J. Norman Lockyer thinks that Bellatrix presents the type of the hottest stars, with exception perhaps of δ Puppis, which has bright lines in its spectrum. But this difference of opinion between Huggins and Lockyer as to the star of highest temperature, will not disturb the order of evolution, which seems to be as follows:—Nebula, "Orion type," type i., type ii., and type iii., and, possibly, type iv. There are

many long-period variable stars with spectra of the third type. These may possibly be suns which have advanced so far in the process of condensation that a thin crust has begun to form on their surface. After a little this crust would break, owing to the pressure of the imprisoned gases, and there would be an outburst of light forming a maximum of the variable. This outburst would then slowly subside, the crust would again form and the star would descend to a minimum of light. This process might go on for centuries or even thousands of years, until at last the whole mass of the star would become so cooled down that there would be no further outbursts of light; the star would cease to rise to a maximum, and it would slowly diminish in brightness until its light became entirely extinguished. One phase of this process would seem to have been actually reached in the case of the long-period variable *T Ophiuchi*. Discovered by Pogson in 1860, it was found to be variable from the 10th to below the 12th magnitude, with a period between the maxima of about 361 days; but for the last 16 years it has not risen to a maximum, and remains at a permanent minimum of light. In the course of time the light of this star will probably slowly diminish until it becomes wholly extinguished, and it will then "roll through space a cold and dark ball." Possibly this may be the ultimate fate of our own sun, and of the thousands of stars which now sparkle in our midnight sky.

J. ELLARD GORE.

LACOCK ABBEY.

WILTSHIRE has long been a happy hunting-ground for lovers of the past. Stonehenge and the many other traces of British antiquity, such as Avebury, still keep archeologists busily employed, while the country is also rich in fine country seats, which are well worth a visit. One of the most interesting of these, though perhaps not so well known as some of the others, is Lacock Abbey, the story of which is proposed to set down here with such condensation as the narrow space of a magazine article renders inevitable.

The foundress, Elizabeth, Countess of Salisbury, and widow of William Langston, who appears to have been a remarkable Englishwoman in herself, and not simply because she had a famous husband and a son as brave, executed the office of sheriff for Wilts for two years after the Earl's death in 1206. It was not long, however, before she began to turn her thoughts seriously to religion, the more naturally perhaps because of the tragic ending to her husband's strenuous life and last because several of her ancestors had bequeathed estates to the Church at different times. The Earl himself had left pasture land to the Priory of Bradfordstoke and had given the manor of Hatherly Hamery to the Carthusian Order, together with jewels and other property. So in 1212, six years after her husband's death, the Countess had the foundation of two monasteries on the same day, April 26, one for women at Lacock in *Saxleyesmede* (*in fratre* *zanderson*), and the other for the Carthusian monks, whom she moved from Hatherly to Hinton Charter House, five miles from Bath.

Lacock Abbey was founded for some eighteen canonesses of the Order of St. Augustine, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. Bernard. The foundation charter and an agreement between the foundress and the rector of Lacock are dated 1229, so that 1232 must be the date for the actual commencement of the work. The first woman to take the veil here was Alicia Garinges. The Countess followed her example in 1238, being then a little more than fifty

years old. She was appointed Abbess in 1240, and fulfilled her duties in that position until 1257, when she resigned by reason of age. She lived on until 1261, and was buried in the choir of the Abbey Church. The Abbey enjoyed many privileges by different charters, Ela's gift was confirmed by the King, and by her son, the younger Longespee, as well as by the bishop of the diocese and the rector of Lacock (as already mentioned). Of the other donors Constance de Legh appears to have been the chief.

Other grants obtained from time to time were the right of holding a weekly market at Lacock and an annual three days' fair, and the grant of a cartload of dead wood every week from the King's forest of Melksham. This last was afterwards commuted for forty acres of woodland to be properly inclosed by hedge and ditch at the expense of the Abbey, so as to keep out the royal beasts of chase. Amicia, Countess of Devon, whose daughter Margaret was at Lacock, bequeathed the manor of Shorewell, in the Isle of Wight, somewhere about 1260. A Lady Chapel was added to the Abbey Church in 1315, by arrangement with Sir John Bluet, Lord of the Manor of Lackham, near by, and probably contained his tomb and that of his wife.

The materials for the history of the Abbey have not yet been put into a properly connected form, much more information being now obtainable than when Bowles and Nichols wrote. But from 1535 and onwards documents are frequent in the State Papers. It is not now necessary to discuss the question of the Suppression in England, but those who are interested in the subject will find material in Fr. Gasquet's "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," and, from rather a different stand-point, in Canon Dixon's "History of the Church of England." A paper published in the *Wiltshire Archaeological Magazine*, vol. xxviii., p. 288, by the Rev. W. Clark-Maxwell, gives the facts so far as the Wiltshire monasteries are concerned. Some doubt as to the trustworthy nature of the evidence given by the King's visitors is natural when we read their correspondence with Cromwell—"clothcarder," as he was styled after his fall—and their mutual jealousies. Dr. Thomas Legh, for instance, who visited Lacock, is described as "a young man of intolerable elation," who went about with twelve servants in livery. He dressed himself, John Ap Rice says, in a most costly fashion, and did not hesitate to browbeat and ill-treat the abbots and superiors he came to visit in an overbearing and insolent manner. Richard Layton, on the other hand, seems to have been a little less harsh in carrying out what was apparently rather a congenial task.

He laughs at alleged miracles: "Ye shall receive a bowke of our lades miracles well able to mache the Canterberis tailles, such a bowke of dremes as ye never sawe wiche I founde in the librarie." His keen scent for the nasty was perhaps useful in an inquisitor, but is hardly an attractive feature in any man's character. Legh writes from Lacock on August 20, 1535, complaining that Layton has "licensed the heddes and masters to goo abrode, which I suppose maketh the brethren to grudge the more whan they see that they be worse entreated than their master which hath professed the same rule that they have." (Harl. MSS., 604, 59.) But the Abbey escaped with a very good report. John Ap Rice tells Cromwell—writing on the same day from Lacock—that no excesses could be found. Mr. Dr. (Legh) everywhere restrains the heads, the brethren and sisters from going forth. This he thinks over strict, for, as many of these houses stand by husbandry, they must fall to decay if the heads are not allowed to go out. "The monkes of Charterhouse devysed all the weys they might to kepe theym as ferre as they might from outwarde busynes. And yet they were compelled to have a proctor that shulde bee as their martha. And their prior too for greter busynes to goo foorth."

Three days later Ap Rice again writes, this time from Edington: "We founde no notable compertes at Laycok; the house is very clene well repared and well ordered. . . . The Ladies have their Rule, thinstitutes of their religion and ceremonies of the same writen in the frenche tongue which they understand well and are very perfitt in the same, albeit that it varieth from the vulgare frenche that is nowe used and is moche like the frenche the common Lawe is writen in." This is a pleasant and surprising parallel to Chaucer's description of the prioress in his day:

And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

As for the idea—still very common—that Stratford French was as bad as cockney English (possibly because Stratford happens to be in the East of London), Dr. Skeat effectually disposes of it, and it would be well if half-educated journalists would read his note carefully. The prioress spoke the ordinary Anglo-French of her time. The poet had travelled and knew the two dialects. It is the old spoken French of a still earlier date that continued in use at Lacock until the Suppression.

In the following year, 1536, a new system of inquiry was tried,

but soon abandoned, the results being apparently too favourable to the monasteries. The new Commissioners were chosen from the gentry of the various counties. The four appointed for Wiltshire reported as follows :

“ ABBEY OF LACOCK.

“ A hedde house of nunnes of S. Augusteynes rule, of great and large buyldings set in a towne. To the same and all other adjoynynge, by common reaporthe a great relief.

“(Religious) Seventeen—viz. : professed fourteen and novesses three, by report and in apparaunce of vertuous lyvyng, all desyryng to continue religious.”

This second favourable report seems to have been responsible for the “ licence to continue,” dated January 30, 1537, but followed by a fine of £300 for the permission, the annual revenue of the Abbey being £203 gross, and only £168 net. Lacock appears among the King’s debtors—“process for the King at the suit of Mr. Treasurer”—in 1539, which seems to show that the fine was a very heavy one. But the respite even for the fifty-two privileged smaller houses was very short. On January 20, 1539, Dr. Wm. Petre writes from Lacock to Cromwell advising him of the surrender of the Abbey. The house to be left with Mr. Sharington. The actual deed of surrender is dated the 21st January, and has *no signatures*. The Abbess, Joan Temmes, and the convent gave up the monastery and all its possessions in counties Wilts, Hants, Gloucester, and elsewhere in England, Wales and the Marches thereof. Pensions were granted on the same day: £40 for the Abbess, and from £5 down to 40s. for the others.

William Sharington bought the Abbey under a grant dated July 1540, for the sum of £783. Coming of an old Norfolk family, he, like Baron Seymour of Sudeley, brother of the Protector, entered the service of Sir Francis Bryan, and became eventually one of the gentlemen of the King’s Privy Chamber. In 1546 he was appointed Vice-Treasurer of the Mint at Bristol, and was knighted at the coronation of Edward VI. Opinions differ widely as to his character, but he seems to have become seriously involved with Seymour in his intrigues, and early in 1549 was tried at the Guildhall, London, on the charge of coining “*testons*” (debased silver coins). Pleading guilty, he was attainted and condemned to death. But information as to Seymour’s plotting was of more importance than the death of Sharington, who probably “was given to understand that a heavy fine and full confession of his complicity in the Admiral’s designs would ensure his pardon, and that he would be allowed to repur-

During the last four years of Henry VIII.'s reign, 2,400 lbs. weight of silver had been mixed with an equal quantity of alloy and coined (Froude, vol. v., p. 9), and the Crown being dishonest, it was hardly surprising—though it was certainly disastrous—that subjects should, as opportunity offered, follow so profitable an example.

In 1550 he was appointed a commissioner with Sir Maurice Dennis, Treasurer of Calais, for receiving 200,000 crowns, half the purchase money for the cession of Boulogne to France, and a further proof of his restoration to favour is that he was Sheriff of Wilts when he died in 1553.

The old monastic buildings suffered comparatively little in the process of conversion into a dwelling-house. But the church appears to have gone entirely, except the north wall, which was used as the south wall of the house, while other parts were converted into living rooms. Sir William Sharington built a tower at the south-east corner, which is a fine specimen of Renaissance work, and also put up stables and offices to the north. The present owner, C. H. Talbot, Esq., who is keenly interested in architectural questions, and to whom the writer is indebted for much valuable information throughout the course of this paper, points out traces of Italian influence in Sharington's rebuilding, and this is confirmed by the existence at Lacock of two remarkably fine carved stone tables of elaborate Renaissance work, probably made by an English workman named Chapman, after Italian designs. The old twisted chimneys which still remain date from this same period. The cloister of the Abbey is mostly of the time of Henry VI., and is in a remarkably perfect state. In 1894, the original west front of the Chapter-house, dating from the thirteenth century, and opening on to the cloister, was unblocked. At the same time the windows looking east over the Avon were restored, so that the room has now regained much of its old character. The west front was crossed by the pillars of the cloister, which replaced earlier work, and the way in which the later builders respected the thirteenth century front is now very clear. When the filling-up was removed, the original work, where not mutilated to make the wall run quite flush, appeared perfectly sound and clean cut. It now shows an arched doorway with a window on each side.

Sir William Sharington was succeeded by his brother Henry, who was knighted in 1574, on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit, when she was returning from Bristol. His estates were divided at his death between his two surviving daughters, Grace and Olive, the latter of whom married John Talbot, Esq., of Salwarp, Worcestershire.

Bishop Jewel is said to have preached his last sermon at Lacock, and to have been buried in 1575 at Monkton Farleigh.

Sharington Talbot, the son, was, by his second marriage, ancestor of the present Earl of Shrewsbury. He died in 1642: his son, of the same name, sided with Charles in the Civil War. He was a "Commissioner of Array" in Worcestershire, and taken prisoner and sent to London in March 1644. In September 1667 we find him petitioning for a grant of dead timber out of Sherwood Forest, which had been promised him, and stating that he had lost £20,000 in the late King's service (State Papers Domestic, vol. ccxviii.).

Meanwhile Lacock Abbey had been held by Col. Jordan Boville against the Parliament, and surrendered after the fall of Devizes, as was noted in *The True Informer* for 27th September, 1645: "Lacock Abbey, in Wiltshire, is surrendered to Col. Devereux, Governor of Malmesbury, his forces and other forces before it."

Sharington Talbot was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Sir John Talbot, who is said to have been the first to welcome Charles II. after his wanderings. Another Sharington Talbot, son of Sir John, fell in a duel at Glastonbury after the battle of Sedgemoor. Sir John Talbot's grandson, John Ivory Talbot, made considerable alterations to the Abbey buildings, with results not very satisfactory to the antiquary. In the present century the name of W. H. Fox Talbot is familiar as that of an eminent mathematician and scientist, and one of the pioneers of photography. His claims, though at first disputed by the supporters of Daguerre, were afterwards fully recognised both in England and abroad. Lacock Abbey, indeed, is memorable as one of the first places photographed in England, though we have seen that it has many rights to the attention of the student of history and of archæology. The present owner succeeded in 1877.

In the Grenville Library at the British Museum there is a very rare "History of Lacock Abbey," dedicated to the Countess Dowager of Shrewsbury by "Her Ladyship's most Dutiful and Obliged humble Servant and Chaplain, George Witham," and printed by him at Lacock in 1806. The Countess, by the way, a daughter of Lord Dormer, was a Roman Catholic, and while living at the Abbey made it a shelter for refugees at the outbreak of the French Revolution. Some of the author's remarks form very amusing reading. "The Valley," he says truly enough, "in which this Abbey is situated is very rich, pleasant and agreeable (on the River Avon, as I said before), thirteen miles East of Bath, having to the East the beautifully wooded Bowden Hill" (from which the water supply of the

Abbey has been derived since the fourteenth century), "at the Distance of about a Mile; between which and the Abbey (according to the Tradition of the Country) was formerly a religious House called 'Bewly Court,' a priory or cell in all probability to some other Monastery; but of which I find no notice in Ecclesiastical writers.¹ It is now a farm House, and some few walls have an air of antiquity. In the parish of Lacock and the environs there are many Gentlemen's Seats, the Habitation of Virtuous Hospitality" (often no doubt extended to the worthy chaplain), "principally occupied by People of Fortune, by which means there is a large and respectable Neighbourhood." Mr. Witham mentions several of the objects of interest in the Abbey, and indeed the place is well worth seeing. Among the relics of pre-Reformation times is the tombstone of the foundress which replaced the original some time in the fourteenth century. It bears the following inscription, now partly obliterated:

Infra sunt defossa Elae venerabilis ossa
Quae dedit has sedes sacras monialibus aedes
Abbatissa quidem, quae sancta vixit ibidem
Et comitissa Sarum virtutum plena bonarum.

In the Day Room is a great stone trough some eleven feet by five. It is not known to what use this was put. There is also on a pedestal in the grounds a huge metal cauldron standing on three feet, of Flemish manufacture and dating from 1500.

In the tower is a copy (now unique, the only other known copy, at Durham, being damaged) of Henry III.'s charter, and in the building a very full collection of ancient manuscripts relating to the history of the Abbey. The Common Seal—some impressions were in the Chapter-house at Westminster—shows the Virgin and Christ. Underneath an Abbess praying. *Legend*—S. Convent. Beat. Marie et Sancti Bernardi D'Laoc.

The pictures are of considerable interest, and include a "Henry VIII." by Holbein, which in all probability once belonged to Sir William Sharington, and a fine portrait of the latter by Antonio More. Also a portrait, in very good preservation, by J. Hales, 1679, of Sir Gilbert Talbot, who fought through the Civil Wars, and was afterwards Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II., and one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society. There are also two old and good copies of Vandyck—Charles I. and his children,

¹ For the sufficient reason that it is a manor-house of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, belonging formerly to the Darrell family, and sold to Sir William Sharington. It now belongs to Huggens's College in Kent.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

and portraits of Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury, and his Duchess, besides many others of less importance for the ordinary visitor.

The Abbey has been drawn by various artists from time to time. Dingley, in his "History from Marble," shows it as it was in 1684, and other views were taken by Carter in 1801 and by Grimm in 1790. The latter are to be found in the Kaye Collection at the British Museum (Add. MSS. 15,547, vol. xi.), and include a drawing of the cross and beads discovered in the tomb of the foundress and then hanging in the cloister, but long since lost. There are also two views of the Abbey in Neale's "Gentlemen's Seats," 1826.

Lacock village shows many examples of old domestic architecture dating from the fourteenth century onwards, and is a remarkable survival of a time when railways were not, and when a journey from Bath was rather more perilous than from China to Peru in the present day. The church, dedicated to St. Cyriac, is principally of Perpendicular work, replacing a Norman building. A good deal of restoration has been necessary from time to time, but no unavoidable damage is now likely to accompany the work, in which, as in everything that concerns the antiquities of the neighbourhood, Mr. Talbot has long taken an appreciative interest. In the Lady Chapel is the monument to Sir William Sharington, and there is a fine brass in the south transept to Robert Baynard, Esq., and his wife Elizabeth Ludlow, and their children, 1501. The family were lords of the manor of Lackham, close by. Among the Church plate is a fine "ciborium," or covered cup, of parcel-gilt, probably dating from the latter half of the fifteenth century. Pre-Reformation plate of any kind is very rare, and this specimen, which in shape resembles the Founders' Cup at Christ's College, Cambridge, is a notable instance of escape from the melting-pot. It may very possibly have been originally in domestic use and presented to the church. There is also a small silver bowl about 6 inches across and embossed inside with cockle shells, and in the centre a bunch of grapes. Dated 1603. (See "Notes on the Church Plate of Wilts," by the Rev. E. H. Goddard, *Wilts. Archaeol. Mag.*, vol. xxv., p. 336, and xxvi., p. 327.)

Bowles and Nichols, in the "Annals and Antiquities of Lacock Abbey," 1835, record the destruction of a cross which once stood in the market-place. It was undoubtedly taken down, but the materials were not scattered, and the cross was restored with the original stones by Mr. Talbot about the year 1876.

Lacock village does not seem to have produced many notable persons. John Man, however, was a native of the place. Educated

at Winchester, and New College, Oxford, he soon began to show signs of the Reformation spirit, and was in consequence expelled in 1540, but was restored seven years later, and appointed Warden of Merton by Archbishop Parker in 1562. He afterwards became Dean of Gloucester, and was sent as Ambassador to Madrid in 1567, a "man-goose," as his royal mistress kindly spoke of him, in exchange for Gooseman (his name was probably Guzman), the Spanish agent in London. But the appointment was not very successful. Man spoke slightly of the Pope, and was soon recalled.

It is hardly necessary to say in closing that this unambitious paper cannot claim by any means to do more than touch upon some of the many interesting details that go to make up the history of Lacock Abbey for the last 500 years. The old monastic building has suffered, naturally enough, in the process of adaptation to the requirements of later periods; but adaptation was a much less common fate for religious houses in Henry VIII.'s reign than demolition, and Lacock was fortunate in finding an owner who left much of the old work as he found it, and added some very fine Renaissance work of his own. Both externally and in the interior there is much to interest the specialist. In the cloister, for instance, there are remains of fresco-work and some very curious masons' marks, the history of which in itself affords ample scope for research and conjecture; while those uninstructed visitors who are privileged, as was the writer, to have the owner as their guide will bring away with them memories of a very courteous host and a refreshing sense of their own limited knowledge. The lesson is one which experience is always ready to teach her pupils, but it is not always learnt in equally pleasant circumstances.

A. H. DIPLOCK.

CONCERNING VAGABONDS.

THE tide was low in the Grande Baie. Little runnels of water ran seawards, making lines on the broad brown palm of the sands. The wet seaweed and polished rocks glistened in the sunshine, while the Rance ran full and rapid to meet the tumbled waters of the Bay, making rather a stormy passage for the little steamer we awaited to cross to Dinard.

We had descended the steep ramparts of St. Malo, and had taken the little *digue*, where weather-beaten Breton fishwives—mahogany-coloured with sun and strong air—offer their poor wares of shells, and shell-frames, and pincushions, for sale. To our right was the rocky islet—an islet, however, only at full tide—where lies buried Chateaubriand, that intrepid and select spirit, his grave keeping its lonely outlook over boundless ocean towards the sunsets of the Atlantic, and that West he loved.

We watched the bustling little steamer *Armand Behic* make her way across, and her motley crowd of passengers disembark. Then another crowd mounts the gangway, and with much fussing and aggressive whistling the boat turns, and is off again. We glance round at the mixed company, from the fashionables of Dinard and the peasants with their clean white caps and aprons, to the rather dirty and greasy *canaille*. Of course the priests are not a-wanting. One sees some good, refined faces among them; mostly the type is strong-featured, rough, and coarse.

Presently the twang of a guitar is heard, and one turns round to see a comical figure. A little man, ruddy and fair; blue eyes, shrewd and full of humour; his short legs bowed, and the whole of him clad in the seediest of garments, down from the battered silk hat to the sloppiest of tan shoes. Finishing his prelude, he trolls his ditty—some catchy air of the *cafés chantants* or the streets—with perfect nonchalance and a sense of *bonne camaraderie* all round. He nods and winks, and beams out humorsome glances, while he picks out a few chords on his husky guitar, and occasionally shifts his tan clad feet in a shuffling dance. I looked round. The well-packed crowd are beaming a reflection of his gaiety. The priest at his breviary

cannot keep the corners of his mouth from twitching, the children join in chorus and dance, while two sturdy Englishmen of the honest open-air, fox-hunting type break into peals of hearty laughter.

But the short crossing is already over, and we near the Dinard pier. Our happy troubadour bows and smiles and passes round his old hat, with polite and effusive thanks for the francs and sous that drop in, a certain dignity in his air withal—an air not of cringing, but of one who knows he has given value for his money. And so he has, for he has beguiled the rather uncomfortable quarter of an hour, and his songs—vulgar and poor enough, perhaps—have, at least for a brief moment, said begone to dull care.

Afterwards, lying on the springy short grass on the rocks above St. Énogat, and often since then, the quaint apparition of the strolling singer comes before me ; not without a strange attraction, that leads on to sundry reflections.

Surely this was a descendant of one of Callot's troop of tatterdemalions ; of that scapegrace poet Villon ; of the singer of the Vaux de Vire ; and a born brother of the braw sodger in Burns's "Jolly Beggars." Where would he go when the day's singing was over ? And how the roaring fun would run high, with a fiery fillip given by the *eau-de-vie* in the *estaminet* where the jovial crew held "howff." Truly a vagabond—but what a happy one ! What unself-consciousness, what careless merriment and joy in life ! And what a cause of joy in others, that a whole dismal crew could be influenced by it, and dance to his piping ! Surely this cheery, light-hearted scalliwag had found something the respectable often miss. This wandering stone had gathered no moss—the respectable moss of money and cares and conventions and responsibilities—but he had got some equivalents. He had perfect freedom of life, a hearty enjoyment of the present, no trammels and conventions to hinder his natural bent, no reputation to keep up, and he might wander wherever fancy led him. Truly Nature is not niggardly, and these were some of the compensations she offered him for the cold, wet, hungry days, and the nights that were not "sown with stars." For Nature—like Wisdom—is justified of her children.

We all of us have a more or less liking for the wandering vagabond life, and even the bonds and restrictions of centuries of civilisation have not altogether done away with the impulse that makes us restless and eager for change. This feeling attacks us in the spring of the year particularly, for it was then our old palæolithic forefathers left the caves where they had hibernated, and with the first spring greenness took to the woods once more, to roam at

will over their happy hunting-grounds. We revert to these far-off ancestors, and can still feel a reflection of their fierce joy in spring-time ; while some men, and women too, have been overcome by the longing, and have chosen the wandering life.

A few occur to me. Besides the Devonshire Carew and the scholar-gipsy, so idyllically sung by Matthew Arnold, there was dear old George Borrow, that unique and delightful representative of the Bible Society in Spain. Who does not follow his travels with never-failing interest, whether among the gipsy camps at home or in the wild regions of Spain, where the dawn of each new day was the opening of some wonderful adventure, and every night brought with it the strangest stories and confidences from his quondam companions? What a full and varied life he lived ! Of him it can truly be said that, by his wide sympathy, he inherited the earth, though he never owned a foot of its soil.

We are told by his wife that Sir Richard Burton had a strain of gipsy blood—at least, gipsies always claimed him as their kin by reason of some peculiarity of the eye ; and perhaps this accounts for the restless, roving life he lived in all impossible corners of the earth, consorting with Arabs in the desert, pilgrims at Mecca, and many of the wild tribes of Africa and South America.

A great contrast to him is presented by Richard Jefferies, who was content to wander in English lanes and woodlands, the patient, loving student of the life of the field and hedgerow, and the writer of that curious pantheistic self-revelation, "The Story of my Heart."

Not unlike Jefferies is Thoreau, the philosopher of Walden ; indeed, if we turn to America, we find she has given us at least two notable specimens of the literary vagabond, in Thoreau and Walt Whitman. Thoreau found that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," and "envying the simplicity and nakedness of man's life in the primitive ages," resolved to cut loose from conventions, and practise plain living and high thinking. To this end he planted his hut in the forest, by Walden pond, and there for over two years he "spent his days as deliberately as Nature," raised beans for his sustenance, and wrote his open-air essays.

In the one entitled, "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," he says : "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. . . . I wanted to live deep, and suck out all the marrow of life ; to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive

life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms," &c. And this he did, with great advantage to himself and to all those who ponder over his sage reflections.

If the burden of Thoreau's message is, Return to Mother Earth, his prose lesson is emphasised in the poems of that full-throated singer who chanted the songs of the "Pioneers" and of "The Open Road." Walt Whitman, though he loved the clash and tumult of life in towns and cities, loved yet more the open vault of night, the trackless forest, and the boundless prairie; indeed, his swinging lines seem to have caught the large grandiose sweep of these same boundless prairies, along with somewhat of their billowy monotony.

But what splendid delight in freedom, and in a life lived face to face with Nature and the overhanging sky, breathes through and vivifies his verse. Hear him for a moment:

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free poems also,
I think I could stop here myself and do miracles.

Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Of the night, in a more passionate mood, he sings:

Press close bare-bosom'd night,
Press close magnetic nourishing night,
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars.

But no *Nachtstück*—no poem of the night—is more exquisite than that chapter, "A Night Among the Pines," by Robert Louis Stevenson, our own special Scotch vagabond, whom, like the best wine, I have kept for the last. Never was such a boy for playing the truant, both from school and college. On the breezy, balmy spring mornings he simply could not settle to books in stuffy classrooms, but set off on long solitary rambles over the Braid and Pentland Hills, learning there the more direct and gnostic lessons that Nature teaches to those her children who bring to her the sympathetic and receptive mind.

In his pocket was always a pencil and a penny note-book, and even then he sought diligently for the right word, and acquired the perfect style which distinguishes him, as well as that accurate knowledge of hill and moorland that enabled him, years after, in far-off tropical Samoa, to reproduce with absolute fidelity the characteristic scenery and atmosphere of his native land. Almost the first use he made of his liberty was to travel through the Cevennes, with a donkey to carry his pack, and there he wrote his charming first book, where he describes how he slept in the pine-wood:

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Night is a brief momentary period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dew and perfume, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people doled between walls and ceilings is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afresh. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles. . . . A light wind, more like a moving curtain than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. . . . I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cover into our houses, seemed after all a gentle, habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid out waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists.

When he wrote this, he thought that he should pass his later years in friendly intercourse with savages, and that they should cut a path through the mountains and lovingly carry his body to its last resting-place on the summit of Vaca mountain. "Under the wide and starry sky, my grave and let me lie," he had asked in his "Requiem." His wish was granted. He sleeps his last sleep under southern constellations, and beneath him the boundless surging Pacific.

It may be objected, and not unreasonably, that these are instances of mere amateur vagabonds, and are not the genuine old-fashioned sort, who, a generation ago, were to be met with in every country lane, and whose favourite rendezvous was the Border country.

Yorkshire has for centuries been the head-quarters of the gipsies and other "gipsy bodies," and in summer the old Roman road which crosses the Thermois was on its lower slopes, lined on either side with their camps, a veritable street of tents. Not long ago, in one of my walks, I came suddenly on one of these camps pitched most appropriately in "No Man's Land," fox cover. The blue smoke curled up among the fir trees, and the three-legged pot sent forth a savory odour, as it steamed merrily over a wood-fire. A drinker stood tethered to a tree, while the children and dogs roved together among the heather, and bracken, and wild raspberry bushes. Altogether an ideal home—at least for a sunny May morning, with a fresh breeze sending the white clouds scampering over the blue, and what a contrast to a back court in a London slum!

However, the policeman—that august representative of law and order—is as inexorable with his "move on," in the scantily-peopled country as on the "populous pavements," and these wandering

tinkers are fast disappearing, and only the slouching, melancholy tramp remains.

In the extreme north and west of Scotland, cave-dwellers are still to be found, and some years ago I visited one of their habitations near Wick. This cave was of enormous proportions, and had been scooped apparently by wind and weather, in the high cliffs fronting the bay, with its storm-tossed waters and its biting nor'easters. I imagined it would make a cold winter residence, but on going in, found that the outer air only penetrated a few yards, when it was blocked by the cave air, and that, in reality, the interior was both warm and comfortable. In high tides, however, the waves washed over the slippery rocky path that leads to the cave's mouth, and on a dark stormy night three of the dwellers were caught by a wave and washed out to sea. A kind lady of Wick took one of the children, sent her to school, and trained her for domestic service. She was clever, and seemed to be happy. But, ah! those beguiling spring mornings that stir the blood in the veins like new wine! On such a dewy dawn she disappeared, and was never heard of more.

Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, and doubtless the vagabond helps. Though School Boards and police are doing their best to improve him off the face of the earth, the type will always survive. The inclination is too deeply rooted in human nature, the inherited instinct is too strong.

How many of the staid and virtuous are there who do not, at times, feel this overwhelming attraction, this mysterious prompting, and who, at the end, mayhap die dreaming—if not “babbling” like that notorious old vagabond Falstaff—“of green fields”?

M. M. TURNBULL.

WEST PYRENEAN DOCTORS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

GREAT is the verity contained in the doggerel, "Who does generalise, he tells general lies." Notwithstanding this ringing in our ears, we proceed to put together the dry bones of a typical medico of, say roughly, three good centuries ago, exercising his calling anywhere between Barège and the seaboard of the Bay of Biscay.

Glancing first at the proverbs of the district, we find current in Béarn the popular advice, "Go to the baker and not to the apothecary," which is, however, only the local variant for that of the man of the Cevennes, "Better go to the mill than to the doctor's house." The shrewdness and love of his stomach, peculiar to the Béarnais, made him likewise observe, "Good living makes a man far fatter than does medicine." At the same time, Madeleine Princess of Viane writes of Thomas de Gironne as "Our well-beloved doctor," while Jean de Pilar de Begloe is to be noticed as one of the assembled Notables who accepted the New For of 1552. Shortly afterwards, too, the Mayor of Morlaas was a Doctor of Medicine and a large landowner, as well as *persona grata* to the then Duke de Gramont. To go still farther back, in 1374 the "pension" of Jean de Nadillis, "médecin de Charles le Mauvais," king of Navarre, was 400 francs, besides a gift he got of 100 more, although that of Pierre de Béarn, Cardinal of Sainte Marie, was only 375 francs. It would seem, then, that the highest classes respected the Medicine Man of the period more highly than did the ignorant and vulgar, and that, in consequence, the successful doctor was not, upon the whole, at that time inadequately remunerated, considering how little he knew and the small amount of good he did.

As showing the early distinction between physicians and surgeons, in the lists of the army of Gaston Phœbus, about 1337, we find frequent mention made both of barber-surgeons and also of doctors. For example, "Gassiot de Samala, barber of Lescar," and "Pierre de Salefranque, Medge¹ de Morlaas," are both named therein,

¹ The Béarnais equivalent for Médecin.

and in the list of houses in Béarn, also made by order of the same monarch, the house of Monsieur Arnaud, "the physician," and such-like references, are by no means uncommon. Moreover, the idea then current of the *midecin* is to be gathered from expressions such as "The doctors who purge the stomach," in the "Nouvelle Pastorale," and "Doctors abandoned her because she could not be cured," in a Béarnais MSS. of the fifteenth century, given in the "Histoire Sainte." The chemist was known as the apothecary. He held a decidedly inferior position, and sold drugs only under the direction of the doctor, and was recognised, as we shall see farther on, at least as early as the sixteenth century, as belonging to a distinct class. The first instance in which he appears to have had any particular privilege accorded to him was in the eighteenth century by the Cortes of Navarre, when during a period of ten years the sale of alcohol was rigorously prohibited except by apothecaries; yet even then a physician's prescription was necessary before it could be obtained. We may remark incidentally that this legislature proved a complete failure. On Moorish-Jewish-Spanish doctors various monographs have appeared, as also on Catalan ones and those of the Balearic Isles, which latter were especially famous. Probably, by reason of their lack of reputation, there is no *locus classicus* to which to go for any information about those of the Pyrenean districts in the Middle Ages, not even about the Cagot-doctors (*i.e.* descendants of lepers), several of whom flourished near Tardets at the period of which we are now writing.

Fortunately, from the regulations binding upon the profession generally "Beyond the Pyrenean pines" in those far-off days, which are to be found in the New For of Béarn of 1552 (as in the older ones no such reference exists), and in the Fuero of Navarre, as well as from the contemporary documents to it bearing upon our subject that are so numerous and so well kept in the departmental archives, much more is to be gathered. And, in particular, that the doctor, the apothecary, the surgeon, and the barber, were, in effect, officers of State, appointed to attend the people of the country, though only after having taken most solemn oaths to treat those committed to their charge with ability and diligence. For this certain charges were fixed, but the individual, and not the State, paid the bill. The form of the oath taken by the doctor of the King of Navarre, as preserved in the archives of Pampeluna, is to the effect that he will faithfully fulfil his duties of *fisiquia*, and take every possible precaution to preserve and keep in health the person of the Sovereign, and not let slip his secrets. So faithfully was this oath kept and so

binding its effect, that Moors, Jews, and French were alike in turn chosen to the high office of Court-physician in Navarre. Nor must we, in this connection, omit to notice the stalwart character and heroic methods of the time. Rough were the days when Henri II. stood by his daughter Jeanne to make her sing, immediately before her confinement, the cantique of Notre Dame du Bout du Pont, that the child (Henri IV.) of whom she was about to be delivered might not be *pleureur et rechigné*; that, in fact, the *brebis* might, as she did, *enfanter le lion*. The Royal babe, immediately upon its arrival in this world—for it, indeed, of tears¹—had its gums rubbed with wine and its lips with garlic, that if it did happen to grow up the result might be a lusty Béarnais. For the four hours which followed upon her delivery, no woman was permitted to sleep by the doctor attending her, and, very probably, not long before and also shortly after confinement she further underwent the operation of bleeding, which was then considered a panacea in most critical conditions of human life. Notwithstanding the mischief that the sixteenth-century medico must indubitably have worked in every family he entered, the doctor of Henri IV. was able to retire from practice in middle life with five or six thousand francs of Rente, while the Marquis d'O, when suffering from retention of urine, was found by the same monarch one day surrounded by no fewer than sixteen members of the faculty, all at one and the same time. We may then, perhaps, fairly infer that the mediæval French doctor, due regard being had to the differences of environment, had a better time of it than his antitype of to-day, notwithstanding the limited qualifications and perpetual shortcomings of the former, both in knowledge and in treatment. But we shall see farther on that he had his troubles as well, as, for example, in the beginning of the fifteenth century in Paris, when he had to outdo, with all his limitations, no fewer than thirty-eight prosperous quacks, every one a dangerous and unscrupulous opponent. But, anyhow, the honorarium was high, the state he kept up ample, and the general repute in which our practitioner was held, notwithstanding the competition of priests, empirics, and herbalists, greater than it is to-day, except in the case of those who have advanced their steps to the highest rungs of the contemporary professional ladder.

It is now, perhaps, time to inquire somewhat into the qualifications and acquirements of the mediæval practitioner. The course for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine was thirty-two months, and

¹ A stiff neck he had in September 1597 was treated by his three physicians as tetanus!—*La Framboisire*, Op. Med. chap. des Lois, p. 250.

in this computation vacations were not reckoned. The examination was almost a farce, as its results would seem to have depended more upon the dinners and presents offered to the examiners, than to the answers of the student. After gaining the preliminary degree, he had to attend a fully-qualified practitioner in the fulfilment of the duties of his profession for another twenty months, and then he wrote a thesis for the full degree of Doctor in Medicine. The subject of this was, both in the years 1576 and 1577: "Does the foetus more resemble the father or the mother?" And shortly afterwards: "An formosæ secundiores?" "An quo salacior femina fecundior?" and "Estne femina viro salacior?" At the time of his presenting himself for the final degree, he had to make oath, as late as 1600, that he was unmarried. With the stock of knowledge acquired from the contemplation of subjects like those above given, as theses for the "doctorat" and after work at a hospital, such as the Hôtel-Dieu of the period, he started to run his professional course. At this hospital the death rate then was 1 in 4½ as against 1 in 25½ patients at Edinburgh, and as late as 1772 Joseph II., when visiting Paris, expostulated with Louis XV. for allowing, as he had himself seen, three persons in one bed there—one dead, one dying, and one not improbably soon to die in consequence of such proximity. Who can wonder that the wag of the period broke out into witticisms such as the following: "Medico summa impunitas hominem occidisse," "Après la mort le Médecin, Un vrai médecin d'eau douce," "Medicina ars suspicabilis," and the like, or that Molière and Cervantes devoted the attention that they did to exposing the shallowness of the contemporary man of so-called medical science? The advice of Arnauld de Villeneuve in the fourteenth century to his pupils was, among other like things, "My seventh proposition is of general application. Assuming that you are unable to make out what is the matter with your patient, tell him boldly that he has an obstruction of the liver. If he says that the pain is in his head or elsewhere, tell him with assurance that such pain does proceed from the liver. And be sure to make use of the term 'obstruction,' as it is one that patients do not understand, and it is of much importance that they should by no means understand."

As a further instance of the effect of the ignorance of the contemporary doctor, a child born fourteen months after the death of the father was declared legitimate, on the authority of Bayle, a famous doctor of Toulouse, who testified to the case of a woman in 1653 having been with child for thirty-five months, and another for twenty-eight months. Wonderful, indeed, were the ways of the

medico in those days, especially in the south; and, indeed, in the Spain of to-day, the doctor, and attendant doctor (*Señor practicante*) who carries out his directions, are still quite mediæval in habits and character, and very old-fashioned in dress and manners.

To return, however, to his forerunner, about whose pecuniary position the following distich must be taken with many a grain of salt:

Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Pauper Aristoteles cogitur ire pedes.

None the less do we find it quoted by De Maria, the great commentator on the New For of Béarn, in his remarks upon the rubric relating to doctors and apothecaries. In truth, in the south-west of France, not even much money fell to the lot of the medical profession in the olden days, and few, until the time of the two brothers De Bordeu (circa 1740), and Labarraque the chemist (still later), made any great name or even acquired much fortune, as far as we have been able to ascertain. The study requisite for real success in this arduous profession was so exacting, even in those far-off days, that the clever youth of southern France and northern Spain preferred other and easier callings.

Nevertheless, the duties imposed by the Fors of Béarn and Navarre as well as the somewhat subsequent Regulations, made early in the seventeenth century, relating to Doctors, Empirics, Apothecaries, and Barbers are all worth more than a passing note, inasmuch as they well illustrate the place then held by the profession in isolated states like these, and the relations existing between patient and medical attendant at a period about the culture of which most of us have no clearly defined ideas, or, in fact, anything more than a general knowledge. In Béarn, the legislature was shrewd enough to enact that no one whatever his degree at any university such as Paris or Toulouse, could practise until he had been examined before the judges of the town in which he proposed to set up. This regulation, no doubt, was taken from the Theodosian code, but it is curious that it is subsequent to those in the Fors and, therefore, apparently an afterthought. Shortly after its introduction, three apothecaries presented themselves for examination at Pau, when each one wanted to be examined first. The magistrates regulated the order of examination by lot, and that of reception and consequent right to open shop by the result of the examination, a decision that led to an appeal to Parliament, which, however, in the result upheld the view of the Pau magistrates.

In the hierarchy of medicine the doctor came first, as he with

a surgeon "not suspect" had to regulate the doings of surgeons, and also to inspect the quality of drugs sold, as well as to tax the apothecaries' bills. He was obliged to make oath, both in Béarn and Navarre, that he would well and truly prescribe and see to the proper making-up of his prescriptions. He had at first to go round with the magistrates three times a year to inspect the drugs in the apothecaries' shops, and when found bad to see them destroyed; but later on, as this duty appears to have been considered invidious, a state official was appointed *ad hoc*. Two offences against the medical code were heinous—empiricism and having any interest in an apothecary's shop. A priest was tried for the former offence, because he attended to a broken leg in which gangrene subsequently set up, and although he alleged that a doctor was the cause, he had to pay damages. The real penalty was exile for the first and a whipping for a second instance of empiricism, while that for the other breach of etiquette was loss of the drugs and banishment from the country.

The offences of apothecaries were numerous, and the punishment in some cases a whipping. The worst was the improper sale of poisons—that is to say, except when not duly prescribed by a known physician of reputation; and even then not to put down in a register the name of the doctor and person to whom such prescription containing poison was delivered, was punishable likewise. The sale of poison for drugging fish was prohibited, and also that of inferior drugs by any apothecary. To prescribe himself (unless a doctor could not be found) was an offence punishable by a whipping, and all preparations sold by him had to be made up in the presence of the doctor or of another apothecary. A barber-surgeon might only prescribe for exterior applications "according to surgery," but we are not told what was the penalty in such a case. Upon the question of remuneration it is hard to speak with precision, as the relative value of money then and now is so very difficult to fix, and the sol Morlaas was worth three times the sol Tourmois. Anyhow, the doctor got the statutory fee of 9 sols Morlaas and his expenses a day when he had to leave his town, and 1 sol 8 deniers for each visit in town, and 4 deniers in addition if he inspected a patient's urine. Also 1 sol 8 deniers for a prescription. In Navarre the fee was half a franc a visit in town, and 3 francs a day out. Every member of the profession was a privileged creditor when death ensued, as such bills as theirs formed part of the funeral expenses, and even the sacred *dot* of a wife could be depleted to pay them to an extent not exceeding a fixed amount. As may of course be suspected,

professional etiquette was the chief stimulus to keep down quackery, and we see the commentators complaining that such excellent regulations as those in the Fors were not adequately enforced by the police. We find, for example, at the very commencement of the seventeenth century, the Parliament of Bordeaux punishing with a mere fine a man who had asked for poison from an apothecary, yet who, having been given sugar-candy in its place, which, however, he duly administered, was only thus prevented from consummating his offence. Nevertheless, a few years before, the Parliament of Paris had caused a priest to be burnt for having poisoned the chalice at the Mass of Christmas Eve, while that of Navarre somewhat later hung a servant-boy for putting poison in his master's food, although in neither of these cases did death actually ensue. But, whether or not the provisions of the Fors were carried out, we find no instances recorded of serious offences committed by members of the medical profession, even in those remote times.

And now to try to draw a picture of the mediæval doctor. He was a man who, until 1600, had to swear, on applying for his final degree, that he was unmarried. His education, if lengthy, was most imperfect. His training entirely depended upon the practitioner to whom he attached himself when a bachelor, and from whom, if a clever doctor, he could of course learn much. His enemies were first, perhaps, students who tried to get patients; then quacks of all kinds, especially herbalists, who by the Council of Avignon had been forbidden to practise or prescribe (A.D. 1337); lastly women, as midwives and general prescribers of simples. Priests had been stopped from competing in surgery, both by the Lateran Council and also by the statutes of various Orders, such as those of the Dominicans, while Jews were theoretically tabooed by the Council of Beziers. But, nevertheless, faith-healing went on then as now, while most maladies were known by the names of saints. Thus the mediæval doctor, notwithstanding the respect in which he was held and the severe manner in which he comported himself, had by no means the monopoly of attending patients. Sorcerers, too, encroached upon his preserves, especially in Béarn and Labourt, but these competitors in popular estimation were rivals of the ecclesiastical dignitaries as well, and so often underwent condign punishment such as burning, doing penance, and such-like barbarities, at the hands of the tribunals of the day. As an instance, in 1592, near Pau, three sorcerers were hung, strangled, and burnt, and this in a country the criminal law of which was then exceptionally mild. Naturally, too, the doctor had a valuable ally at this period in that outbreak of public feeling which made various

districts in the following year get authorisation from the States of Navarre to make a joint arrangement for the prosecution of sorcerers, "attendu que la dangereuse et perniciouse vermine deus crimes se pullule." These countries were, and still are, especially superstitious, for to this day a wise-woman lives at Gazinet, near Bordeaux, who is visited by people of all classes, coming even from distant places like Biarritz. Midwives, again, were dangerous competitors. In Paris especially, where these persons were registered, much business was taken away by them from the doctors, upon the ground or pretended ground of decency, but really by reason of mere keenness of competition. That this is so, is shown by the grave opposition offered to the registration of Louise Bourgeois as a *sage-femme* merely because she was the wife of a doctor, and therefore the other ladies objected to receive her as an associate.

Concerning surgeons in especial, we have only space for a few curious facts. Castration, as is well known, was the commonest of operations, and among its virtues was supposed to be the immunity against leprosy thereby effected! Lithotomy, too, was generally practised, and not seldom with success. Indeed, it is matter for wonder how, with their imperfect instruments and utter ignorance of antiseptic treatment, the number of recoveries that undoubtedly did occur were anyhow brought about. In Béarn, as elsewhere, no doubt, a serious operation was then understood by the patient as involving a grave risk of life. It is not often, however, that we find the wily surgeon acting as did Pierre du Poey, physician and surgeon of Angoulême in the year 1541, when domiciled at Oloron in Béarn, when he induced Sansolet d'Oloron, before operating upon him for a certain affection, to execute a formal legal document of a remarkable kind. In this deed Sansolet undertook for his whole family that they should not sue Surgeon Du Poey for damages in the event of death ensuing from the said operation, while for himself he thereby further undertook in such event to "grant his pardon to his operator." In those days the "charlatan et pseudo-médecin empirique" was the great enemy of the surgeon as of the physician, and many are the treatises written against them, of which one of the most famous is that of Thomas Sonnet, Sieur de Courval, published in the year 1610.

From an inspection of the marriage contracts and wills of various village surgeons in the early part of the seventeenth century in Béarn, it would seem that they belonged to the peasant-proprietor class, and differed but little in habits of life from their patients, who were, as a rule, neighbours and friends, and with whom they intermarried, and among whom they lived and died as

one of themselves. The physicians were often men of better birth, younger sons of richer families, as can readily be seen from a transaction such as the following, which took place in the year 1670. Then Abraham Dufour, *docteur en médecine*, sold his late brother's seat in the Parliament at Pau for 36,000 francs to one Pierre de Landinat, an *avocat*, who no doubt hoped to make a better matter of business of it than could a man of science like a doctor. Furthermore, in the sixteenth century, the barons of Béarn, who were often very shrewd men, do not seem to have had any high opinion touching the acumen of their medical attendants, if we may judge from the following direction in the will of Arnaud de Gerderest, who died in 1560. It was to the effect that he was not to be buried until twelve hours had elapsed after his death, in order that he might not be buried alive, while, in the meantime, the body had to be watched by four faithful persons who were to be well fed during the performance of this duty.

For the rest, though far from claiming for the Pyrenean doctor of two or three hundred years ago the monopoly of ignorance, he was yet almost entirely without science or education, and by no means of the calibre of many of his fellows in Paris, Lyons, or even the south-east, of which Montpellier was so soon to be a shining light and centre of culture (like the Edinburgh of our own wilds), which was soon to lighten so brightly the surrounding darkness. But, comparing him with his antitypes, even in the North of England, at the beginning of the present century, it is a grave question whether there is much to choose between them. A noteworthy hedge practitioner of Cumberland who, when asked how he was treating a dying patient, observed with gravity as well as decision: "I have given her a 'binder,' and I am going to give her a 'loosener,' and if that won't do, she een must die," could not have been so very far in intellectual advance of his Béarnais *confrère* who would bleed anybody for anything, or castrate off-hand a favourite patient as a prophylactic against incurring possible future disease. Indeed, how the population was maintained under the circumstances would make by no means an uninteresting study. And yet he lived and moved and had his being respected by the gentry, and suspected only by those who knew him intimately in his daily life, in whose eyes, perhaps, familiarity had rightly bred contempt. Probably, even with these he held his own upon the whole, and was wont merely to chuckle at the ribald witticisms of the time that were directed against his obdurate though much-offending head.

Sir Richard Burton once, when graphically telling the story of one of his most remarkable adventures, concluded it in the presence of a famous physician with the remark: "But I killed the lot of them, and so it ended all right!" The physician (the late Dr. Bird), observed reprovingly: "And how did you feel, Sir Richard, after killing all these poor persons?" The rejoinder came at once: "Oh, pretty well, doctor; but then, you must know. How do you feel when the same thing happens to your patients?" The patients of Béarn and Navarre no doubt died—many in babyhood, many in early youth, and yet others beside—at an earlier period of manhood than they would have done had they been allowed to go their own way towards old age. When the doctor interfered, his interference was too often most unintentionally malign. Perhaps it was hardly his fault. He, like the poor musician in the bar-saloons of the Far West, whom customers were begged in the legend on his piano not to shoot, "because he was only doing his best," was, as we have good reason for supposing, like this same musician, only doing the same thing. Both alike with one accord, then, should be held to be unassailable on personal grounds. Yet, nevertheless, how he maintained the *aurea mediocritas* of his social position, and in favourable instances even made money under the conditions in which he lived and the rough persons he attended, the more we think of him the harder it is to conjecture. He had not the chances of the contemporary lawyer, or even of the ecclesiastic. Yet he was then, as he is now, the eligible *parti* of the *bourgeoise* with a little money, and even with his difficulties he managed to live a fairly comfortable life, and to hand on to his son a house, though usually only after his wife's death, and to leave something with which to marry his daughters, of whom, in the case of the surgeon in a village near Pau, from whose will at the end of the seventeenth century we quote, "there were five unmarried at his death." As this testator does not say how much he leaves, or what they are to have on marriage, we can only judge from what is disclosed by the marriage-contract of a similar practitioner in 1675, when the lady of his choice appears to have brought the young surgeon just starting in village practice 112 écus, to say nothing of the bed and extensive wardrobe, all set out in full detail, provided for the young couple by her parents.

Simple and unadventurous, then, was the life of the medico of the olden time in the Western Pyrenees, of whatever exact degree he might chance to be. Nor were compensatory advantages by any

means lacking. Usually for him "Paternum splendebat mensa tenui salinum." His vineyard gave him fair wine, his peach-trees good fruit, his *basse-cour* plentiful eggs and poultry, and his patients almost money enough to satisfy his modest wants, week in, week out. Thus he lived out his little day, a family man and near his native place, one of a community of neighbours, favourably recognised by the State, and also by those among whom he lived and moved and had his being. Upon the whole he fared as well as those who had embraced other callings,

Insanientis dum sapientie
Consultus erravit.

Touching such an one, let us then say in no unkindly tone, "Requiescat in pace." And if too often his works did not follow but precede him to that bourne from which no traveller returns, "Le vieux médecin des Pyrénées," on his own arrival there got all the more ample a reception. For long was wont to be the list of patients, kinsfolk, and acquaintance that he had in all good-fellowship expedited in their common race to the self-same goal, ever he and they alike "Supremum carpere iter comites parati."

A. R. WHITEWAY.

THE COURTYER.¹

THE Renaissance was a widening of the mediæval conception of religion, of morals, and of life. It was a loosening of old bonds and an enlargement of the horizon. It was scarcely worse than the Middle Ages, but it was looser and more licentious. It comprised no social or moral elevation which was higher than that of the long ages which had preceded it; but its view of life was less gloomy. The literature of classical antiquity was rediscovered. It was recognised that life may be pleasant if led under little moral restraint; and there was a hearty recognition of the *joie de vivre*. Of course, this re-birth of old learning, this wider and wilder recognition of the joys and excitements possible to sensual life, found full and free expression in literature; and, if it be not the greatest, one of the quaintest and most characteristic works of the epoch is that "Cortegiano" which we are now about to consider. In the divided, constantly warring Italy of the time, many Courts of Princes and of nobles, of rulers and of tyrants, arose and flourished—or fell—in a land of such conflicting interests, and of such political immorality. Then all were for a party, and none was for the State, there being, indeed, nothing like a State visible in divided and subdivided Italy. The patriotic Italian had no national unity to hope for, had no political ideal within the range of his practical vision. The different powers had no national objects, and the *stiletto* was almost more potent than the sceptre. The greatest enemy of Italian unity, and of Italy herself, was the Papacy, which, both in its actions and its aims, fomented all that was selfish in politics and dissolute in life.

When the sun is totally eclipsed, the stars are visible even at midday; and when there was no central point of unity discernible in Italy, the many minor States, Principalities, and Powers were

¹ *The Book of The Courtier, or The Courtyer*, from the Italian of Count Baldassare Castiglione. Divided into foure bookes; very necessary and profitable for yonge Gentilmen and G-ntilwomen abiding in Court, Palaice or Place. Done into Englyshe by Sir Thomas Hoby, anno 1561. With an introduction by Walter Raleigh. London: Published by David Nutt, in the Strand, 1900.

distinctly and very brightly visible to the naked eye. Then, when a young nobleman, or gentleman, he being not the son of a Pope or Cardinal, sought an opening for a career of ambition in diplomacy, or in war, he was driven to seek service as a courtier at one of the many Duchies or States in the distracted land; and it is to Count Baldassare Castiglione himself, as courtier at Urbino, that we owe this memorable attempt to depict the ideal courtier of the land and time. There was then no public, no political, and very little social life outside the Court of the potentate; and Castiglione well knew the best of such Courts, and discerned the ideal qualities which would render the adventurous young noble an honourable and perfect courtier. Castiglione was born December 6, 1478, at Casatico, in Mantua. His father was a captain under the Marquis of Mantua, and his mother was Luigia, of the house of Gonzaga. He was thus of gentle birth and of liberal upbringing. He, however, transferred his services from his natural lord, Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, to Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino; and this change in his career seems to have been actuated by his high reverence and respect for the Duke and Duchess of Urbino. The transfer of his services was effected in 1504, and in 1508 Duke Guidobaldo died. Castiglione held, no doubt genuinely, that Urbino surpassed all the other Courts of the time in Italy. Duke Federigo (1444-1482) was the first of the ducal line of Urbino who founded the fortunes and created the reputation of his Duchy. He built the great palace, and commenced the priceless library. He was a patron of letters and of arts. He inaugurated what our Dr. Johnson would have enjoyed—the “sweet conversation that is occasioned of an amiable and loving company”; and he attracted to Urbino many witty and distinguished men. The Duchess who presided over the learned and gallant society of her Court in the time of Castiglione was Elizabeth Gonzaga. Her Grace was, in the truest and best sense of the word, a *virago*—learned, elegant, accomplished. She bore herself with the sweet stateliness of lofty rank, with the courteous dignity of a noble woman. She loved music, dancing, all righteous pleasure; and she presided worthily over her little parliament of wit and love. She inspired reverence and love in all her courtiers. She restrained their debates (of which more hereafter) within the limits of becoming mirth, and within the confines of gentle modesty. She is a most graceful figure and presiding deity in the evening discussions held in her castle; and Castiglione always regarded her, and invariably speaks of her, with most chivalrous affection and reverence. Her virtue was above

suspicion and beyond scandal. The finest courtier could not have desired a more noble or more delightful mistress. She was the friend of the two Este Princesses, Isabella d'Este, of Mantua, and Beatrice d'Este, of Milan. It is always a joy to meet our Duchess in the disputations to which we are about gladly to listen. She was practically a young and handsome widow; owing to the ill-health of her husband, Guidobaldo, a man so unfortunate in all his undertakings that everything, with him, "came alwayes to ill success."

Not very long after his marriage this unlucky Guidobaldo "fell sicke of the gout," a complaint which the leechcraft of his day does not seem to have been able to treat, since we are told that the Duke's attack "encreasinge upon him wyth most bitter paynes, in a short time so nummed hym of all his members that he coulede neyther stande on foote or move hymselfe. . . . The Duke used continuallye, by reason of his infirmitye to soone after supper go to his reste; every man ordinarilye at that houre drewe where the Dutchesse was, the Lady Elizabeth Gonzaga." Always with her was the brilliant, witty Lady Emilia Pia, who assisted Her Grace to preside over the conferences held in "the Palaice, the fayrest that was to be founde in all Italy." In the list of *dramatis personæ* in nearly all plays, including those of Shakespeare, the male characters largely outnumber the female ones; and it is observable that, in the conversation parliaments of the fair Duchess of Urbino, the number of cavaliers very greatly exceeds the number of ladies present.

The invalid Duke having retired, there "was to be hearde pleasaunte communication and merye conceytes . . . so that thys house truelye myght well be called the very mansion place of Myrth and Joye." Verily it is a pleasant picture that Castiglione, through the faithful Hoby, paints for us of these aristocratic and learned after-supper assemblies. The *Stammgäste* were, the Lord Octavian Fregoso, Sir Fridericke (his brother), the Lord Julian de Medicis, M. Pietro Bembo, the Lord Cæsar Gonzaga, Count Lewis of Canossa, the Lord Gaspar Pallavicin, the Lord Lodovicus Pius, M. Mirello of Ortona, Peter of Naples, M. Robert of Bari, and "infynite other most woorthye Knightes and Gentylnen." There were some guests that were but occasionally present, and these were M. Bernard Ribiena, Unico Aretino, Johncristopher Romano, Peter Mount, Therpander, M. Nicolas Phrisio; and visitors were sometimes to be found as "poetes, musitiens and al kinde of men of skyl."

Such were the characters that played parts in Castiglione's pleasantly conceited comedy of theories, of courtesies, of manners. At these meetings "everye man conceyved in his mind an high

contentacyon everye time wee came into the dutchesse sight. And it appeared that this was a chaine that kept all lincked together in love, in such wise that there was never agrement of wyll or hearty love greater betwene brethren, than was there betweene us all. The lyke was betweene the women, with whom we had such free and honest conversation, that everye man myght commune, syt, daly, and laugh with whom he lusted. But such was the respect which we bore to the Dutchesse wyll, that the selfe same libertye was a very great bridle." The respect for and good opinion of good women which Castiglione so frequently expresses is in striking contrast with the contempt for women which is so generally shown by the Renaissance novelists—as Boccaccio, Straparola, Ser Giovanni, Bandello, Morone, Cinthio, Franco Sacchetti. Castiglione seems to have soon won the favour and good opinion of his Duke and Duchess. He was entrusted with several important missions, and even, as a special ambassador, visited England in 1506. In London he received from our Henry VII., for his master, the Order of the Garter. The martial Pope, Julius II., once visited Urbino, and was delighted with its joyous and cultured Court; but it was not always easy to retain Papal favour, and we find Urbino taken possession of by Papal troops. Castiglione was appointed ambassador to Rome and to Spain, from Federigo, Duke of Mantua, son of his early master, to whose service he was transferred in the dark hour of Urbino's disgrace. In Rome he was painted by Raphael, and one portrait is in the Louvre. Castiglione, by the way, maintains that Leo X. was poisoned. When the Bourbon, in 1527, sacked Rome, Castiglione's diplomacy was discredited and he was ruined. He died in Toledo, 1529, and his body was brought to Italy, and was buried in the Church of the *Madonna delle grazie*, in Mantua. Over his remains a red marble monument, the work of Giulio Romano, was erected, and this monument bore an inscription written by Pietro Bembo; but the Emperor Charles V. paid him a yet nobler tribute than is expressed in the frigid lines of Bembo. The Emperor, who had duped but respected Castiglione, said of him: "I tell you one of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead."

Castiglione married Ippolita, daughter of Count Guido Torello di Monte Miarugolo, and he was left a widower, with three children, in the year 1520, in which year Raphael died. After the death of Leo X., Clement VII. had been attracted to Castiglione by his frankness and honesty—"two qualities which exercise a singular fascination over men incapable of either." In the day of his successful diplomacy in Rome, Castiglione received, as his reward from the

Duke, the fortress of Nuvillaria, and Leo X. made him Count of that place. Guidobaldo of Urbino was succeeded as Duke by Francesco Maria della Rovere, who was his nephew and adopted son. Francesco, after the rout of the Papal troops by the French, when France, in 1511, seized Bologna, was deprived by the Pope and accused of treason by the Cardinal Alidosio. Francesco thereupon killed the Cardinal with his own hand; and Castiglione negotiated successfully the Duke's pardon and reinstatement by the Pope. To no man were the crimes of the Papacy, and of the Renaissance, better known than they were to Count Baldassare; but, in his great work, he never paints the shadow side of the villainous time. It is true that his special theme could be treated without much reference to the black qualities of the period, but it yet seems a little strange that he should have painted so much in sunshine. There was then so much that was evil that a contemporary may have had his senses blunted by witnessing such constant immorality. Renan says:

l'instinct de l'art, porté aux plus grandes délicatesses, mais sans l'honnêteté, fit de l'Italie de la Renaissance, un coupe-gorge, un mauvais lieu." Castiglione gives no evidence of having known the *mauvais lieu*.

Looking back over the dark backward and abysm of time, we may hope to have gained some glimpse into the times in which he lived, and some slight insight into the character and position of the accomplished son of Christoforo Castiglione, sometime captain of the troops in the service of the Marquis of Mantua. We have also seen somewhat of the cavaliers and ladies by whom Castiglione's Court life in Urbino was happily surrounded. Milton says: "I call therefrom a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war;" and Spenser dwells upon the importance of the means to be used "to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline"; and our Count seems to have indulged the same ideals, and to have essayed to hold a mirror up to the "scholar gentleman"—to the perfect courtier serving a worthy Prince or a noble lady. The sources of his inspiration are clear to us; and his great work, "The Book of the Courtyer," was finished in 1516, and was published, in Venice, in 1528. Before having recourse to the security of print, Castiglione had sent written copies of his book to Bembo, to Sadoletto, and to that most noble lady, Vittoria Colonna. Her ladyship was so delighted with the "Cortegiano" that she circulated transcriptions, sometimes imperfect, of the book among her friends; and, as we

learn from the Count himself (see his sarcastic letter, dated from Burgos "the xxi Septembre, 1527," to the Marchioness of Pescara), her illicit method of circulating his comedy induced him to hasten publication. The success and the circulation of his "Mirror of Knighthood" were, from the first, extremely great; and it became necessary to translate the chivalrous essay for the country of Sidney and of Raleigh; for the country which, under Elizabeth, also had a Court and very noble courtiers.

The translator was happily found in Thomas (afterwards Sir Thomas) Hoby, of England. He was the son of William Hoby, of Leominster, and of Katherine Torden, and was born in 1530. His mother was the second wife of William Hoby, who had a son of the *primo letto*, Sir Philip Hoby, who was twenty-five years older than his half-brother Thomas. William Hoby must have been a country gentleman of means and of position; and, in 1545, his son Thomas was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, a distinguished college of which Roger Ascham was Orator. Hoby's career at Cambridge would seem to have been somewhat shortened in consequence of his ardent desire to travel and to study in foreign countries, chiefly in Italy. In that country, he says, "I applied myself as well to obtaine the Italiane tunge as to have a further entrance in the Latin"; and he presumably also studied Greek. Young Englishmen of family and prospects went then to Italy in order to study the two great languages of antiquity, and Thomas met many of his countrymen, including Sir Thomas Wyatt, on his travels. He saw Venice in her glory; a city then presenting a "carnival of the senses," and "tempestuous with passion and with crime." Roger Ascham records: "I saw in nine days, in [that] one city, more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine year."

Hoby passed three and a half years in foreign travel. He saw much and learned much, and must have then become acquainted with Castiglione's epoch-making "Cortegiano." On Christmas Day, 1550, our young traveller was introduced to the Court of Edward VI. Thomas Hoby went abroad in the train of the Marquis of Northampton, in order to arrange a marriage between Edward VI. and Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the King of France. After the execution of the Duke of Somerset, Philip Hoby went to Flanders on some State errand, but Thomas, who was suffering from ague, remained at home. In 1552 he went to Paris, and there he began his translation of the "Cortegiano." Thomas joined his brother in Brussels, and there they heard of the death of Edward VI. Then

ensued burning Mary's day of fire, of stake, and of faggot, and the two Hobys took refuge, in 1554, in Padua, to avoid the slow agony of martyrdom—Hooper was three-quarters of an hour in the torture of burning. It was during this period that the translation of Castiglione was completed; but the publication of it was delayed while Mary reigned, as it would not then have been safe to publish a work which attacked or depicted Romish priestcraft. Philip Hoby died 1558, and the "Courtyer" of Thomas Hoby was published in 1561. He had avoided mangling or expurgating his faithful and notable translation—the one that we are now considering. In June, 1558, Thomas Hoby married Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. Her eldest sister, Mildred, married Sir William Cecil, and the second daughter, Anne, married Sir Nicholas Bacon, and became the mother of Francis Bacon. After the death of Sir Thomas Hoby his widow espoused Lord John Russell.

During the full, fell fury of the Marian persecution Philip and Thomas Hoby lived, retired, on their estates at Evesham and Bisham; and they escaped that flaming death, or imprisonment and deprivation, which befel many of their friends.

Thomas Hoby was knighted at Greenwich in March 1566, and he succeeded Sir Thomas Smith as English ambassador in Paris. From Paris he communicated to Cecil his views on French and foreign politics. He died July 13, 1566, and the Queen wrote a letter of condolence to Lady Hoby. Sir Thomas could scarcely foresee that the translation which he printed at the "Signe of the Hedhogge" in 1561 would be reproduced in London in 1900. Hoby passed away out of this life two years after Shakespeare was born into it. It is, of course, possible that Shakespeare may have seen the "Courtyer," but there is no clear evidence to show that he ever did so. The success of the "Cortegiano" was, from the beginning, very great; and time has proved that success to be enduring. The edition which has just appeared has the great advantage of a most scholarly and able introduction by Walter Raleigh, Professor of English at University College, Liverpool; and all students of Castiglione, and of the Renaissance, are deeply indebted to Professor Raleigh for his masterly literary criticism of the work and of surrounding literature. Hoby, no doubt, knew Italian well, and yet he was not quite a master of the "tunge." Professor Raleigh points out instances in which he has failed to produce the exact meaning of his author; but, they say, best men are moulded out of faults; and, allowing for some few misrenderings, the translation of Sir Thomas Hoby is so excellent, is so nervous, quaint, picturesque,

and sympathetic, that we may well accept it as *the* translation of Castiglione's great and pregnant book. We need no other. Many of our readers may, as we have done, read through the book in the original Italian; but even such readers will admit that Hoby's version reads, not like a translation, but seems to be an original work, with all the marks of Elizabethan or Jacobean style, set in the delightful half-phonetic spelling of his straightforward day. Of course, we know the facts, but yet it is hard to conceive that Fitzgerald's rendering of old *Omdr Khdyym* is other than an original poem, such are the convincing qualities of supreme and sympathetic translation. There have been other works on essentially the same theme as that of the "Cortegiano," but they all pale before the effort of Castiglione. Jupiter is a planet; Mercury is a planet; but how enormous is the difference between them in magnitude and in importance!

The three great houses of Ferrara, of Mantua, of Urbino, were rivals in their love for and patronage of literature and art, and of men eminent in such studies and pursuits. The house of Este, that of the Gonzaghi, that of the Montefeltri, were perhaps the most distinguished furtherers of literature and art in the Italy of the Renaissance. They were a triumvirate of competing patrons; but Castiglione gives the palm to the Montefeltri. Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, married Isabella, of the house of Este, daughter of Ercole I., and she was the sister of that accomplished and graceful lady, Beatrice d'Este, who married Lodovico Sforza, Duke of Milan; an unfaithful husband and a ceaseless intriguer, whose wiles and guile and over-cunning as a politician led him ultimately to a miserable end, in 1508, in a subterranean dungeon, cut out of the solid rock beneath the grim castle of Loches. Lodovico had the Pope, Alexander VI., and Louis XII. of France, as dangerous and deadly enemies. The daughter of the Pope, Lucrezia Borgia, had been the wife of a Sforza, and the good Pope hated the house of Este.

Elizabetta, sister of Francesco Gonzaga, married the gouty Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino; and Francesco succeeded his father Federigo, in 1484, as Duke of Mantua. Giovanna, sister of Guidobaldo, married, 1475, Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Sixtus IV., and brother of Giuliano della Rovere, afterwards Julius II. Her son, Francesco Maria, succeeded his uncle, Guidobaldo, at Urbino. We have, it is to be hoped, by this time attained to some little knowledge of that Court of Urbino in which Castiglione lays the scene of the charming debates which were mainly directed to determine the qualities

which should distinguish the ideal courtier of the land and time. We must imagine ourselves, after supper, in the stately room of Duchess Elizabetta, the Duke having retired to rest, and may see her surrounded by the gallants, poets, ladies, who, under the presidency of Her Grace, and of her deputy, the Lady Emilia Pia, are to dance, to sing, to indulge in graceful gallantry and courtesy; and to dispute upon such questions as may seem worth their consideration or provocative of their delight. The curtain rises, and the comedy commences.

Castiglione is dramatic; that is, each one of his speakers is an individually drawn character, and speaks in accordance with the author's conception of his idiosyncrasy. For instance, there is one young gentleman who is frivolous, but has no wit. A butterfly without wings is a helpless object. Our author is sometimes a little tedious, and makes use of many words; but it must be remembered that, in his day, writers and readers—very unlike writers and readers of our day—had a terrible amount of leisure, and were never hurried or impatient. It is observable that there were then strong misogynists, and such men were allowed, even in the presence of the Duchess, to speak with perfect liberty and licence. Thus, in this first conclave, Unico Aretino is suffered to declare that there exists such a being as an “ungrate woman, who, with the eies of an angel, and hearte of a serpent, never agreeth her tunge with her minde.” After some discourse about women and about love Sir Frederick Fregoso proposes that they should debate about good “courtyers,” and the “perfeccion of courtyership”; and this proposal is agreed to, the Duchess and Lady Emilia being “well pleased” with the suggested theme. There is much to be said about “of what sort he ought to be that deserveth to be called so perfect a courtyer that there be no wante in him”; and Lewis, Count of Canossa, proceeds to define the qualities necessary for this ideal being. He should be “a gentleman borne, and of a good house.” “Both in armes, and in all other vertuous actes, the most famous men are gentlemen.” And so, “in sportynge, in laughing, and in jestyng,” the witty debate proceeds. Count Lewis maintains that the “principall and true profession of a Courtyer ought to be in feates of armes, the which, above all, I will have him to practise lively.” M. Bernard Bibiena thinks that “oure Courtyer oughte of nature to have a faire comelynesse of fisnamye and person.” He should be neither “of the least, nor of the greatest sise”; and should have “understandyng in all exercises of the bodie that belonge to a man of war.” It is sagaciously observed that, in duelling, it is a “very

sure thing to be skilfull." In a duel the Courtyer must be "utterly resolved with himselfe, and alwaies shewe a readinesse and a stomake." He is to be "handsome, and very valiante, courteous, and modest"; and further, "I will have oure Courtyer a perfecte horseman for everye saddle." He must be expert in all physical exercises. "Whoso hath grace is gracious." The debate begins to wander and they talk of Petrarca and Boccaccio, and then learnedly of Virgil, Homer, Horace; and of "speach," and literature, ancient and modern. Then the Lady Emilia says, laughing, "uppon my displeasure, I forbid anye of you to talke anye more in this matter, for I will have you to breake it of untill an other night." They do not, however, obey her immediately; and the Count asks, among other things—"Have ye not hadde an eye otherwhyle, when eyther in the stretes goynge to churche, or in anye other place, or in sportyng, or by anye other chaunce it happeneth that a woman lyfteth up her clothes so high, that she sheweth her foote, and sometime a little of her pretye legge unwittinglye? And seemeth shee not to you to have a verye good grace, yf ye beholde her then with a certayn womanlye disposition, cleanly and precise, with her shooes of vellute, and her hose sittyng cleane to her legge? Truly it delighteth me much." The Count herein proves himself a nice observer of fashions, of manners, and of ladies' coquettish charms; nor is he reprov'd for his joy in studying women's artful ways.

But such passages of pleasantry are but interludes which relieve the strain of the main argument. Among the members of our gay and gallant society, "there was then to be hearde pleasaunte communication and merye conceytes, and in everye manne's countenance a man might perceyve paynted a lovyng jocundnesse . . . what maner or thyng the sweete conversaytion is that is occasioned of an amyable and lovyng companie, as it was once there"—in fair old Urbino. But Castiglione closes his *séance* with a curtain. "There was hurd a great scraping of feete in the floore with a charme of loude speakyng, and upon that everye man tourninge him selfe about, saw at the chambre doore appeare a light of torches, and by and by after entred in the Lorde Generall with a great and noble traine, who was then retourned from accompaninge the Pope a peece of the way." The great man who disturbed them was Francesco Maria della Rovere; and the discussion about the Courtyer, and about so many other learned and pleasant things, was postponed to another night. "The Dutches arose upon her feete, and so everye man, taking his leave reverentlye of her, departed to his reste." And here endeth our brief *résumé* and analysis of the "Firste Booke."

By the time that we have reached the "Second Booke" we have learned to love Hoby for himself and for his Tudor prose. We regard him less and less as a mere translator of Castiglione, but as in a measure the author of the "Courtier"; and we have become steeped in the ideas and in the manners of a cultured Court of the Renaissance.

We have found that the perfect Courtier should be proficient in "musicke, drawyng, and peinetynge"; and we listen gladly to Sir Fridericke when he enlarges upon the many accomplishments and fine qualities which go to make up the character of an admirable and ideal courtier of Princes. One thing seems clear: all the good points required by the courtier would be almost more necessary to the Prince. Sir Fridericke, however, maintains one gross heresy. He says: "it may be understoode that, where the Courtier is at a skirmishe, or assault, or battaile upon the land, or in such other places of enterprise, he ought to worke the matter wisely in separating himself from the multitude, and undertake his notable and bould feates which he hath to do with as little company as he can, and in the sighte of noble men that be of most estimation in the campe, and especially in the presence and (if it were possible) beefore the very eyes of his King, or greate personage he is in service withal. . . . And I remember I have knowen of them in my time that for all they wer of promesse, yet in this point they have shewed themselves but gross-headed, and put their life in as great hasard to go take a flock of shiepe, as in being the foremost to scale the walles of a batred towne, the which our Courtier wil not doe if he beare in minde the cause that bryngeth him to the warre, which ought to be onely his estimation." Here we find a direct incentive to "show off," and to merely selfish vanity. The ideal Courtier is not to run any risk unless, by so doing, he can obtain "profit" and advantage to himself, rather than to the cause.

According to this estimate, our Sidney and Raleigh would have been very imperfect and "gross-headed" Courtiers, as witness their conduct in Holland or in Ireland. They never thought of themselves, or of their "estimation," when danger had to be risked in the discharge of a soldier's duty. They were not vain, or cunning politic. Castiglione's teaching, even in the highest flights of his ideal, has in it a taint of the Renaissance, and he proves himself a countryman of Macchiavelli. His ideal is terribly debased by selfishness and worldly policy—by bare and rotten policy. The chief aim of his "Courtier" remains mainly selfish, worldly advantage. The man who shall stand upon the North Pole must, whichever way

he gazes, look towards the south ; and the Renaissance teacher can not divert his vision from interest and from policy. These attractions surround him everywhere, and lower his *panache*. Syr Fridericke has a good word for old men, even as lovers. "Of all the other ages, man's state is most temperate which hath nowe donē with the curst pranks of youth, and not yet growen to aunccienty." He gives some honest counsel to his courtier : "Very sildome or (in maner) never shall he crave anie thinge of his Lorde for himselfe, lest the lorde having respect to denie it him for himselfe, should happen to graunte it him with dyspleasure, which is farre worse." Even here the good advice is tainted with a touch of policy. "Oure Courtier shall use no fonde sausinesse." To this injunction no exception can be taken.

Our Courtyer should "esteeame favour and promotion, but, for all that, not to love it so much that a man should thinke he could not live without it." In connexion with the loyalty and devotion of a Courtyer to his Lorde, one very puzzling question arises—which must have been of immense and serious importance in a land and time in which a noble might have been Courtyer to Cæsar Borgia.

"I woulde have you to clere me of one doubt that I have in my head," quoth the Lord Lodovicus Pius, "namely, whether a gentleman be bounde or no, while he is in his Prinsis service, to obey him in all thinges which he shal commaunde, though they werē dishonest and shamefull matters."

"In dishoneste matters we are not bounde to obey any body," answered Sir Fridericke. "And what (reply'd the Lord Lodovicus Pius) if I be in service with a Prince who handleth me well, and hopeth that I will do anythinge for him that may be done, and he happened to commaunde me to kyll á man, or any other like matter, ought I to refuse to do it?"

Syr Fridericke is evidently perplexed. He answers, in the first instance, with hesitation, that "it is lawfull for a man some tyme, in his Lorde's service, to kyll not one manne alone, but tenne thowsande"—and he adds, later, that "it is a daungerous matter to swarve from the commaundementes of a man's superiors, trusting more in his owne judgement than in theirs, whom of reason he ought to obey." Even the good Syr Fridericke cannot leave policy out of sight, and refusal to obey evil princes might, at times, be very highly impolitic.

The end of the debate on this delicate point is a conclusion in which but little is concluded. Syr Fridericke, in answer to the

Lord Julian, expresses a preference for a "blacke colour," as having a "better grace in garmentes than any other"; and in this opinion he leans rather to the "Spanyshe attier," than to the "Frenche facion."

True to the fashion and vanity of his day, Castiglione dearly loves to show his learning, and his proficiency in ancient literature; and he is prolific in his references to the writers of antiquity. He also displays an intimate and loving acquaintance with Boccaccio.

This long "Seconde Booke" is very full of interruptions and questions; but, amid some banter and persiflage, the members of the conclave are generally "comely in jestes and merye pleasauntnesse." Manners were comparatively loose then, and certain matters are very frankly discussed before the ladies which would not be alluded to in their presence in this, our day. In connexion with "Meerie Pranckes" (practical jokes) many incidents are narrated which we must needs pass over in silence. The dialogue is mainly sprightly and courteous. The Lord General was present at this lengthy second debate, but he did not interfere much. The "Public Orator" is frequently changed at these meetings, and to Syr Fridericke succeeds, on this occasion, Signor Bernardo da Bibiena, who directed the studies of Leo X., and was afterwards raised to the rank of Cardinal. Bernardo is less sententious and more terse than was his rather diffuse predecessor, and the discussion wanders into an estimate of women, and a criticism upon their pretty, playful (or even dangerous and noxious) ways.

It is decided that a Courtyer may play, moderately, at dice and cards, though "chestes" is thought to occupy too much time and labour. He should have so much understanding that "every possible thinge may be easye to him, and all men wonder at him, and he at no manne." He may praise other men's good deeds, "though he perceyve himselfe excellent and far above others, yet showe that he esteameth not hymselfe for such a one." Surely this were the policy of vanity.

The two women-haters are the Lord Gaspar and the Lord Octavian Fregoso. We can fancy the Lord Gaspar, with sneering eyes and a certain heat of angry sarcasm. He probably knew the women of his day well, and held those who affected to praise them before the Dutchesse as hypocrites and time-servers. At times, when he was railing bitterly against women, we may imagine a good deal of clear expression and meaning in the eyes of Her Grace and of the Lady Emilia. Sometimes his attacks upon women were, no doubt, warranted; but, at other times, they have no more point

than has a round cannon-ball. We may, however, hesitate to give currency to many of his splenetic libels. The Lord Julian pleases the ladies by defending women, and is nominated to open the debate at the next *séance*.

Among the merry jests related by M. Bernard, he tells of a man who asked "how it happeneth, where prayer is made in the church upon goodfridaye, not only for Christyans, but also for Paganes and for Jewes, there was no mention made of the Cardinales, as there was of Bishops and other prelates." The asker received for answer, "that the Cardinales were contained in the Collet, *Oremus pro hæreticis et schismaticis*." Of a very bad man who was about to leave Rome, Don Giovanni di Cordona said, "Thys felowe is yll advysed, for he is so wicked that in abidinge in Rome it maye be his chauce to be made a Cardinall." Two Cardinals reproached Raphael (the "peincter") for having painted St. Peter and St. Paul too red in the face. To them Raphael replied: "My lordes, wonder you not at it, for I have made them so for the nones, bicause it is to be thought that St. Peter and St. Paul are even as red in heaven as you see them here, for verie shame that there church is governed by such men as you be." Syr Fridericke speaks of "some Frier Preacher of them that rebuke women in love with lay men, that their part may be the more." Lord Julian tells of priests that "beeguile the simple, but, for all that, abstaine not from falsifynge willes, sowinge mortall hatred between man and wief, and otherwile poison; using sorcery, inchauntementes, and al kinde of ribaldrie; and afterwards alleage a certain authoritie of their owne heade that saith, *Si non caste, tamen caute*. . . Thus with a veile of holinesse, and this mischievous devise, manie times they tourne all their thoughtes to defile the chaste minde of some woman, often times to sowe variance betweene brethren, to govern states, to set up the one and plucke downe the other, to chop off heades, to imprison and banish men. Other past shame delight to seeme delicate and smothe, with their crowne minionlye shaven, well clad, and in their gate lift up their garment to show their hose sit cleane, and the handsomnesse of their person in makinge courtesie . . . mischievous and wicked men, cleane voyde not onlye of all religion but of all good maner. And when their naughtye lief is laide to them they make a jeste at it, and give him a mocke that telleth them of it, and count their vises a prayse. Base and lewd priests, the bad and wicked of whom I (Lord Julian) have not yet spoken the thousandeth part of that I know."

It is very noteworthy how all the fine intellects, the poets, historians, writers, of the Renaissance, themselves all Catholics, agree in

their indignation against the Church of their day. We see how Castiglione and his cavalier friends esteemed it. Without citing the great Boccaccio, Bandello, and the novelists who were the abstract and brief chroniclers of their time, we may content ourselves with a few pregnant examples of the literary indignation and disgust of which we are speaking. Take a quotation from Roscoe: "The hardy genius of Dante shrank not, however, from the dangerous task, and, after having met with Pope Anastasius in the depths of Hell, it is no wonder that he (Dante) represents the Church as sunk under the weight of her crimes, and polluted with mire and filth." The milder spirit of Petrarca appears upon this subject to be roused to a yet higher spirit of indignation. In one of his sonnets he assimilates the Papal Court to Babylon, and declares that he has "quitted it forever as a place equally deprived of virtue and of shame, the residence of misery, and the mother of error; and in another, he seems to have exhausted on this theme every epithet of reproach and abhorrence which his native language could afford." We may also quote two short passages translated by Dr. Garnett, from Guicciardini, who says: "I desire to see three things before my death—but I doubt I may live long enough without seeing any of them—a well ordered republican mode of life in our own city, the deliverance of Italy from all barbarians, and the world freed from the tyranny of these execrable priests." He further says: "No one can have a stronger detestation than mine for the avarice, ambition, and sloth of the priesthood. Nevertheless, the position I have always held with several Pontiffs has compelled me to love them for mine own advantage; and but for this consideration I should have loved Martin Luther as myself, not for the purpose of freeing myself from the laws introduced by the Christian religion, as it is generally interpreted and understood, but in order to see this herd of wretches reduced to their proper condition, namely, that of their being left either without vices or without authority." The men that we have quoted had daily experience of the evils that they so strongly denounce, and their consentience is rendered more powerful from the fact they were mostly friends of religion, and opposed the Church with all the force of their readiness to reverence Christianity. It had become very late at this second sitting, and the Dutchesse defers the debate until to-morrow, intimating that the courteous graceful Lord Julian will then be expected to "facion a gentilwoman of the Palaice, who shall resemble the Courtier in all perfections." "And, when she had so said, they arrose all upon their feete, and takyng their leave reverentlye of the Dutchesse, everye man

withdrew him to his lodging." Many of them would reside in the Palace.

The "Thirde Booke," like the first and second books, is dedicated unto "Maister Alphonsus Ariosto." We find ourselves again in the apartment of the Duchess; and we are once more surrounded by the pleasant cavaliers and gracious ladies that we have learned to know so well, and to like so cordially. Castiglione commences his "travayle" by maintaining that the "Court of Urbin hath bine much more excellent and better furnished with notable men than we are able to expresse in writinge." The Dutchesse begins the conference by calling upon that fine gentleman, the Lord Julian, to "set furthe" his Gentilwoman.

When a writer wishes to praise his Courtyer or his Gentilwoman, it is open to him to attribute to his personages all the heaped-up, abstract good qualities that he conveniently can conceive, and Castiglione does not neglect this method of proceeding, though he is, perhaps, impelled to exaggerate the excellence of his ideal creations because such persons were, in hard reality, often so foul. He draws persons as they should have been, rather than as they were; and he may often awaken irritation and opposition on the part of those cynical hearers who were well acquainted with the actual fact. It is impossible now to determine whether our good Castiglione had any practical effect upon the life and conversation of the Courtyers and Gentilwomen who actually lived, and moved, and had their being in Urbin, or in the other Italian Courts of his country and his age.

The Lord Julian pays an exquisite compliment to his noble Dutchesse: "A great deale lesse peine it were for me to facion a ladye that should deserve to be Queene of the world, then a perfect gentilwoman of the Court, for of herr I wote not where to sett any pattern, but for a Queene I should not need to seeke farr, and sufficent it were for me onlye to imagin the heavenly condicions of a lady whom I know." The Duchess knew well which lady the lord meant. The speaker thinks that the Gentilwoman should be very different from the model Courtyer; and makes the admission that "there is a great lacke in the woman that wanteth beawtie." It is certain that the gentlewoman that the gallant Lord Julian depicts would be a charming, almost perfect woman: but, during his definition, the Lord Gaspar was preparing to "uttre his yll stomake againste women." It is the low man thinks the woman low; and the somewhat slanderous Lord Gaspar could scarcely understand or tolerate the Lord Julian, or any other gentleman, who might have a genuine

reverence for good women. The fibre of Lord Gaspar was so much coarser that he would only know of women—and there were many wantons in his day—who did dishonour to their sex. The miscreant goes so far as to assert that “nature, because she is always set and bent to make things most perfect, if she could, would continually bring forth men, and when a woman is borne, it is a slackness or default of nature.”

“Even so may a woman be said to be a creature brought forth at a chance and by happe . . . to esteame them above what they are is, me thinketh, a plaine error.”

The audacious libeller enlarges upon his malicious attacks upon women, and accuses the Lord Julian of giving them “false prayes.” The argument is entertaining, but lengthy; and we can only touch upon the broadest points of difference between the disputants. The Lord Julian is learned, and has his knowledge ready at hand; and he quotes many instances of the nobleness and virtue of women, citing, amongst others, the case of Camma. “The world hath no profit by women,” urges Lord Gaspar, “but for gettinge of children.” The dispute is carried on with great freedom of speech, and with broadness of illustration, till the Duchess said: “Speake of somewhat els, and no more ado in this matter.” She also admits that the Lord Julian has drawn his gentlewoman of the Palace as equal to his Courtier. Lady Emilia observes: “Whoso entendeth to be beloved, ought to love, and to be lovely.” The whole debate is most characteristic and charming, and we listen with pleasure to the ideas which occupied the minds, and delighted the fancies, of persons who lived so long ago, and in that old world so far away.

Castiglione shows, in describing this *séance*, that he is a dramatic artist in narrative fiction.

Imaginary conversations, when well done, are full of interest and delight, and our Castiglione has but few superiors in the art.

At times, we almost seem to hear the voices of some of the speakers—especially of the Lord Julian and the Lord Gaspar; and although portraiture is not at hand to assist our vision, we may yet image to ourselves a most distinguished, striking, and picturesque group of Renaissance nobles, poets, courtiers—and ladies. It were to consider too curiously to try to define the limit of time which stretches between the third and the fourth books; between the one debate and the other. In such matters, dates are of very little consequence. As is usual in connexion with pictures of assemblages of human beings, Time brings in Death, and we learn from our Castiglione how many of our debating friends have passed away.

Many of the men ceased to live, some are very highly promoted, and removed from Urbin, but still the subjects which have been disputed continue in all their vitality; and the creator of the ideal Courtyer has yet more to say; and we are still ready to listen with charmed and untiring attention.

"Cruell death," says Count Baldassare, "gripeth me in my minde," when he thinks how the shadow feared of man "hath bereaved our house of three most rare gentilmen when in their prosperous age and forwardnesse of honour they most flourished." These three are: the Lord Gaspar Pallavicin, the Lord Cæsar Gonzaga, and M. Robert of Bari; the latter "moste rare in the bewtie of fisamye." Then there are the removals and promotions, "for trulye there never issued out of the horse of Troy so manie great men and capitaines as there have come out of this house (the Palace of Urbino) for virtue verie singular and in great estimation with al men." "For, as you knowe, Syr Fridericke Fregoso was made Archebishope of Salerno; Count Lewis, Bishoppe of Baious; the Lord Octavian Fregoso, Duke of Genua; M. Bernardo Bibiena, Cardinall of Santa Maria in Portico; M. Pietro Bembo, Secreturye to Pope Leo; the Lord Julian was exalted to the Dukedome of Nemours and to the great astate he is presentlye in. The Lord Francesco Maria della Rovere, Generall of Roome, he was also made Duke of Urbin: although a much more prayse may be given to the house where he was brought up." Castiglione then praises, very highly, the Lady Eleonor Gonzaga, "the newe Dutchesse"; and he expresses hearty good wishes for the future prosperity of rare and dear Urbino. In the sitting described in the "Fourth Booke" Lord Octavian begins to speak on the subject of the "Gentilwoman of the Palaice." He alludes to Princes, full of "liberal" feeling, who think it "the true happynesse to do what a man lusteth," and he deploras the fact that "nowadayes Princis are so corrupt through yl usages, ignorance, and false selfe seakinge": but the real and eloquent orator of the "Fourth Booke" is Pietro Bembo, who probably owed that position to his authorship of "Gli Asolani," which was dedicated to Lucrezia Borgia, of whom Bembo was the admirer and the friend. That long tress of dead gold hair, still to be seen in Milan, was given by the infamous Pope's infamous daughter to the learned and courtly Bembo.

There is much talk about Princes—talk more interesting in that day than in this; but our attention is enchained when Bembo proceeds to deal with a "waightie matter," and to try to show "what love is." Such a question, debated in the Renaissance, and in such a meeting, has abstract value, and the charm of old-world thought

and feeling. We listen to the voice of Bembo speaking the thoughts of Castiglione. At some passages we feel how little human opinion has changed between the then and now : at other times we realise how wide the gulf is which separates the ideas of the Renaissance from the thoughts of the Victorian age. The Renaissance, in Italy, was not moral enough to be truly manly.

It may be interesting to cite some few of the more pregnant and characteristic sayings of Bembo. "In old time," he says, "Love is nothing elles but a certaine covetinge to enjoy beawtie;" but he adds, "who so thynketh in possessynge the bodie to enjoy beawtie, he is farr deceived, and is moved to it, not wyth true knowlege by the choise of reason, but wyth false opinyon by the longinge of sense ; whereupon the pleasure that foloweth it is also false and of necessytye full of errores." "The cause therefore of this wretchednesse in men's mindes is principally sense . . . which can not of herself understand plainly at the first the truth of spiritual behouldinge." "Yt is therefore not out of reason to say that olde men may also love without sclaunder and more happily than yonge men." "Wherupon doeth verie sildome an ill soule dwell in a beawtfull bodye." This last sentence suggests Shakespeare's

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :
If the ill spirit have so fair a house
Good things will strive to dwell with it,

and is the only distinct point of resemblance between the "Courtyer" and our great dramatist. "Then must the Courtier determine to shunn thoroughlye all filthiness of commune love, and so entre into the holye way of love with the guide of reason, and first consider that the bodie, where that beawtye shyneth, is not the fountaine frome whens beawtie springeth, but rather bicause beawtie is bodillesse, and an heavenlie shyning beame. She loseth much of her honoure when she is coupled with that vile subject and full of corruption, bicause the lesse she is partner thereof, the more perfect she is, and cleane sundred frome it is most perfect. . . . Let him laye aside the blinde judgemente of the sense." "Reasonable love is more happye then sensuell." "Refourme the falsehood of the senses." During the long dissertation, or exhortation, of Bembo, M. Morello frequently interrupts the orator with simpler and more common-sense reasonings ; but when Bembo concluded, he having spoken with "such vehemencye that a man woulde have thought him (as it were) ravished and beaside hymselfe he stood still without once moving, houldynge his eyes towarde heaven as astonied, when the Lady Emilia, whiche together with the rest gave most diligent care to his talke,

tooke him by the plaite of hys garment and pluckinge hym a little, said : Take heed, M. Peter, that these thoughtes make not your Soule also to forsake the bodye." "Madam, answered M. Peter, it shoulde not be the first miracle that love hath wrought in me."

Bembo was, at the time at which he delivered his oration, thirty-six years of age. Castiglione had a predecessor in expounding the Platonic philosophy of love in the chief of the Platonists, Marsilio Ficino. Spenser must have been acquainted with Bembo's rhapsody. The popular theory of Platonic love includes the idea of total abstinence : a doctrine far removed from the idea of chaste and noble love. The Platonists of the Renaissance, disgusted probably by the general laxity of manners in their day, adopted overstrained theories of love which were exaggerated, affected, and untrue. They overlooked the divine purpose in the creation of male and female ; they apparently despised the great law of the difference of the sexes ; and this while the imperious domination of sex was leading men into such depravity of sexual immorality. Their theories, like those of the later Shakers, would have led to a stoppage of the race of man in a world which must be peopled. They disregarded divine injunction, or irresistible impulse, and they recked not of imperious human needs and desires. Platonic love is unnatural ; but a pure and chaste love remains the very highest ideal of humanity. Such love elevates the higher aspirations of mind and soul above all merely sensual desires.

When the Renaissance Platonists did inculcate virtue, they sought to make it superhuman and unnatural. They wished to make virtue exist in an air of such tenuity that it could not breathe there. It was to be exalted to an altitude of such superhuman atmosphere that, in that rarefied air, it could not live. Facts, and facts very near them, practically dragged down their fine-spun theories to the very baseness of uncontrolled earthly debauchery ; nor were our Platonists the men who could teach chastity or control wantonness. Their good idea was made a bad one, owing to their assumed contempt for the facts of human life. They could preach total abstinence from the lusts of the flesh, but they could not teach moderation or enforce chastity or modesty. Meanwhile the Courtyer and the Gentilwoman of the Palaice, were not neglected. Castiglione concludes with a "breef rehearsall of the Chiefe Conditions and Qualities in a perfect Courtyer" ; and this "Rehearsall," brief as it may be, occupies six pages of the new edition of Hoby's charming translation.

It is noteworthy that the last sitting of the Parliament in the

“Fourth and last Booke” does not close before morning has arrived. Hoby thus quaintly renders this closing effect: “How can it be to-night?” quoth the Dutchesse.

The Lord Cæsar answered: “Bicause it is daye alreadye, and showed her the light that beegane to entre in at the cliftes of the windowes. Then every man arrose upon his feete, with much wonder, bicause they had not thought that the reasonings had lasted longer than the accustomed wont, savinge onelye that they were beegun much later, and with their pleasantnesse had deceived so the Lordes’ mindes that they wist not of the going awaye of the houres. And not one of them felt any heavinesse of slepe in his eyes, the which often happeneth when a man is upp after his accustomed houre to go to bed. When the windows then were opened on the side of the Palaice that hath his prospect toward the high top of Mount Catri, they saw alredie risen in the East a faire morninge like unto the coulour of roses, and all starres voided, savinge onelye the sweete Governesse of the heaven, Venus, which keepeth the boundes of the nyght and the daye, from whiche appeered to blowe a sweete blast that, filling the aer with a bytinge cold, begane to quicken the tunable notes of the prety birdes emong the hushing woodes of the hilles at hande. Wherupon they all, takinge their leave with reverence of the Dutchesse, departed toward their lodgings, without torche, the light of the day sufficing.” This is a delicious description of this fair closing scene, and we, the readers of the work, feel as little weariness of the debate as did the well-contented lords who went to rest by daylight and at dawn.

And so the curtain falls upon the arguments, the wisdom, and the wit of that gay and gallant assemblage of fair women and of brave men, of distinguished cavaliers and of lovely ladies. As we lay down the book, the voices seem to cease; the figures that we have been trying to imagine fade into memory and mist. The actors in Prospero’s insubstantial pageant were all spirits, and melted into air; but they live yet in the noble verse of our Shakespeare. The actors in the comedy of the “Courtyer” were more real and more human than the characters which appeared in the vision of the “Tempest”; and the Renaissance heroes and heroines live yet in the vivid and picturesque record of Castiglione, Englished by Hoby. It might seem that the preaching of the Renaissance Platonists was based upon what Othello calls “exsufflicate and blown surmise”; but yet the facts of the time present them with a plea for pleading as they did in favour of “spiritual love.” The Courts of Italy swarmed with bastards. When Lucrezia Borgia—herself illegitimate—reached

Ferrara, as its Duchess, she was received by four noble bastard ladies—by another Lucrezia, a natural daughter of Duke Ercole, married to Annibale Bentivoglio; and by three illegitimate children of Sigismund d'Este, Lucrezia, Countess of Carrara, the fair Diana, Countess Uguzoni, and Bianca Sanseverino.

The long Arctic winter—a sleep of death in frozen nature—is passed in ceaseless darkness; but the short Arctic summer is a blaze of light and sunshine which knows no night; and the Renaissance presents, at one and the same time, the cruel darkness and the brilliant light. The finer and more delicate natures, the idealists, sadly conscious of the widely-spreading obscurity, endeavour to depict only the comparatively little light; and are driven into exaggeration on the one hand, and to determined oblivion on the other. Hence Castiglione's somewhat affected attempt to paint the merits of a few Courtiers and of a small minority of lovers. In Italy, Spain, France, the Renaissance was a thing quite different from the Renaissance in England. The Latin races pushed new-found liberty to licence, and the characteristics of nationality were intensified by the quality of their Church. Charles Kingsley, speaking of the "glorious wars" of great Elizabeth, alludes to "that type of English virtue, at once manful and godly, practical and enthusiastic," which distinguished the cavaliers and the knightly seamen in England in the day of the Reformation. Chivalry in Italy at the same date did not rise to a very heroic pitch; and the Lord Gaspar's trenchant pictures of the women of his land and day proved the ironical indignation with which he regarded the women of fact. The true ideal, as Goethe tells us, is always based upon the real, and Castiglione had not much of reality upon which to base his ideals. It is only a general state of lax morality which could inspire his conception of the "Cortegiano."

The Renaissance in Italy produced, however, a vast output of memorable literature, the greater part of which is characterised by the prevailing debasement of Church and Court, of politics and of Princes. "Il Cortegiano" is not, perhaps, the greatest work of its time, but, if we read it aright, no book is more quaint, delightful, or typical than that which still virtually exists in the "Cortegiano" of Castiglione or "Courtier" of our own Hoby.

DRIFT.

“ I T all happened just exactly as I tell you—you don’t happen to have any ’baccy with you?—just exactly as I tell you. What sort of a man he was I can’t say, nor whether he was a German or an Englishman, or possibly a Dutchman, for he couldn’t speak; at least, as far as I know.”

As usual, there were several men in the room that opened on to the passage, but as soon as Ole Yvensen commenced his yarn all the talking round him ceased, and one fellow wriggled along the bench to ask: “What’s all that about, Ole?”

“You might have heard it before now,” replied Ole, “and then you’d have known it by this time. But you don’t happen to have any ’baccy with you?”

Yes, that he had, and so Ole filled his pipe and began again at the beginning.

“It was about that drowned man I was speaking. You see, it was many years ago—a good thirty or more—and at that time there was cod in these waters. Nowadays one may lie to and run out one, two, or three fathoms of line and bring up nothing more than half a score of haddock or so, but, as I say, at that time there was cod to be had. Well, it so happened that I was out in the boat with Jens Split and Hans ‘Heavystern,’ as we called him—the same who was afterwards drowned in America. Jens and I stood aft and hauled in the tackle whilst Hans sat for’ard and rowed. We had already got several score on board when suddenly the line became quite taut.

“‘Now then, pull away!’ I cried.

“‘It’s heavy enough,’ said Jens. ‘What can it possibly be?’

“‘Just you pull away,’ said I, ‘and then you’ll soon find out.’

“He went on hauling whilst I made all ready in the boat, for I certainly thought that it must be a gigantic cod.

“‘A thing like that!’ exclaimed Jens suddenly.

“I turned my head and looked at the surface of the water; first there appeared a bent arm and a hand, then a chest and part of a chin with a beard on it. But chest and chin sank again, for a hook

had caught in the trousers further down, and so the toes of a pair of boots came up right against the side of the boat.

“‘What has become of him now?’ cried Jens, who had slackened the line. I told him to haul in again, very carefully this time.

“‘Let him go!’ roared out Hans.

“‘Shall we let him go again?’ asked Jens, with the line in his hand.

“I looked over the side at the man. I looked into the boat; then I said: ‘He’s just as much a human being as the rest of us.’

“Well, we pulled him alongside, got hold of him, and lifted him over the gunwale. A terrible lot of water ran out of him, and he was, of course, rather awkward to handle; as limp in the back as a dead fish, in fact. Still, we managed to prop him up in the boat with his back against the prow and his face towards us, and there he sat.

“The sun was getting low and shone right into his eyes, and all the time that we were pulling up the line, and maybe taking a cod or two off the hooks, we kept turning our heads to look at that man, sitting up there with his face towards us. Hans, who was still for’ard rowing, seemed to get an odd sort of itching at the back of his neck. He kept fidgeting, and was for ever glancing over his shoulder.

“‘What are you looking at, Hans?’ I asked him.

“He did not reply, but began to whistle.

“‘No whistling in the boat!’ I cried.

“A little later Jens said, ‘It seems to me that he is glaring at us!’

“‘Rubbish!’ said I. ‘How can a dead man stare?’

“Some time after, Jens repeated the same thing, and Hans grew restless again.

“Just as we had hauled in the end of the line Hans let go the oars, stooped down to pick up a large starfish that was lying at the bottom of the boat, and, turning round, dashed it across the dead man’s forehead, so that it covered half his face.

“‘You shouldn’t have done that, Hans,’ I told him.

“‘Very possibly,’ he replied, ‘but neither should you have taken him into the boat. Every time I have looked at him over my shoulder he has been glowering at me, and that’s not pleasant, especially if you have to turn your back!’

“At sunset we put into port again. There were a good many people on the beach, who hailed us with ‘What fellow is that you have got on board?’

“Not a word did we answer till we had beached the boat. We

jumped out to haul her up, and some came and laid hold too, for you know how everyone likes to help where there is no proper landing-place. Then, when we had got her keel on the sand, I said to those standing round, 'Now you can come and see for yourselves who our mate is!'

"All came to examine him, and old Niels Skaffer inquired, 'Has he a watch on him, or anything of that sort?'

"'Why, that we never even thought of!' I exclaimed, and was just unbuttoning his clothes to make sure, when the pilot-master warned me to leave him alone; first of all the police ought to be informed, and, at any rate, a message should be sent to the Controller of the Customs.

"'I thought that this sort of thing was free of duty,' said Hans, and shook the drowned man a little.

"Those round us laughed, and as one is always bolder when there are others to laugh with one, Hans began to play all kinds of monkey tricks with the corpse.

"'I fancy you'll repent this,' I remarked, and Hans stopped.

"Well, the Customs officer arrived, smoking like a horse, with his tunic fastened awry across his stomach from pure haste. He was always uncommonly busy when anything occurred, for there was seldom aught for him to poke his nose into.

"'What articles have you on board?' he called out from a distance.

"'Look for yourself, sir,' I replied.

"Meantime Jens had thrown a tarpaulin over the man in the boat, because the pilot-master had said that he ought not to be touched. The Customs officer came up snorting like a grampus, sneezing and spitting, and blew his nose in the large red handkerchief that always hung out at the stern of his uniform.

"'Well, good folks,' he said, quite in a friendly, careless sort of way, 'what trifles have you got to-day?'

"'As a matter of fact, no trifles at all, sir,' I answered.

"'Speak the truth, Ole. You've probably been doing a little business on your own account; but if only the king gets his own and the law follows its course there is nothing illegal in the matter.' And, of course, he was right there.

"At that the Customs officer jerked off the tarpaulin, and there he stood with it in his hand, and stared at the stranger in the boat. The drowned man never moved a muscle—you see, he was free of duty—and the Customs officer said not a word either; he was just amazed.

“‘The devil—he smells!’ and then he threw the tarpaulin over him again.

“That was not over civil, it seemed to me, for after all he was a human being, even if he was dead.

“Well, the Customs officer said that a guard must be set, and information given to the police and the bailiff, or the magistrate, or the sheriff, or a clerk—the devil knows which; but, at any rate, one of them ought to be fetched, to make sure that the man was really dead and everything in order, and to see that he was not bringing the cholera into the country, or to find out if he had any bank-notes or love-letters upon him that might lead to identification. ‘In the meantime no one must touch him,’ said the Customs officer, and he became so excited over it all, that he quite forgot to be annoyed with us for not bringing him any dutiable goods.

“‘We must place a proper guard,’ he explained, and so he gave us two muskets and an old sword with a scabbard, for he had been a sergeant and could not conceive a guard unarmed.

“There we stood on sentry duty, and as evening came on the people gradually disappeared from the beach. About half-past nine the Customs officer came to inspect us before turning in for the night. As the senior, I stood with the sword, and the other two, Jens and Hans, had the muskets. I made them ‘present arms’ when the Customs officer hove in sight, for he liked that sort of thing. ‘Very nice,’ said he, and saluted. ‘Now we’ve despatched a message, and to-morrow morning the authorities will arrive. See that you behave yourselves, and don’t fall asleep, and—so long!’

“‘May I send Hans to the inn to fetch a drop of something?’ I inquired.

“‘A bottle on sentry duty! Are you mad?’ gasped he.

“‘Yes—yes—of course,’ I replied discreetly; ‘we’ll do nothing of the sort, only these autumn nights are long and cold.’

“‘A sentry never feels the cold,’ was his answer, and off he went.

“Scarcely was he out of sight when Jens and Hans threw the guns into the boat beside the drowned man, and Hans, picking up a bottle, prepared to make off.

“‘Where are you going?’ I asked, and drew my sword.

“‘Just you put up that butter-knife,’ said Hans. ‘Why, I’m going for a drop of something to keep us awake, of course!’

“He did go, and when he came back we divided the night into three equal watches, so that two might have three hours’ rest whilst the third stood on guard with the sword. As my turn came first, the other two crawled under the shelter of the dunes, with a bit of sail

over them. Of course, they would have been more comfortable lying in the boat with the main sail to cover them, but they did not care to do that on account of our strange companion.

“By this time the moon was up, and shone on the beach and the boat, and the tarpaulin beneath which lay the drowned man. I walked up and down by myself, with the sword under my arm and my fists in my pockets. I looked out to sea and up at the clouds to see what the wind would be next day, and I looked at the boat with the man under the tarpaulin. I began to think of the hardships of life, especially of a sailor’s life, who never knows when he begins at the beginning what the end of it all may be ; and the more I ruminated the more my watch seemed to depress me. I felt grateful to Hans for his foresight with regard to the bottle, for now I could take a little reviver. So I went to Hans, took the bottle out of his trouser pocket, and, after a good pull, was just going to put it back again when he opened his eyes and said—

“‘Go on—don’t mind me !’

“‘I thought you were asleep, Hans. Are you pretty comfortable?’

“‘Horribly uncomfortable,’ he answered. ‘The whole affair is the fault of that cursed drowned man. Why didn’t you let him go as I said?’

“‘Good Lord! Hans, one has some human feelings.’

“‘Well, if he could be of any use to us,’ Hans replied ; and then he sat up, and we looked at each other for awhile.

“‘Do you know what I have been lying here thinking of?’

“‘Maybe I could guess. Do you know what I have been thinking about, Hans?’

“‘It wouldn’t be his boots, would it?’ said he ; and, scrambling up, began to beat his arms across his chest to warm himself.

“We went down together to the boat, and lifting up the tarpaulin a little at the feet—

“‘They’re good new boots,’ says he.

“‘Let him be,’ said I.

“‘I could swear that no one noticed whether he had on boots or not,’ Hans insisted.

“I went back a little way to see if Jens was still asleep, and as I came down to the boat again and saw the boots, wet and glistening in the moonlight, I’ll not deny that I thought them very good boots.

“‘No, it won’t do,’ I said. ‘He is a human being, for all that he’s dead, and his clothes belong to him : if we take them it is stealing.’

“‘A human being!’ cried Hans. ‘No, a human being is alive, like you and me. When a man’s dead he is nothing—dust and ashes, as the parson says—and a nothing can’t own anything!’

“I stood still, and thought that over a little, but could make nothing of it.

“‘See here,’ said Hans, ‘if we took his watch or his papers—if he has any, that is to say—then that would be stealing, for they ought to be given up to these sparks that are coming to-morrow. I admit that a drowned man ought to be buried in the clothes he has on, but I don’t see why a pair of good new boots should be given to the worms.’

“I scratched my head and asked, ‘Then who is to have the boots; you or I? It’s no use sharing them.’

“‘We might toss for them.’ He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a coin. ‘Heads or tails?’

“‘No, I won’t do it,’ said I, and moved off.

“‘Well, then, I will,’ he replied.

“‘Give me the bottle, Hans.’

“I took a good swig, and then we went to the boat together and set to work, Hans dragging off the tarpaulin whilst I laid hold of one leg.

“‘Do you think we shall ever get them off?’ I whispered.

“‘What the devil are you doing?’ came suddenly from behind us.

“We both jumped aside and looked round. It was Jens, who was awake and sitting up.

“‘This won’t do,’ I muttered. ‘Jens is as leaky as a new barrel; he never can hold his tongue.’ ‘We’re just examining the drowned man,’ I added to Jens.

“‘Has he come to life again?’ he asked.

“‘Not that I know of.’

“‘Then we can go to sleep again,’ said he, and curled himself up once more.

“I looked at Hans, who had become as nervous as myself; he went and lay down by the side of Jens without a word.

“I turned to replace the tarpaulin over the drowned man. The moon shone right into his eyes, just as the sun had done before, and it was exactly as if he was looking at me and trying to say ‘You thief!’ It really made me quite uncomfortable. Never before in my life had I thought of robbing anyone, and never since either; but then with him the case was different. For when you come to the root of the matter, he really had no use for those boots. Nevertheless, whether it was so or not, I bent over him and said, ‘Forgive

me, mate, for what I was going to do ; keep your boots in peace, and good-night to you. If the cod turn out well this season I shall probably have something to spare for some new boots, without having to steal a worn pair from a dead comrade.' So I laid the tarpaulin over him again, and I'm not sure, but I had a kind of feeling that he would lie quieter now that he was assured of his property being safe. Why, we all of us like to keep what is our own.

"As soon as my time was up I went and shook Hans.

" 'And the boots?' he inquired.

" 'What God has joined together let not man put asunder,' said I; and I believe that made an impression on him, for that night the boots were not taken, and in the morning people came down on the beach to us, so that it was too late.

"The Customs officer came too, and we gave him back the sword and the muskets, with which we had been walking about in the clear sunshine.

" 'Did anything occur during the night?' he asked.

" 'Nothing that you might call an occurrence,' I answered for the rest of us ; but Hans and I looked at one another, stuck our tongues in our cheeks and winked, and then I sneezed, and Hans wished me good luck.

"Towards midday the official's carriage drove up. He had a clerk with him, and a couple of gentlefolk. One could see at once that they had had their breakfast—the gentlemen, I mean, not the clerk. So they came down the beach to us, and the official pointed at us and explained that we were fishermen. One gentleman put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, so that I thought that he was going to give us half a crown, but instead of that he took out a thing like a watch-glass, stuck it in his eye, stared at us, and agreed that we certainly were fishermen! The official then began his inquiries, explaining everything to the two gentlemen, who were visitors of quality staying at his house. I positively thought that they must be foreigners, as everything had to be made clear to them, but, as they spoke just like the rest of us, I can only conclude that they had never seen fishermen before.

" 'This drowned man is what the people in this part of the country call "drift,"' explained the official, and one of the gentlemen put it down in his note-book, so I fancy he had a bad memory. We turned out all his pockets, but only found a fur purse, so wet and rotten that it split in two. I gave the contents to the official, who had previously put on his gloves, and the clerk made a list. First there was a German bank-note, then part of a letter in English, which

the official said had no sense in it, and just a few Dutch copper coins.

“‘That’s not much,’ said the official, and certainly he was right there.

“He chatted a little with the Customs officer and arranged about the burial ; then all got into the carriage and drove off.

“In the afternoon the ‘drift’ was buried a little to the west of the town, on the edge of a field sloping to the sea. There was quite a gathering of us fishermen standing round looking on. The grave-digger threw three spadefuls of earth on him, and we all took off our caps, looked at the ground, and said nothing ; but whilst I stood there I couldn’t help thinking that it really was nice that he should have his boots with him, even if they were of no use to him lying there. The grave-digger went his way. We remained, and I feel sure that we were all thinking the same thing : that, in point of fact, it was hard lines on a poor drowned sailor not to have a few words said over him. Jens, who was standing beside me, began to look all round and hitch up his trousers. I quite understood why he was fidgeting, and so I nudged him gently and said, ‘Up with the helm !’ He went a step forward, with his cap in his hand, and began :

“‘Look here, all of you ; very possibly I shall get into trouble for this, but I don’t care if I do. It seems to me that he who now lies at anchor there ought to have a word from those who towed him ashore and those who saw him come into port. A peasant goes through his whole life with the bed in which he knows he will draw his last breath before his eyes, but a fisherman and a sailor never know where they may come to lie. No one can tell where he who now lies moored here came from, but all the same we might give him a friendly thought, and, perhaps, a wooden cross or a paling, if we can collect enough for it. And then if ever I or Hans, or Ole, or Per, or any of us, should come to grief and be washed ashore on a strange coast, we will hope that the fishermen and sailors will do the same by us that we have done by him—though we don’t know who he is ; and, perhaps, don’t get any thanks for it either. However, that is as it ought to be amongst fishermen. So then : God be with him.’

“‘Amen !’ said the pilot-master and all the rest of us : and that was how he was buried.

“Jens did very well ; but the year after Hans was drowned off America, where he went out as ordinary seaman, and I myself date this rheumatism that I am plagued with from that time. But I have often since thought of the drowned man and his boots.”

Translated from the Danish of Holger Drachmann by

H. MACKENZIE.

TWO REMNANTS OF PAGANISM.

THE two classic spots forming the subject of this article—those occupied by the Ruins of Pæstum and by the Sibyl's Grotto at Cumæ—can indeed both be mentioned in the same breath as two remnants of paganism; but there the resemblance ends. The purposes to which they were individually applied were as opposed as their respective situations with regard to the great ancient historic town lying between them were different. While one is situated on the Lucanian shore, and the other lies near the Campanian coast, so was the former consecrated to pure worship, as understood in those distant ages, and the other devoted to infernal rites and unhallowed prognostication.

Those who love to dwell upon past and partly forgotten ages would be unable to take up a book upon Naples without the three words "Ruins of Pæstum" having a fascinating, nay a magical, effect upon their minds, and without being fervently desirous of visiting the three temples. How beautiful these five syllables appear, even when their original is not present! What thoughts they cause to rise in the enthusiastic mind! What worship—what adoration—of the past would they inspire in a mystical, philanthropical, and poetical nature! And is there not poetry in the thought that but a short railway journey of three hours separates the wanderer on Neapolitan soil from column-enclosed spaces that have stood the wear and tear of so many centuries? The Ruins of Pæstum! There rise in our mind's eye the busy scenes that had once enlivened the area enclosed by the grass-grown embanked walls—imperishable in their solid *travertino*—that had formerly teemed with such active life, that had resounded with the contest of parties, that had rung with the din of strife as Pelasgi, Enotrii, Lucanians, Greeks, Romans, Lombards, Saracens, and Robert Guiscard's Normans had successively disputed for the mastery. There is a flowing sound in the pronunciation of the words, which, to an enthralled imagination, appear as if inscribed in gold.

We must now come suddenly to the present times, leaping over

the barrier offered by a foundation twenty-five centuries in age, and merely alluding to the dates of Pæstum's destruction and subsequent discovery. In 915 the Saracens surprised and sacked Pæstum, thus constraining the inhabitants, with their bishop (Christianity had been introduced early) to fly to the neighbouring mountains, where they founded Capaccio Vecchio. During the period comprised between 1580 and 1745 the ruins of Pæstum were completely ignored by Europe; but at the latter date attention was directed to these monuments of antiquity by the publication of G. Antonini's "History of Lucania."

Although having been made more salubrious of late years, Pæstum is still a viper- and scorpion-swarmling, malaria-stricken district, the wretched inhabitants of which continually fall victims to marsh fever. Barely fifteen years ago, so unhealthy were these parts that not so much as a drink of water was allowed to be offered. Now, besides what is afforded by the small buffet at the station of Pesto, travellers can obtain some slight modest refectation at the custodian's cottage, where also relics dug up amid the ruins, such as earthenware jars, plates, and coins, are to be purchased.

By reason of the antiquity of the remains and the interest that must inevitably be attached to them, the Pæstum ruins are certainly the principal attraction of the Neapolitan district, excepting, of course, Pompeii. Some observers, however, are not so much carried away by their inspection of the unearthed city as many may perhaps suppose. It is not until the gates are passed and the small museum left behind that the Pompeian ruins are disclosed to our view. From the railway a portion of the outer walls is to be seen ignominiously crawling, as it were, up the incline like a tortoise. Moreover, the examples of Pompeian mural decorative art to be seen in the Naples museum, although merely depicting scenes of everyday life, are not to the taste of people of refinement, and some critics rarely visit the ruins of the overwhelmed city whence all these viciously executed productions are derived without identifying the whole spot with these un fascinating emanations.

What is preserved of Pæstum constitutes what may be termed the greatest art-monument of Greek antiquity that Italy possesses. *Phistu*, of which Pæstum is merely the Latinised form, dates from most remote historic times, having been founded, according to Strabo, in the year 600 B.C. by Greeks from Sybaris. The latter spot, shorn for ages of its original brilliancy and luxury, is now a mere deserted, pestiferous, marshy tract.

Furthermore, a contemplation of the Pæstum remains, allusion

being particularly made to their sacred associations, does not carry with it any degrading reminiscences. Both ethically and materially the three temples present themselves majestically to our gaze in all their marvellously preserved purity and simplicity. Immediately upon alighting from the train the contemplator of Nature cannot fail to be struck with the desolate, bleak, and severe aspect of the mountain outline, and more especially with the huge, lofty, isolated hill rising at some distance in front of the small railway station. Proceeding along a narrow roadway bordered by high walls, our curiosity is soon gratified. The upper portion of the most distant of the three temples, namely, that of Ceres or of Vesta, is perceptible at some distance on the right, springing, as it were, from the ground in its classic elegance and grace. After a further short walk the most perfect temple of the trio, that of Neptune, with its immediate neighbour termed the *Basilica*, meet our gaze, but separated from the ground that we have just traversed by the glaring white main road.

Before setting foot within the reserved precincts, it is not uninteresting to cast a glance around. Nothing can be more desolate than the appearance presented by this district of Lucania, while the extreme melancholy of the surroundings characterises all things, whether animate or inanimate. The very dogs, cowed and half-starved, as they appear, fawn in a manner rarely seen in this companion to man. Neither can we fail to notice the extreme poverty of the inhabitants ; but the hardness of their lot has not redounded upon their nature, for their manners are pleasant and inviting. Even the custodian of the enclosed spot encircling the ruins was a mere boy, clad almost in rags. Loitering around are to be seen a few miserably attired children, who might be considered pretty rather than otherwise. At a glance their chief physical characteristics seemed to be black eyes, and hair of the same raven hue, which latter hung down wildly, the elf locks half-concealing the features. The dialect spoken by the inhabitants is purer than the Italian that may be heard in some parts out of Tuscany and Romagna, the emphasis laid upon the vowels being almost Spanish in its sonorousness. To cite an example, they have a peculiar way of pronouncing the word *signore*, dwelling at considerable length upon the penultimate. No guides or cabmen trouble visitors with their molestations at this distant spot, an absence to which those who are familiar with the enthusiastic reception accorded by touts and *ciceroni* to visitors to Pozzuoli and other places in the Neapolitan district will be delightedly sensible.

We now enter what with every justice may be termed the sacred

precincts—sacred not only on account of the religious motive that led to the building of these temples, but hallowed also by reason of their antiquity, their marvellous state of preservation, and by the sublime thoughts to which they must in some minds inevitably give birth. It is difficult to realise, when we gaze upon them, that they saw the light, as it were, two thousand five hundred years since. The hardest, most matter-of-fact, and most mercenary disposition could not fail to be impressed with these ancient fabrics distinguished by that greatest of all charms, simplicity. As we pace up and down within the peristyle our examination takes in the tangled brushwood of the surrounding country, watered on one side by the sea, that is perceived glimmering in the distance. The thirty-six colossal fluted Doric columns are preserved almost in their entirety, and are as upright as when they were set in their places. As we look upon them in their admirable state we see no reason why they should not last an equal time yet to come. The only outward sign of age to be noticed in connection with them is the pale yellow hue characterising the porous *travertino*. When we reflect upon the national historical events of which these columns must have been mute witnesses, and upon the rites that must have taken place within the space surrounded by them, we are almost led to forget that we are denizens of this monotonous world.

The condition of general immaculateness distinguishing the Temple of Neptune cannot fail to inspire reverence when viewed from the upper room in the guardian's cottage. From this position one can in fact justly admire the wonderful purity, symmetry, and preservation of the *exterior*. When wandering within, one beholds the state of *internal* ruin.

The temple dedicated to Neptune undoubtedly derives its appellation from Poseidonia (Neptune's town), which was the name borne by the city when it fell into the hands of the Romans in 273 B.C. after the fall of Pyrrhus. This temple is sixty metres in length and twenty-four in width. The columns form a *porticato* round the temple. The interior is formed by sixteen columns which uphold an architrave, supporting in its turn a second range of smaller columns which were destined to uphold the cover of the lateral peristyles. In the centre the temple was open to the sky, a mode of construction termed *hypæthra* by the ancients, thus designating the sanctuary enclosing the divinity.

The name of *Basilica*, conferred upon the second temple, is not by any means justified by its construction. By the disposition of its component parts it offers a strong contrast to other ancient edifices

in Greece and Sicily. The capitals of its columns differ from all others in existence. The *Basilica* was probably restored during the period of the Roman emperors. It is surmised that it contained two sanctuaries.

The Temple of Ceres, or of Vesta, although a fine monument of Greek architecture, is of more recent construction than the two other temples. It is also presumed that it underwent restoration in Roman times.

Many a public-school boy, as he laboriously or with facility, with satisfaction or with *ennui*, construes his Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, or Suetonius, perhaps hardly realises that many classic spots alluded to by these ancient writers are distant but little more than fifty hours' railway journey from the form-room wherein he is penned up under the ferrule of the master. The ancient Roman Puteoli, Mount Falerno, Procida, Cumæ—the mere mention of which latter place recalls vividly to our memory the last of the Tarquins and the Sibylline Books—Cape Miseno, the Gulf of Gæta, the Lakes Lucrino and Averno, and ruins of heathen temples innumerable, all lie in one direction, and all are within an easy distance of Naples, a spot known not only to the seeker after a warm winter climate, but familiar also to many a rough and illiterate sailor as he travels over the world. With a knowledge of the repugnant purlieu of the port of Naples, however, the mariner's classical knowledge ends. Absorbing as is the interest excited by an exploration of the outlying Neapolitan districts, it is well to bear in mind that the parts here described and alluded to are well known but to the few.

Notwithstanding the fact that human ingenuity and worldly wealth have so far succeeded in smoothing away those difficulties formerly confronting mankind when constrained to traverse distances, that the latter may be considered as impediments existing only in the eyes of the indigent, the mere fact of reading of events that are said to have taken place in neighbouring lands in times of far antiquity seems to carry with it an idea of geographical remoteness. It is not only to the juvenile mind that this hallucination is apparent. Even to adults the Rome of Pompey and Crassus seems to be farther away than the City of the Popes or the Italian capital of the tourist.

The grotto and cave identified with the dwelling-place of the Cumæan Sibyl of the ancient classic writers are situated—although at some considerable distance further inward—at a spot lying about half-way between the two stations of Baia and Arco Felice.

The site of the ancient Cumæ (or Kyme) itself, a corner of which emplacement is now occupied by the small hamlet of Cuma-Fusaro, lies still farther to the west. This most ancient Æolian foundation, its origin dating from 1050 B.C., was situated upon a hill near the sea, in the midst of the extensive plain lying between the Mount of Procida and the mouth of the Volturno.

At Cuma-Fusaro is the Lake of Fusaro, which is surrounded by a low stone parapet. The locality is now famous for its oysters. On the opposite side of this lake is the Licola Wood, which is preserved as a royal chase for boar and deer hunting. It is believed that the Lake of Fusaro formed the ancient harbour of Cumæ.

More than one traveller, after leaving the small railway station situated at the end of the Corso Vittorio Emanuele at Naples, has alighted at Cuma-Fusaro under the impression that the Sibyl's grotto of the ancient Cumæ is in the immediate vicinity; but the sparse remains of the once wealthy and powerful city—from which not only Puteoli was founded, but also Naples itself, and to which Italy is indebted for the introduction of Greek culture—lie at a distance entailing a walk of at least forty minutes. Even then the pilgrimage to the grotto has but begun.

The traveller, therefore, in his self-satisfied ignorance, considering that he will experience not the slightest difficulty in discovering the object of his enthusiastic search, sets forward at random, and despising all friendly offers on the part of flymen and others, pursues his way along the high road leading immediately from the station of Cuma-Fusaro. He is on classic soil, and is not disposed to brook interference or to shirk fatigue. In course of time the explorer will not fail to perceive that he has been proceeding in a direction totally opposed to the right one. Guided by a peasant whom he has at length condescended to consult, he finds it necessary to retrace his steps, and turning to the left proceeds along a road almost ankle-deep in white glaring dust until he reaches the small village of Baia. Nought now remains but a few ruins of the ancient town of which Baia is the modern representative. These ruins are considered by some authorities to be remnants of temples, but with more probability were pleasure resorts where the Romans in the times of Cicero, Augustus, Nero, and Hadrian partook of baths. The bay presents points of striking beauty. The grandeur of Baia was eclipsed simultaneously with that of the Roman Empire.

In all probability the traveller's guide will now leave him and branch off to his own home. The not unwilling cicerone has perchance heard of eccentric foreign wanderers, but he cannot afford to

devote more than a certain quota of his superabundant spare time to their vagaries. Even when Baia is reached, a considerable amount of persistent inquiry is still necessary before the bare vicinage of the Grotto is attained. The few country people one may meet—whether wandering in the direction of their homesteads, or whether workmen actually engaged in mending the roads—inevitably answer evasively when Lago Averno, on the borders of which the Grotto is situated, is mentioned. Any information that is vouchsafed is limited to the direction in which Lago Lucrino lies. This partial reticence is the more extraordinary since Lago Averno and Lago Lucrino are in close proximity to each other. As a result of the eruption of Monte Nuovo in 1538 Lago Lucrino was partly filled up. In Roman times it was famous for its oysters. Even at the present day it is still renowned for its fish, communicating, as it does, with the sea by a viaduct. At no great distance are to be seen the ruins of Porto Giulio built by Agrippina. It may interest many readers to be made aware that more than one conscientious traveller, who may have explored this melancholy district, could confirm the utter unwillingness of the peasantry and road-toilers even to allude to the piece of water that is associated with the Avernus of Homer and Virgil. The query might be repeated a hundred times, and the only answer elicited, if any reply whatever be extracted, would be in the form of a direct negative, or some statement implying utter ignorance of the existence of such a locality. It would almost seem that the belief, propagated in ages so remote as not to be reckoned with exactitude, that this desolate spot was once the seat of the infernal deities, and constituted the entrance to their horrent domains, had lingered in the minds of men until it had extended to the present hour, when, still existing in the form of a local superstition, pent-up fear forbade allusion to the unhallowed spot. But whatever may be the cause, the fact remains, strange though it may appear, that a feeling of dread still exists similar to the terror that Agrippa, in the time of Augustus, sought to dissipate by constructing Porto Giulio, thus connecting Lake Lucrino with Avernus. After passing the Stufe di Nerone, Lago Lucrino is at last reached. On the borders of this lake once stood the villa wherein Nero caused his mother to be murdered. This point attained, the route presents no further difficulties.

The road along which the traveller is now advancing, after skirting Lago Lucrino, turns abruptly to the left and leads directly to Lago Averno. This angle being turned, the way is found to be bordered on the right by a kind of small aqueduct, the sides and base of which are carefully and solidly paved with blocks of stone.

After pursuing this road for some distance, our glance, as we look before us, is dazed by something white and shining. Upon a first cursory inspection it resembles, in the dim uncertain light, a white-washed wall; but as we approach, it is discovered to be a sheet of water, a portion of which we have beheld equal to the breadth of the road along which we are now wearily plodding, and which abuts almost immediately upon the lake. We have now attained Lago Averno, a spot that is incontestably identified with the Virgilian Avernus. By this time it is almost dusk, the hour best suited to be dolefully impressed by the mournful and almost weird nature of the scenery. Like the other lakes in this desolate region, Avernus is surrounded by a low wall that gives solidity to its banks. The watery expanse is almost environed by some low-lying hills, which on the left are somewhat thickly clothed with verdure; but the slopes facing us, as we approach along the road, seem to be bare, and present a dull, miserable aspect most eloquently suggestive of the lugubrious memories with which the spot is associated. The nostrils of the solitary traveller are saluted by an offensive odour, owing its origin to the mephitic exhalations which are not yet dissipated from this melancholy place. No birds are seen to fall dead as they attempt to fly over this pestiferous sheet of water—the birth and remnant of unhallowed associations and the occult home of the eel and the tench—for the simple reason that not a single winged feathered denizen of the air is to be seen or heard as our glance roves almost despairingly around, and as the well-known lines in the sixth book of the “Æneid” rise half-tremulously to our lips. At some distance on the right, and almost immediately on the border of the lake, are the skeleton remains of what is stated to be a temple once dedicated to Apollo. The ruin is a mere shell, and seems perfectly in harmony with its dreary surroundings as we contemplate its roofless emptiness. Not a single human being is to be seen, for none approach the melancholy lake with the exception of a few eccentric tourists, all of whom may not, perchance, be thoroughly acquainted with the immemorial classic associations appertaining to the spot, and still fewer of whom, perhaps, are endowed with the morbid tenor of mind alone suitable to *appreciate* the mournful characteristics of the dreary scene.

While we are pondering or hesitating on the borders of the infernal lake, the sole guide allotted to the place issues from his tiny hovel built upon the water's edge, and respectfully inquires whether his *Eccellenza* wishes to visit the Sibyl's grotto.

A narrow winding path to the left, skirted on both sides by the

dense foliage of trees and bushes, leads directly to a solid bank of rock, or, more strictly speaking, tufa, which forms the hillside. Fastened at the base of the dark mass is a large iron door. There is but little to enliven us in the contemplation of this gloomy portal, and we almost start as we unexpectedly find ourselves confronting it. It reminds one irresistibly of *that* "porta" celebrated by the poet, which, once passed, closes, figuratively speaking, hermetically and for ever behind us. We are almost shocked at the indifference with which the guide turns the key, that he carries at his girdle, in the lock and throws the door open. The light thus suddenly admitted by the opening illumines a short space immediately within the entrance, but in advance all is impenetrable gloom. The guide then carefully selects what appear to be two twisted sticks from a heap lying in a corner. These are intended to serve the purpose of torches. Composed apparently of some hard, sinewy, ligamentous root, which by its nature and conformation offers a strong resistance to immediate ignition, it is of slow combustion. Retaining one of these torches for his own use, he offers the other to his visitor. The guide then enters the grotto, followed immediately by his curious companion.

A long black tunnelled gallery perforating the base of the tufa mount has now to be traversed. This passage is nearly three hundred yards in length. Casting a half-timid glance behind us, after having penetrated to the end, we behold what remains of daylight streaming in at the point that has given us admittance, the wide-open door appearing at that distance to be but a small oblong aperture.

At the upper extremity of the tunnel, and on the right, is a black hole-like opening, barely wide enough for a human being to pass along. This narrow passage leads down to the cavern of the Sibyl. It is customary for the guide at this point to carry the visitor upon his back. With one hand he steadies his charge securely by a knack taught by long experience, while in the other he bears his torch, his adventurous companion taking care to hold securely the one with which he has been provided. The announcement now made by the guide, that they are about to enter the *Porta dell' Inferno*, is not one to be received with indifference in such a situation. This dark pathway slopes gradually downwards. As we are borne rapidly along, nothing is to be seen but the black tufa walls barely illuminated by the lurid glare of the torches, the smoke from which half-chokes us as it blows down our throats. Soon the destination is reached, and the guide's feet are *heard* splashing in the tepid water, which, issuing from a spring, covers to a certain depth the mosaic pavement of the cavern. This cave or grotto is divided into

two compartments. Each is provided with a ledge, upon which the cicerone skilfully places his charge for a short time, while he explains the tradition connected with the retreat. It was here that the Roman generals came to inquire of the Sibyl what success would attend their valour in their pending warlike enterprises. Julius Cæsar himself, notwithstanding his greatness of mind—or perhaps not finding it expedient to despise a popular superstition—is supposed to have not been above consulting this oracle, if we are to judge by an old *arazzo* of the Flemish school, to be seen in the Ancient and Modern Museum at Florence.

The cavern, it has been said, is divided into two parts, both of which can be examined. We are to assume that, in ancient times, they were merely connected by an aperture. The Roman approached the opening and formulated his inquiry. This was responded to by the Sibyl from her recess within. (The name now given to this cavity is *Bagno della Sibilla*.) The guide, after having deposited his visitor upon the ledge within the innermost cavern, furnishes these details with considerable verbiage, and completes his statement by going through the form of invocation to the Sibyl, citing the original Latin words. This formula he quotes with a tremulousness that decidedly is not entirely assumed, even long practice barely sufficing to dispel the lugubrious impressions which the horrid aspect of this subterranean den must inspire in most minds. The weird effect is increased by the glare of what remains of the torches, as the lurid light is seen reflected upon his half-anxious countenance.

In sober truth, once having visited this obscure corner of the Cumæan district, associated in bygone ages with Hades, and to which, even at the present hour, local superstition would still seem to obstinately cling, it is not easy even for Time to entirely dispel the impressions experienced. As the iron door is thrown open, a vivid imagination can almost behold the dread Sibyl presiding over a tripod supporting a vessel within which the magic fire is burning. We can almost perceive her handing a lighted torch to her inquirer. Neither do we fail to see in our mind's eye the platter beneath the tripod, the flat receptacle supporting two crossed swords surmounted by a human skull, as well as the Sibylline volumes lying wide open upon the ground at a little distance from her.

THE CREEDS OF TZARLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE OLD FAITH.

A REPORT was brought to Basil, the Metropolitan of Moscow, in the year 1340, by merchants of Novgorod, who asserted that they had beheld a glimpse of Paradise from the shores of the White Sea. Whether their vision were merely the dazzling reflection of some sunlit iceberg, or only the glow of poetic imagination, it so fired the ardour of the medieval prelate that he longed to set sail for this golden gleam. Be the old legend true or false, it is certain that to this day the northern Mujik shows an even more marked religious enthusiasm than his brother of the central governments. Fanaticism, mysticism, and fatalism go ever hand in hand in Northern Russia. The Empire of the Tzars being so vast in area and so embracive of races affords space for all forms of belief, or want of belief, within her boundaries. All creeds are represented, from the pagan Samoyede of the Tundras to the Mohammedan Tartar of the Steppes. Our concern is with but one of these—the Old Believers. But to understand their doctrine we must glance at the clergy of the State Church from which they dissent.

The clergy of the Orthodox Russian Church are divided into Black or monks of St. Basil, and the White or parish priests. The latter must be married before they are ordained, and may not marry again (which has led to the saying, "A priest takes good care of his wife, for he cannot get another"), while the monasteries, of course, require celibacy. From the latter the bishops are elected, so that they—in contradistinction to their priests—must be single. This system is much condemned by the lower clergy, who ask pertinently, "How can our bishop know the hardship of our lives? for he is single and well paid, we poor and married." The rule, observed elsewhere, holds good in Russia, the poorer the priest the larger the family. Few village priests receive any regular stipend, but are allowed a plot of land in the commune wherein they minister. This allowance is generally from thirty to forty dessiatines (80 to 108

acres), and can only be converted into money, or food products, by the labour of the parson and his family upon it—very literally must they put their hand to the plough. Priests are paid for special services, such as christenings or weddings, at no fixed tariff, but at a sliding rate, according to the means of the payer, the price being arrived at by means of prolonged bargaining between the shepherd and his flock. Would-be couples often wait for months until a sum can be fixed upon with his reverence for tying the knot ; and sometimes, by means of daily haggling, the amount first asked can be reduced by one-half, for the cost of the ceremony varies—according to the social status of the happy pair—from 10 to 100 roubles. Funerals, too, are at times postponed for most unhealthy periods during this process. Generally, however, the White Clergy are so miserably poor that they cannot be blamed for making the best market they can for their priestly offices. Whether the system or the salary be at fault it is hard to say, but from whatever cause the fact remains that the parish clergy of the villages are not always all they might be ; there are many among them who lead upright lives and gain the respect of their parishioners, but it would be idle to deny that there are many whose thoughts turn more to vodka than piety, the kabak than the Church. Such shepherds have but little in common with the best elements of their flocks, and much with the worst, in whose company they are generally seen.

A painful, but by no means uncommon, incident occurred to the writer at Bertznit, a tundra village on the Peza tributary of the great Mezen river, within the Arctic Circle. It was "prazdnik," or holiday, and the peasants were paying visits to their friends. In the house where the writer sat waiting, while his three horses fed and rested, some thirty Mujiks were collected ; the door opened, and in stumbled Batiushka—all priests are addressed as "Little Father"—supported by the Deacon, who, to do him justice, was less drunk than his senior. This latter was a little man with a receding forehead, long dark hair matted with dirt, eyes red and swollen with drink, clothed in a dirty brown cassock—for the White Clergy wear any colour but that from which they take their name—a deer-skin cap, and long felt boots. After talking for awhile, and drinking more vodka, at his poor hard-working host's expense, he insisted upon prayers ; the peasants tried hard to dissuade him, anxious that a stranger should not see so disgraceful an exhibition, but he only cursed them loudly. His prayers he repeated mechanically while the Mujiks crossed and bowed themselves devoutly to the Eikon in the corner. Then he gave the benediction, raising, not his cross,

which had fallen to the ground, but his vodka glass, above our heads. No one interfered, it seemed no unusual sight ; but the old yamshtchik, who had driven and took a fatherly interest in the author and his work, shook his shaggy head and murmured, "Dourak" (fool). It was the only word of comment.

By the telling of this incident no reflection is intended on the White Clergy as a class ; only, it cannot be unsaid that there are some very unattractive members of that class, close to the Polar Circle, and in the other out-of-the-way parts of the Empire. There the "Pope," as the parish priest is called, has but little influence for good or ill over his parishioners, who regard him more as a retailer of certain necessary priestly commodities.

Many excellent men there are, nevertheless, among the "Popes," of whom one, an inspector of education, at Kem, on the Murman coast of Russian Lapland, stands out, as an educated, a sober, and a clean man, keen on the work of his department, a department which is making giant strides in Tzarland—the antithesis of the priest of Bertznit. Poor fellow ! he shared with me a compartment on the new railway from Archangel to Vologda, just after it was opened for traffic in 1897, and his fear of an upset, as he stood clutching at the door, as the little train dragged along at its weary, never-ending nine miles an hour, was a thing not soon to be forgotten. He cannot be blamed if he thought an account of our expresses, which was meant to be reassuring, somewhat overdrawn. Born and brought up in Holmagor—the old capital of the Province of Archangel—he had never seen a train, though he had travelled many a long verst by post sledge.

The poor "Pope" spends much of his time going from izba to izba, giving his blessing and receiving in return drink and a few copecks ; from this come, all too easily, the proverbs of his parishioners, "Am I a priest, that I should sup twice?" &c. Count Tolstoi makes his hero remark in the trial scene of the Resurrection, when his fellow-jurymen are more friendly than he would wish, "The son of a priest will speak to me next." But most of them have a side to their natures which, though not always to be seen, is, nevertheless, latent—the hour of need often lifts them to the lofty plane of their sublime functions ; the labouring—often hungry—peasant of the weekdays becomes on Sunday exalted above the petty surroundings of Mujik life, and becomes indeed the "little father" of his people.

From the Established Church of the State, the Church of the few in the North, let us turn to the old faith, the **Church of the many.**

The Old Believers, Raskolniks, or dissenters, are indeed a numerous although officially an uncounted, body in the North ; half the trade of Moscow, most of that which is Russian at all, in the Port of Archangel, all the Pomor shipping lies in their hands. The word Raskolnik means, literally, one who splits asunder, and that is just what the Old Believer is—one who has split off from the Orthodox Church. We have here but little to do with the causes of the separation, more with its present-day result ; but, in order to understand this result, the cause must first be mentioned, for the selfsame reason that American life would be impossible to understand without first taking into account the *Mayflower* and her crew.

Two hundred and fifty years ago Nikon, a friar of Solovetsk, an island monastery in the White Sea, having quarrelled alike with equal and superior, was set adrift in an open boat ; he reached the mainland at Ki, a small cape in Onega Bay, wandered southward to Olonets, where he got together a band of followers, proceeded to Moscow, obtained the notice of the throne, got preferment, was soon made Patriarch. He ruled with an iron hand, made many enemies, and when at last he obtained from Mount Santo, in Roumelia, authentic Greek Church-service books, and, having had them translated into Slavonic, forced their use upon the Church, with the aid of the Tzar Alexis, in the place of those previously in use, the revolt began in earnest. In addition to the altered service book, Nikon introduced a cross with but two beams, a new stamp for the holy wafer, a different way of holding the fingers in pronouncing the blessing, and a new way of spelling the name Jesus, to which the Church was unaccustomed. In each of these changes Nikon and his party really wished to go back to older and purer forms of Greek ritual, but many resisted the alterations, believing them to be innovations.

Such was the beginning of Raskol ; the end is not yet. Those who could not accept these reforms, or returns to older forms, took up the name of "Staro-obriadtsi," or Old Believers, holding that theirs was indeed the true old faith of their fathers. For them began, in very truth, a hard time ; a time which has left its mark most clearly upon their descendants to-day. Excommunicated and persecuted under Alexis and Peter I., they were driven in thousands from their village homes to seek a refuge where they could, in forest, mountain, or island ; a party reaching, in the year 1767, even to Kolgueff Island, where, as might be expected, they perished during the following year from scurvy. To these brave bands of Old Believers, setting forth under their banner of the "Eight-ended Cross," to find new homes beyond the reach of persecution, is, in large part, due the

colonisation of the huge province of Archangel and the northern portion of Siberia. That it was not always easy for the Raskolnik to get beyond the range of official persecutions is shown by many an old "ukas," and by many an old entry in the books of far-distant communes. Farther north and farther east, from forest to tundra and steppe were they driven, spreading as they went their Russian nationality over regions Asiatic; as exiles they settled among Polish Romanists, Baltic Protestants, and Caucasian Mussulmans, and with the heathen Lapp and Samoyede, and Ostiac, on the Murman coast of Russian Lapland, in the bleak Northern tundra, on the Petchora, and away beyond the Ural Spur, they found at last the rest they sought.

Their most dangerous enemy was not, however, the persecution of the dominant Church; they had placed themselves geographically beyond the reach of that: far more dangerous was further Raskol—splitting—among themselves, and it was not long before this overtook them. Cut off by their own faith, as well as by excommunication, from the Orthodox Church, the supply of consecrated priests soon gave out; they had lost their apostolic succession and could not renew it, for the one Bishop—Paul, of Kalomna—who had joined them, had died in prison, without appointing a successor. Without an episcopate they were soon without a priesthood; and the vital question, "How shall we get priests and through them Sacraments?" was answered in two ways, and according to the answer so were the Old Believers divided into two main sects. One sect declared that, as there were no longer faithful priests, they were cut off from all the Sacraments except Baptism, which could be administered by laymen. These "Bespopoftsi," or priestless people, were unable to marry; and to this—in a land where the economic unit is not man, but man and wife, where the ties of family life are so strong—was due their further splitting. Thus were these sheep without a shepherd, like the main body before them, brought face to face with a question to which two answers, very opposite in character, could be given. The majority, brought up suddenly by this difficulty, somewhat modified their views, and contracted marriages among themselves, binding on themselves, but void in the eye of Church and State. Some went through a ceremony of their own, taking solemn oaths by kissing the Cross and Bible in the presence of the families of both parties, other couples walked about their village, tied with a cord, that all might know their intentions; others, like the seafarers of the Lapland coast, held that, as the Sacrament was lost, mutual consent was all that was required, and this view is held to-day by their descendant

burnt or buried alive their offspring, holding that, as they were cut off from God, the only way of securing heaven for them was to allow them no contact with this world. Strange that in Russia, where the centuries, like the rivers, run so slowly, these priestless people, more than two hundred years ago, should have been fighting out for themselves problems of sociology, which even the most advanced of free-thinkers are shy of facing to-day, and this not from any wish to advance, but from a desire to retain old forms, handed down to them from all time ; not from radicalism, but from extreme conservatism. Thus by their rejection of details, which they considered to be innovations, they found themselves not only outside the limit of Christianity, but even of morality. Of these priestless Old Believers many to-day inhabit the Kola Peninsula and districts of Kandalax and Onega. The Government has lately made some concessions towards acknowledging their forms of marriage. Subdivision into an infinity of sects was the fate of the priestless, so that to-day a different form of creed exists in almost every one of their villages. The question of finding some substitute for their lost communion first divided them ; one sect partook of raisins, the Raziny, or Gapers—held their mouths open on Maundy Thursday, expecting that angels would indeed minister unto them. Confession formed another rock on which to split ; some appointing elders, others women, to hear their sins ; others told them to the Eikons. Some, becoming mad in their fanaticism and grief, thinking themselves cut off from every chance of salvation, and that the reign of Anti-Christ had indeed begun, preached and acted up to a gospel of fire ; whole families perished in their homes, surrounded by faggots to which they had set fire ; while three thousand perished in flames which their own hands had kindled on a little island—Paleostrovsky—in the White Lake, and whole villages followed their example in the government of Archangel. In Perm a whole sect starved themselves to death in a cave, under the leadership of a peasant named Khodkin. A minority of the priestless held out against even formal marriage, considering it a concession to the world and its ways ; they became the “wanderers,” holding literally that those who bind themselves to the world shall perish with the world. They, even now, make no earthly ties such as marriage, take no passport, acknowledge no law, hold no more communication with the world than is necessary to keep body and soul together ; well are they called “Fugitives,” for their existence in Russian Lapland, the Tersk coast, and the northern forest belt is much like that of the “Brodyaghi,” the escaped Siberian convicts—so well described by Vladimir Korolenko,

in one of his realistic tales—of whom forty thousand are said to wander about, unable to show their faces to the police, and enduring the greatest hardships in the depths of the primeval forest. In the government of Olonets these doctrines of wandering and holding aloof from the world were preached, and obtained a large following, as late as 1878 by an old soldier named Nikonof, and to-day many peasants of Yaroslav, who do not absolutely lead the life of wanderers, hold the belief, and when they feel life ending are carried out into the forest, fearful lest they should die under a roof.

The other branch of the original Raskolniks answered the dividing question of the supply of priests in a very different way; they held that the Nikonions had not broken the chain of succession by their innovations, and so accepted, after much heartburning, priests from the enemy's camp; it mattered not what the character of these priests might be, so long as they were in priest's orders, and so could perform the priestly functions. Some of them had run away from Orthodoxy and its ways, the majority from the police; they wanted a priest, not as a spiritual guide, but as a simple hireling, who could give them their lost Sacrament. In 1846, however, they persuaded an outcast bishop to join their ranks, and founded a See at Bielokrinitzkaga, in Austrian Bukovina, beyond the Russian Empire; from thence the succession was handed down, and now, after long decades of waiting, they have bishops and priests of their own. The practice of hiring a priest from the Orthodox Church, to conduct a service for the Old Believers, is still very common in the far North, where all villages have not the means to keep a "Pope" of their own; and many an Orthodox clergyman thus adds considerably to his precarious income by officiating for those whom his great-grandfathers excommunicated as heretics; indeed, the Government now encourages this practice, and has made some attempt to heal up the schism by allowing its priests to adopt, to a slight extent, the old customs in villages where all the inhabitants are Raskolniks. This can the more readily be understood when it is remembered that the Old Believers hold in all essential points the same creed as the Orthodox; they are—and their name implies—believers in the old faith of the Russian branch of the Greek Church, as expressed since the day of St. Vladimir until the seventeenth century, but not in the so-called innovations of Nikon. The points of difference are so small that it seems impossible a Church should by them have been cleft in twain. The Orthodox sign the Cross with three fingers extended, the dissenters with two, holding that the two raised fingers indicate the dual nature of Christ, while the three bent ones represen

the Trinity. It does not seem to have occurred to either party that the reverse holds true as well. The Orthodox Cross has but two beams, while that of the Raskolnik has four, and is made of four woods—cypress, cedar, palm, and olive; the latter, too, repeats his Allelujah thrice, the Orthodox but twice. Such are the points to which, in all probability, the peopling of the outlying portions of the Empire of the Tzars is due.

The descendants of these brave Puritan pioneers still retain a very characteristic self-reliance and independence which renders them easily distinguishable from their neighbours. Generally well versed in theological matters, they read in their old Slavonic missals the lives of the saints, for many still regard the Russian alphabet as the work of the evil one, and their reverence for the old hand-written Testaments, with their red rubrics and coloured initials, is very great, for they recognise the labour which the copying gave to their ancestors. The Old Believers of all sects take all texts in an absolutely literal way; an example of this occurs in the tale of Peter the Great, who asked them if smoking were a worse sin than drinking vodka, in neither of which luxuries do the strict of the sect indulge. "Certainly," came the answer; "is it not written, not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out, defileth a man"? Once in the market place of Mezen the writer showed an old silver cross, which he had just purchased, to an elder of the faith, and asked his opinion thereon. On the arms of the cross, in old Slavonic characters, nearly obliterated with age, were the words, "King of Israel." "This is no Old Believer's cross," he said; "for how shall we so belittle our Saviour as to call Him King of Israel? No! He is the King of Glory; had He had an earthly realm He would have been King over Russia, not over Palestine."

The Raskolniks have set a far higher value upon education than the Orthodox; the instruction given in their settlements often sheds a strong light upon the darkness of Orthodox ignorance around, and with the spread of education so does the sect extend and multiply. Their house can generally be distinguished by cleanliness, the presence of many Eikons, brass and silver crosses, and ancient books; its mistress by her greater thoughtfulness and capability. Old Believers are always glad to seize the opportunity, given so well by the long northern winter, with its almost endless night, of reading, and on their shelves are seen translations of our best authors, from whom, perhaps, it is that they have taken their advanced political views, and the outcome of whose perusal is

that the hunter and fisherman will often propound to one questions which show a mind well trained in logical thought. The Raskolnik is generally fairly well to do, for, like the Quaker and the Puritan, he finds a turn for business not incompatible with religious exercise, and to this is in part due the superiority and comfort of their homes. Most of them in the far North are fishers and hunters, sealers and sailors, and in these and kindred trades they make use of better and more modern appliances than their neighbours, and so generally realise more for their commodities. A friend of the writer's, Zigoff, keeps a baker's shop and store in Pinega, and in addition controls the gun making and repairing industry of the district; almost without tools, save those which he had made himself, he constructed explosive bullets which he fired with good effect from an obsolete small bore military rifle which he had drilled out into a very passable breechloader of larger calibre—a task which many a London gun shop would forward to Birmingham. While staying with another of the faith the writer had with him a pair of Canadian snowshoes, which the host copied, making a network of reindeer sinews to take the place of the catgut in the originals; this man had also conceived a plan for killing the forest bear. He made a left-hand glove, like an exaggerated boxing glove, of skins padded with flax, and, when Bruin raised himself to hug, smote him in the open mouth "with the left"; the astonished bear bit on the glove, thus rendering himself open to a stab with a long knife carried in the right hand. It was said of him that he had in this way killed thirteen animals single handed. The average Orthodox Mujik brought face to face with a bear would do nothing more dangerous to its peace of mind than cross himself and run.

Far from civilisation, in the impenetrable forests of the great lone land of Archangel, the fugitive Raskolniks were able to found retreats for themselves, untroubled and unobserved; these refuges still exist, and are called "Obitel," or cells. In the district of Mezen there are many such establishments, both for men and women; among the former the Anuphief Hermitage, or cells of Koida, stand in a splendid position, on the banks of both lake and river Koida, some 100 versts in summer by river, and 50 in winter, over ice, from the town of that name. At the beginning of this century 250 Raskolniks lived contentedly within its walls, engaged in sea and river fishing, sealing, and sailing to Archangel, in vessels of their own build, to sell their products and buy provisions. Cattle rearing and agriculture helped them too, for they reclaimed, and converted into useful meadow land, many of the swamps surrounding Lake Koida.

Nevertheless they could hardly have lived in such comfort had they not annually despatched reliable men to Moscow to collect alms; whose trips were attended with success far above the needs of the settlement, for their wealthy co-religionists gave freely, the funds thus increasing from year to year. From the twenties of this century the number of inmates began to decline, for new-comers were not welcomed by the older inhabitants. In 1828 Artemii Mechaieff, a peasant of Mezen, was elected Superior, and under his management the revenue increased while the inmates declined, which was to the advantage of the few that remained.

Mechaieff, although an old man, married a young peasant girl, named Saharva, and dying a few years later the management passed to her; but from that day the prosperity of the cells declined, an inmate despoiled her of 4,000 roubles, and three robbers, who were well acquainted with the ins and outs of the place, stole from it another 4,000 while the men were away fishing, and half roasted the widow, in order to make her confess where the remainder was concealed. Not long after she married again, and left the cells, and now only five men remain in them, and on their death will end the history of the place. Large buildings that are now in ruins, and meadows that once were swamps, alone bear witness to the wealth and work of the Raskolniks of Koida. The same fate has overtaken the cells of Seomsjia, where there are now but five inmates, who do no work, and live on the offerings of pilgrims and the proceeds of begging expeditions in the neighbourhood. Fifty years ago these cells were occupied by some threescore people, engaged in hunting and fishing; then indeed they did a good work, and many a poor peasant found there a refuge in old age, many a sick one a resting-place. They were really Old Believers in those days, and one would have sought in vain for a drunkard or idler. There is a "wonder-working Eikon" at Seomsjia, brought, so they say, by fugitives fighting their way through the then almost untrodden forest from southern storms, who found in this secluded spot a rest for themselves and safety for their treasured picture. Besides these there is the Ruchieffski Nunnery near Cape Intzi, on the White Sea coast, which has also fallen upon evil days.

Such is the history of what once were the hiding-places of martyrs and heroes. Two hundred years ago—having as yet no legal existence—they were centres from which men and women went forth to tend the sick and comfort the dying; but, when once recognised by law, they became little more than refuges for the idle. The day of such institutions is over. They helped to establish the faith of

their founders ; now their work is done, and they, with it, cease to be.

On Nonconformist, as on Orthodox, is laid the burden of severe fasting ; as Master Chancelour tells us, in 1553, " This people hath four Lents "—indeed, the eating working year is reduced to some 130 days. In the North, where vegetables and berries are few and fruit non-existent, the Mujik is left to fast on " treska "—rotten codfish—and the condition of the man who begins Lent underfed is indeed pitiable when he ends it. The endurance of the Old Believer is marvellous ; no offer of food will tempt him from what he considers his duty. The author crossed the Kaninskaia and Timanskaia tundras with one of the sect, who for four weeks existed on frozen bread and weak tea, with which he had provided himself, although his companion fared sumptuously on reindeer flesh and willow grouse which came within reach of his gun. Two results are without doubt due to the lack of wholesome food, and to the prohibition of that little which Nature has provided even in the frozen North ; one is scurvy, and the other drunkenness. Religious observances are kept in the letter rather than the spirit ; and the same peasant who cannot be tempted to eat meat often thinks it no shame to lie speechlessly drunk on the taproom floor, for a very little spirit affects a half-starved man and sets up a craving which lasts through fast and feast alike. If only the Orthodox Church of Russia would exercise her influence to inhibit the peasant's drinking, and leave him to eat what he is fortunate enough to get, she might exert a beneficial influence on his material and moral welfare.

ERNEST W. LOWRY.

LIFE WITH AN ARMY COACH.

BY ONE OF THE HORSES.

THE Rev. Wingfield Carruthers Bunny, M.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, was the army coach in question.

Our gentleman was Rector of the pleasant parish of Westcombe, which was situated in a hilly and picturesque part of Loamshire, and to him had been solemnly confided by the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the care of some five hundred Westcombian souls—as far at least as their spiritual interests were concerned.

His priestly functions, however, were not apparently of such an absorbing and arduous character as to preclude a due attention to sublunary affairs as well. His lot had indeed fallen in a goodly heritage; the rectory house, grounds, and adjoining premises were spacious and commodious, and, as an officer in the Church militant, Mr. Bunny, perhaps naturally, thought that it would be no uncongenial or unprofitable task to devote a portion of his time, in a spot so well adapted to the purpose, to the preparation of embryo officers in Her Majesty's service.

And thus it came to pass that the village of Westcombe gradually assumed the aspect of a military colony *in partibus agrestium*. Judicious advertising in the *Guardian*, the *Times*, the *Morning Post* and other papers possessing a high-class circulation, together with that magic influence which is called a "connection," soon brought the desired grist to Mr. Bunny's mill, and Mr. Bunny—who, by-the-by, had forgotten the extremely small amount of learning which he had acquired at Cambridge—found himself leading a kind of dual existence—posing, in fact, as Rector of the parish, and Principal of an institution wherein, "assisted by specially qualified masters," he undertook "to prepare candidates for Sandhurst, Woolwich, and the Universities, amidst rural scenery and healthful surroundings."

One of the advantages of capital is that it enables the capitalist who, without the possession of talents or scholarship, is endowed

by Nature with a fair amount of business capacity and tact, and a larger stock of assurance and acquisitiveness, to conceal his own intellectual deficiencies by hiring other men's brains. Mr. Bunny, accordingly, without disbursing any very extravagant sum in the way of salaries, managed to secure the services of a tolerably efficient staff, consisting of a major, a captain, and a lieutenant (all retired), together with an Oxford graduate—the writer of this paper—who was considered a fair classical scholar, and a Cambridge ditto, who was an excellent mathematician. The last-named gentleman, being in orders, was supposed to assist the good Rector in the church and parish of Westcombe as well as in tuition.

The institution prospered. The day arrived when the military element completely and triumphantly pervaded Westcombe, and Mars Gradivus chased Ceres and Pomona ignominiously from the field. The Rectory alone was sacrosanct, and heard not the tread of the warlike invaders. This mansion was reserved for the exclusive use and behoof of Mr. and Mrs. Bunny, and the numerous young rabbits—if one may be permitted the playful use of that term. But all the other tolerably decent houses in the village were promptly “commandeered” for the *canaba*. The present writer was assigned rooms in Westcombe Hall, a large, rambling place which had seen better days, together with the superintendence of four or five pupils who resided there. Major Gunn and Captain Malling, who were married men with families, had houses of their own. The Rev. Septimus Symon, the tutor-curate, and his wife and sister, occupied a pretty little villa with a nice garden. Lieutenant Brade lodged in a cottage in the outskirts of the village, the property of an ancient dame who looked after his comfort. The elder and steadier pupils, who were not supposed to need the special surveillance of a master, lived up and down the village, like men in college chambers, in houses which Mr. Bunny had secured.

Work before breakfast, although occasionally enforced by the Principal when in a rigorous and spiteful mood, was by no means popular at Westcombe. Breakfast was at nine o'clock, and was served—as indeed were all the meals—in a wooden structure, a kind of lean-to with a billiard-room attached, connected by some mysterious passage with the Rectory kitchen, and opening into the grounds, which were pretty and fairly extensive, and boasted more than one fine cedar. Mr. Bunny, a junior master, the present writer, and all the pupils were generally present.

After the matutinal repast, work commenced in earnest. Some of the classes were held in another wooden erection which was

popularly known as the "Shanty," others in the spacious lower apartments of Westcombe Hall. The Major and the Captain imparted technical and special instruction in fortification, tactics, and kindred subjects to the senior pupils, who were generally Militia officers; the Lieutenant taught French and German; the tutor-curate's course comprised mathematics and history; while the present writer took classics and geography—a rather curious combination. At one o'clock came lunch; then—save on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when tutors and pupils cut work for the rest of the day—study again till three o'clock, when a cup of tea might be had by those who desired it. At six o'clock there was dinner, an elaborate function whereat the Principal appeared with Mrs. Bunny and their eldest daughter Belinda, a damsel of eighteen summers, who had not the slightest pretensions to good looks, but who nevertheless, *faute de mieux*, was the cause of various and sundry heartburnings to the more susceptible of the youthful "servants of Mars," who indited sonnets on her charms, and were wont to affect an inveterate passion for lawn-tennis, her favourite pastime, in order to bask for a brief season in the sunshine of her smiles.

Dinner concluded, it was the pleasing custom of the more daring spirits, "flown with insolence and"—beer, which was liberally dispensed at the banquet, to sally forth, *agmine facto*, into the straggling village street, along which they marched abreast and arm-in-arm, indulging at the pitch of their voices in bacchanalian ditties of a more or less objectionable character. The work of the day was over and done with—what cared they for "Cocky" Bunny? And, sooth to say, they troubled themselves just as little about the deteriorating effect of their minstrelsy upon the morals of the unsophisticated villagers, which, it must be confessed, had never attained a very lofty standard, and were pretty much as they had been in the days of Shakespeare, who, it will be remembered, is apt to wax rather cynical when he speaks of the "simple country folk" and their little ways.

Chacun à son goût was then the watchword of the night. Cards and whisky were, it is true, contraband; but Westcombe was an anticipatory replica of Lorenço Marquez during the Boer war, and the forbidden goods were smuggled in and freely enjoyed in the men's chambers until a late hour, despite the off chance of a surprise visit from Mr. Bunny, before whose august presence, although he bore not the lily of Longfellow in his hand, all gates and doors flew open. Such was the daily routine in this elysium of the West.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Bunny's alumni obtained all their privileges—country life, country sports, and "individual attention"—for a mere bagatelle. The present writer knows that in the case of a certain young Baronet who was reading for Woolwich, the Rector of Westcombe was paid as much as £300 per annum. This was, perhaps, the maximum.

The "Westcombe boys," as the pupils were called in the neighbourhood, were quite notorious in the adjoining small towns and villages. Like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, they accounted it a pastime to break a number of confiding country hearts—farmers' daughters are very impressionable—and almost break their own necks in riding and driving mettlesome steeds hired by the day, and performing daring feats of horsemanship which would have made old Geoffrey Gambado shudder, to say nothing of their achievements with rod and gun, and their nocturnal attacks upon unpopular tutors, whose bedroom windows they would occasionally pepper with shot in a playful way during the small hours.

The military settlement at Westcombe was a little world in itself, and, like the great world outside, had its humours and intrigues in abundance. The Principal himself was—unconsciously, of course—no end of fun. Scarcely exceeding the modest stature of five feet, he had the perky and confident strut of a bantam cock—hence, no doubt, his sobriquet of "Cocky"—and assumed at times an air of awful majesty which may have impressed a few and certainly amused many. His ordinary head-gear was a billy-cock hat, which, however, he invariably discarded in favour of a towering "chimney-pot" when going forth to interview the parents of prospective pupils. On one occasion a certain scapegrace who happened to be standing at a window of the "Shanty" which commanded a view of the road, seeing the respected Principal, like Browning's Pippa, passing in all his glory and in full war-paint, naively but somewhat irreverently exclaimed, moving us all to *ἄσβετος γέλωτος* by the ludicrous spontaneity of the remark, "Doesn't he look a little fool!"

Mrs. Bunny was a matron who possessed a countenance resembling the Horatian *æs triplex* alike in hue and quality. She could take her husband's place at the dinner-table when that gentleman was unavoidably absent, and was capable of discharging the rôle of C.O. of the incipient warriors who graced his hospitable board with as much ease and *éclat* as she could have put to flight a commando of Boers in the war which is now happily drawing to a close, had she headed a corps of British amazons. The present writer has often seen this admirable Penthesilea in a "tight place,"

but has never known her to emerge from the situation otherwise than victorious. Her aplomb was simply perfect, and, like Launce's dog, she could "keep herself in all companies."

And then, was there not the charming Daisy Gunn, the only daughter of that gallant veteran and military instructor, Major Gunn? She was *nem. con.* the reigning belle of Westcombe, but, as the years flew over her virgin head, was generally supposed to be waxing desperate, and to be quite ready to wed even a "detrimental." Despite numerous flirtations, single clerics and laics had somehow managed to slip like eels through her delicate fingers. Westcombe was the Naxos of this disconsolate Ariadne of more than one Theseus, and the only likely Bacchus appeared to be Lieutenant Brade, whom the pupils credited with a sneaking regard for Daisy, which might eventually lead to something tangible.

The Lieutenant was a curious personality. Short in stature, he was of a compact and muscular build, and a perfect Hercules in strength. He could lift with one hand a man of six feet, whose bulk was quite proportionate to his height; and on one occasion, with a single blow of his fist, and without apparent effort, he sent a robust youth who had "cheeked" him literally head over heels on the floor of a class-room. He was an admirable linguist and a veritable modern Ulysses, who had sojourned in nearly every capital in Europe, but confessed a penchant for gay little Brussels. Decidedly a man "with a past," he was prone, under the inspiration of a glass of grog, to delivering recitals, more or less romantic and even lurid, of the melodramatic and rather spicy incidents which had marked and diversified his eventful career. How he had drifted to Westcombe, and why he stayed there, were only two of the many mysteries which enveloped him. He was fond of talking of a wealthy Brazilian widow who was devotedly attached to him, and who apparently disputed the empire of his wayward heart with the accomplished Daisy. The pupils always backed Daisy as the present goddess. Alas! "les absents ont toujours tort."

One might add almost indefinitely to this gallery of portraits—some of the pupils possessing idiosyncrasies well worthy of notice—were time and space no consideration; but the writer is conscious that he has already well-nigh exceeded the limits of his sketch, and will be satisfied if his feeble adumbrations have given the reader some idea of the lights and shadows of life with an army coach, as viewed by "One of the Horses."

TABLE TALK.

RISE OF ENGLISH THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

FEW subjects furnish more cause for reflection to the student of morals than the avidity of the public with regard to theatrical representations. So far as England is concerned, the passion for these is of modern growth. Constituting as they did, with the exception of an occasional joust or tourney, the only form of entertainment the public had a chance of witnessing, the representations during mediæval and renaissance times of mysteries and miracle plays were popular with the inhabitants of great towns, and with those denizens of the country who lived near enough to the centres of population to be able to find their way thither at holy-day tide. To the inhabitants of purely rural districts they must have been unknown, like almost all forms of amusement except outdoor sports. The Church looked with a friendly eye upon spectacles of the sort, the performers in which were not seldom clerics, while the church itself, or at any rate the close, was the scene of their production. This friendly attitude of the clergy was maintained when for representations of religious works were substituted profane shows. The fairs at which were given those entertainments of conjuring, rope-dancing, athletics, and the like, which prepared the way for regular theatrical or dramatic spectacles, were all but invariably associated with some great monastic or ecclesiastical establishment, the abbot or prior of which drew a profit from the congress of people. How closely connected were then the Church and the Stage is shown in the very names associated with the fairs, the earliest and most eminent of which in London was Bartholomew, otherwise Saint Bartholomew, while in Paris, out of a dozen fairs all named after Saints, the principal were the fairs of Saint-Laurent and Saint-Germain.

PERFORMANCE IN MEDIÆVAL AND RENAISSANCE TIMES.

AMONG the privileges conceded by the charters granted to Saint Bartholomew, the earliest of which dates back to A.D. 1133, King Henry I. mentions "firm peace" to all persons

coming to the fair which is wont to be celebrated at the Feast of Saint Bartholomew. More than five hundred years later, when in Paris, on account of the liberties that were taken, it was sought to stop the performances at the Foire Saint-Germain, the patronage and influence were accorded the actors of no less a personage than the Cardinal d'Estrées, who, as the Abbé de Saint-Germain-des-Prés, suffered as much as did the actors themselves from the prohibition of performances. Interesting as is the theme of the Church and the early Stage, I will not pursue it further. My purpose is established in proving that the repression of theatrical performances was not due to the Church, whatever its attitude might subsequently become. Neither was it due to Royalty. At a time when the Corporation of London was continually protesting against the mischievous crowds which congregated around the theatres at the Bankside or in the fields near Finsbury, and complaining of the danger to morality and the risk of the spread of the plague, Queen Elizabeth, though she allowed the imposition of severe restrictions by her Council, was careful to maintain her own right to what was her favourite amusement. The companies of players were sustained for her delectation by her great officials or nobles, whose names they bore, as the Lord Chamberlain's men or the Lord Admiral's men. Performances in which royalty itself sometimes took part were encouraged at the Courts of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs, and the records of the Lord Chamberlain or the Master of the Revels supply us with most of the information we possess concerning the first production of masterpieces of what is called the Elizabethan drama.

UNPOPULARITY OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

GREAT as was the influence of the Court, the drama was not popular in England. All that was most distinguished in intellect and rank flocked to the Globe, the Rose, and other houses at which the best works of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists were seen. With the growth of Puritanism, however, a strong sentiment against stage plays had been engendered, the influence of which lasted until far into the present century, and now even, though rapidly disappearing, remains perceptible. How strongly it asserted itself in early Stuart days is shown by the fate of William Prynne, who, for writing his famous "Histrio-Mastix: the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie"—a cyclopædia of all that the Fathers of the Church had said against the stage—sacrificed his liberty and his ears, the latter being shorn off by the public executioner, while the letters "S. L." (seditious libeller)

were branded on his cheeks. In addition to declaiming against the actors, Prynne was held to have attacked the Queen and other ladies of her Court who had taken part in the performance of stage plays. A few years later came the entire suppression by the Commonwealth of theatrical performances, an experience which, so far as I know, was confined to England among European countries. The prohibition of these lasted practically until the Restoration, though Cromwell in his later years winked at the half-public entertainments given by Sir William D'Avenant at Rutland House, and is said himself to have sanctioned and supported the performance of D'Avenant's "Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," when given at the Cockpit in Drury Lane in 1658, as being likely to inflame public opinion against the Spaniards, "upon whom he was supposed to have formed some considerable designs."

THE RESTORATION OF THE DRAMA.

AFTER the Restoration, restrictions upon dramatic performances were withdrawn, never, it may be believed, to be reimposed. The character of the pieces then given, and that of some of the actresses taking part in them—notably Nell Gwynne, who on the modern stage has been rehabilitated, it may almost be said, apotheosised—were scarcely calculated to reconcile with the theatres the more serious and responsible portion of English society. It needed accordingly the well-deserved attack of Jeremy Collier upon the immorality and profaneness of the stage to bring about the purging effected by Steele, Addison, and others, of what was vilest. Not very thorough-going was the reformation. It failed utterly to reconcile the general sentiment of the public with the stage, and the sentiment of the descendants of the Puritans, who constituted the dissenters or nonconformists of later years, remained implacably hostile. This feeling, modified to some extent in London, where fashionable influences always assert themselves, was general in the country. In the town in which I was born and dwelt the theatre was a hovel, not very much better than a barn, in a low quarter, and though it had some support from a small section of the public, was tabooed by respectability, and was a customary haunt of women of the lowest type, for whom a portion of the house was reserved. I myself never entered a theatre till, growing near man's estate, I went at my own charge to see Macready and Charles Mathews. These visits, though in no sense surreptitious, were not discussed by other members of the family, who paid my courage and conduct—I was the oldest—a mingled tribute of admiration and apprehension.

NEW BIRTH OF THEATRICAL TASTE.

TILL late in the present century theatrical performances were not very actively followed. The privileges of the patent houses were adverse to the establishment of new theatres. No chapter in theatrical history is more amusing than the account of houses such as the Strand, which, having no licence to take money at the door, had to resort to such devices as making admission depend upon the purchase at fixed prices of dainties and other commodities at a neighbouring shop. A still more hostile influence was public indifference. It thus came about that for a period of a quarter of a century, between 1841, when the Princess's was opened, and 1866, not a single new theatre was built in central London. Since that period a wonderful change has come over the scene. The subsequent quarter of a century keeps up an average of one theatre each year, and an almost complete circumvallation, if I may misuse the word, of suburban theatres is in progress. Numerous as are the new edifices, they are not sufficiently numerous for the requirements of modern London, and at the present moment half a dozen high-class managements seek vainly for a London house. The average attendance at the houses now open is far higher than it was when not a third of the number appealed to the public. A theatrical first night is a function at which society seeks anxiously to assist, and the streets in which the theatres are situated are, at the hour of closing, all but impassable. Seldom, if ever, has been witnessed a change so sudden and remarkable. The prejudice against the stage and its professors has died out. Clergymen are amongst the most assiduous frequenters of the theatres, and the man who now holds aloof is an exception, and in the way of becoming, if he has not already become, an object of ridicule.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1900.

"WITHOUT ARE DOGS."

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.


THE shadows fell over the hills, and the light mists that stole up from the valleys were touched by the rays of the rising moon; the long country lanes were silent and deserted, the last labourer had gone home from his work, and it was not yet time for the poachers to be astir; the hooting of the owls and the bleating of the sheep in a wayside field were the only signs of life, and not even a solitary cottage window gleamed out its token of human neighbourhood.

But suddenly, through the stillness, rang out a startling sound, or, rather, a sound familiar and even consolatory, but one which at that hour and in that lonely spot, could not fail to rouse a thrill of amazement—the sound of a church bell.

Clang! Clang! No church was visible, and yet the bell rose in full and regular cadence upon the night breeze, and a passing traveller might have been forgiven if his fell of hair had roused and stirred as life were in it!

That any worshippers should have been attracted by the mysterious summons might have seemed an impossibility, but as the bell rang on, a figure crept slowly out of the shelter of a neighbouring coppice and listened with eager ear and parted lips.

It was the figure of a woman, poor of dress and haggard of face, a figure that brought a shadow of human misery into the dreaming beauty of the night. Slowly and painfully she made her way down the lane, walking with a footsore halt which showed that she had been long on the tramp, while the night air bore the sound over her.



and hedgerow in ebbing and rising waves of sound ; but as she passed out from beneath the over-hanging trees, the country lay before her, a mass of light intersected by the dark lines of the hedges, and she paused to take a survey.

A pool of water here and there gleamed with a crystal flash in the rays of the moon, but from amidst a sombre group of trees huddled together at the foot of the hill a redder light shone out, not so pure and clear but with more of human warmth about it, and turning her eyes thankfully from the cold splendours of the moon she began to descend the slope.

There could be no doubt that the light and the bell had a common origin, for with each step the sound increased, and as she entered the shadowy thicket the outlines of a building rose before her ; a church—that was evident at once, even without the summoning bell, for her feet were stumbling over fallen gravestones, and the light from within glimmered through wide mullioned windows. And yet it was not a church in the ordinary sense of the word ; no entering congregation could ascend those crumbling steps, or pass through that barred and rusted door ; the ruined porch, the roofless aisle, the shattered glass, all told of desertion and decay ; then why should the bell peal out at this strange hour ? It was not the first time that the unfortunate wanderer had seen the church, but such a mystery as this excited her curiosity, and cautiously groping her way over the grass she climbed upon one of the fallen stones and looked in through the broken window.

The ivy had covered the gaping rafters and crept down the wall of the church till it found a support in the mouldering pews, twining itself over them in a living mantle of green ; the grass had forced itself up through the tiled floor, and delicate ferns nestled in the dark dampness of the aisles. No human being was visible, but seven candles were burning in different parts of the building, casting a flickering, uncertain light on wall and arch.

The woman drew her breath quickly as she gazed ; there was something so strange, so unearthly in the scene, that she dreaded to think what might next be presented to her view ; a congregation of spirit worshippers must surely be about to enter this death-like church, and in another moment she should see them appear in ghostly procession, chanting sad requiems as they came.

The bell ceased even as the thought passed through her mind, and she hardly restrained a cry of terror as a step was heard upon the echoing flags and a white figure came into sight advancing slowly towards the chancel. But the cry remained unuttered, and the

figure passed on unconscious, while the woman gazed after it, her terror changing into awe. The bright curling hair, the lustrous eyes, the white-robed form, reminded her of pictures of angels dimly remembered from her childhood's days, and she wondered whether this was not some spirit sent down to watch over the ruined church now that its human guardians had deserted it.

A book was in the strange priest's hands, and as he reached the chancel step he opened it and turned to face an imaginary congregation.

"And they said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

The terrible words rolled along the dim aisles, and echoed back again as with a chorus of assent from unseen listeners; the woman shuddered and clung more painfully to the crumbling window-ledge; it was her own doom that was being pronounced, she could not doubt it, and the blood in her veins turned cold. A moment's silence followed and then the voice began again—

"For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie. Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth, for they repented not of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their idolatries, nor of their thefts."

He closed the book as he finished, and stepping forward with upraised hand seemed to call down from heaven the curse that he had just pronounced; the woman's face grew paler as he approached, and her wild eyes fiercer; she knew that the angel was about to affix his woe upon her guilty forehead, and slipping down from her perilous position she fell heavily to the ground.

When she came to herself once more the scene had changed. The ruined church was still beside her, the mouldering gravestones were still beneath her aching frame, but the awful glamour had died away from earth and sky, and the objects around her showed dim and wan as a midnight sorrow encountered in the dawning light of day. Her thin dress was wet with the dew, her damp hair clung about her face, her weary eyes looked out lifelessly above the white hollows of her cheeks. At first she scarcely remembered the terror that had caused her swoon, fatigue and hunger had often exhausted her before, and it was no surprise to her that they should have done so again; but as she raised herself stiffly upon her elbow and looked at the loose grey stones that she had brought down in her fall a sudden tremor passed over her and she got up hastily.

Once on her feet, however, she recalled her presence of mind ; facts, not fancies, were what she had to deal with : stern, cold facts that pressed relentlessly upon her spirit like thorns upon shuddering flesh. It was early yet, she knew ; her country love came back to her with the sight and scent of the fields, and leaving the church behind her without venturing a backward look, she sat down by the side of the pool that she might wash away the stains of her travel.

Slowly the light strengthened, the grey brightened into saffron, the saffron glowed into pink, but no answering joy flashed through the livid hues of her face, returning day is the universal symbol of returning hope and happiness, but to those whose deeds are deeds of darkness, light is the sign of discovery and of judgment. The sense of forgotten things which had been dimly reawakened in her on the preceding night was touched with a quivering pain as distant sounds began to fall upon her ear. The crowing of the farmyard cock made her think, not of that cheerful domestic bird leading out his family to seek their morning meal, but of those words of dark and solemn import—"Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny Me thrice!" She thought thereon, but, unlike Peter, she could not weep: for her the blessedness of tears was withheld, and as the barking of a shepherd's collie rang out through the morning mist, the voice of the ghostly minister rang once more in her ears. "For without are dogs."

She spring up from her seat with a sob that was born not of sorrow, but of despair, and began pacing up and down by the side of the water until the chill gloominess of the dawn had passed away and the commonplace aspect of everyday life had returned once more to the world. The rattle of a cart upon the road did more to restore her disordered nerves than any utterance of sympathy could have done, and when a herd of cows passed through the meadows before her on their way to the milking sheds, she put on her bonnet with steady hands and moved away with a look of purpose on her face.

An hour later she stood at the garden gate of a cottage which was set like a glowing garnet against the green background of lane and wood. The sweet September air had a touch of crispness in it, and a yellow leaf or two displayed their warning presage through the summer glory of the trees ; a few late blooms hung upon the rose-bushes, stocks and jessamine still scented the air, and sweet-williams and larkspurs raised their morning faces to the sky. But the bright purity of the scene jarred upon the wanderer ; a joy from which we are debarred by our low nature appears to us not as a delight

but as a reproach, and a spasm of pain crossed her face as she unlatched the gate and went up to knock at the door where she had once had the right to go in and out at will.

The pause which followed was long enough to damp her high-pitched courage, but at length the door opened and the figure of a middle-aged woman appeared, in spotless apron and neat black cap, who instantly closed it again with the brief remark, “I can’t give you nothin’.”

Brief as the utterance was, however, the answer was briefer still; one word only, and yet it pierced through bolt and bar: “Mother!”

There was a ground tone of agony in the voice against which the heart that heard it was not proof; but when the door was again opened, and mother and child stood face to face, the mild peevishness of the elder woman’s expression deepened, and she gazed at the returning wanderer uneasily.

“Well, come in, ‘Liza,” she said at last; “your father ain’t at home.”

“Do you think I don’t know that!” said ‘Liza; “I’ve been watching the door this last half hour and more. Let me sit down, mother; I’m pretty nigh starved.”

Her pride would fain have kept back the confession, but physical weakness had robbed her of her self-control, and sinking into a chair she hid her face in her hands. A mist dimmed the mother’s eyes for a moment and she bent forward as though to remove the bonnet with tender fingers, then turning suddenly away she went to the kitchen in search of food.

“Here’s a cup of tea,” she said as she returned, “drink it while it’s hot, and I’ll cut you some bread and butter.”

Her manner was kindly but there was no cordiality in it, and ‘Liza ate and drank with a sense of repulsion that grew stronger with each glance at the silent figure in the opposite chair.

“I see you’ve got my sampler hanging up still,” she said, as she pushed her cup impatiently away; “and if here isn’t the prize book I got when I left school!” She pulled it towards her as she spoke and read in a sarcastic voice: “‘Awarded to Eliza Miller for good conduct, by the Vicar and Schoolmaster of ~~St. John’s~~.’ I ~~thought~~ you’d have burnt them long ago,” she added, after a moment’s pause.

“No, we ain’t never burnt ‘em,” said Mrs. Miller with a slight kindling of eagerness in her dull tone. “Your father burnt ‘em, I say, I always told you he loved you, and he says to me, ‘I’ll not let ‘em hang there like as it allus did,’ and we’ve never burnt a book since that day to this.”

She looked pleadingly at her daughter, but 'Liza shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah!" she said, "but it wasn't me he loved, 'twas my good conduct!"

This distinction was too subtle for Mrs. Miller, however, and when she spoke again it was in the helpless tone that her daughter remembered of old.

"We've allus been respectable," she said, "and we've prided ourselves on it! It wasn't no wonder that your father got angry when people flung things in his teeth."

'Liza did not answer, but her thin face flushed and her chest heaved painfully, and the sight struck upon the maternal feeling that lay buried in the elder woman's breast.

"You do look bad!" she said uneasily. "Where have you been to, and what have you been a doin' of? You'd a wrote, I know, if it had been anything good."

Without the last words her inquiry might have drawn out 'Liza's confidence, but as it was it galled her sore nerves into fury.

"I've been in prison, if you want to know!" she said, flashing her black eyes on her shrinking mother. "I'm a gaol-bird, I am, and I'm plenty of other things too; p'raps you'd like a list of 'em?"

"No, no, don't tell me," said Mrs. Miller with a moan; "such things are ill hearin'. But what makes you look so bad?"

"The things as you're too respectable to hear," said 'Liza drily. "You'd know what it was if you draggled through the streets on a wet night with the wind whistling through your bones, and never a bite nor a sup inside you. I'm just about gone to pieces, and that's what brought me home."

There was a wistful yearning in her voice that her mother was too obtuse to perceive.

"Yes, that's the way with them all," she said irritably. "Off for their own pleasure and back again when it's done, with an 'open the door and let me in!' I don't know what to do with you, I'm sure."

A gasp of anguish broke from the burdened heart, but it was quickly stifled again.

"You needn't do nothing," said 'Liza, getting up from her chair with a well-feigned look of indifference. "I thought I'd like to have a sight of you again, but I'm off now. Don't trouble about me, we all get our deserts. Jael used to tell me that."

"Ah! Jael's a bad un herself now," said Mrs. Miller with sudden

heat. “What call had she to witch our pig, I should like to know? But your father ’ll pay her out: he was never one to let a thing pass; and talking of that, ’Liza, I don’t know what he’ll say if he finds you here.”

“I’ll go, then,” said ’Liza. “You can take the sampler down; it’s not true any more.”

“Not true?” said Mrs. Miller, as she fixed her puzzled eyes on the sampler; but ’Liza had passed the garden-gate before her mother had finished reading the legend in its gay-coloured silks:—

Eliza Miller is my name,
A scholar is my station,
Selsdon village is my home,
England is my nation.

She glanced at it again from time to time as the September day wore slowly through, until at last she almost persuaded herself that she had fallen a prey to sleep and dreamed a dream in the midst of her morning’s labours. And yet, all through those long shining hours, a wretched figure lay in the neighbouring coppice, too weary for complaints, too weak for tears.

Not while day lasted did ’Liza dare to move, for she would not risk meeting anyone else who knew her, and it was not till darkness had once more wrapped the earth in its mantle of mercy that she dragged herself to her feet. Never again would she enter Selsdon village; she would return to her old haunts and her old companions, and let the waves of sin close over her head.

Such was her intention, but she had miscalculated her strength; the strain that she had passed through had been too great, and she had only gone a few yards when her limbs failed under her and she sank down helplessly by the side of the road. Desperately now she longed for some passer-by, no matter who; if she could only hear a human voice she would not care, even though the words it uttered were words of scorn. But her thoughts were interrupted with a sudden cry of terror. The road on which she lay was the one which led to the ruined church, and there, bearing down upon her in the moonlight, was the tall white figure that had presaged her approaching doom. Straight towards her it came, and as the glowing eyes met her own a cloud enveloped her senses and she knew no more.

How long her swoon lasted she could not tell, but when her consciousness began to return she found herself confronted by a fierce red glare, crossed by black bars. It had come then, the messenger had carried her to the appointed place, and a shudder shook her from head to foot. But with the shudder a voice fell upon her ears,

a voice stern and yet tender, that had in it a shadow of some bygone memory.

"She's comin' to ; hand me the water, Jonah !"

Her brain cleared a little as the cold drops splashed upon her forehead, and she looked up with a glance of recognition at the face bent over her.

"Jael !" she exclaimed.

All her life long, as far back as she could remember, she had feared Jael Durlock, the strong-featured, hard-hearted widow, who rejoiced in the vengeance of her Biblical namesake, and declared herself ready to imitate it on any unfortunate wanderer from the paths of righteousness. It was into her hands, then, that she had fallen ! Who had been cruel enough to bring her within reach of that most unmerciful of judges ?

"Let me go !" she cried wildly, as she tried to raise herself on her elbow, but the hand that replaced her on her pillow was strangely gentle, and the voice that answered her was full of kindness.

"Lie still, my poor lamb ! you're not above half alive yet ; if Jonah hadn't found you when he did, there'd have been small hope for you this night."

It was Jonah, then, who had brought her home ; Jonah, whom she remembered as a shambling, weak-minded boy. Why should he haunt the ruined church in such strange guise ? But the question was too hard for her, and as she pondered over it she fell asleep.

When she woke again the sun was shining through the latticed window, and she looked about with reviving interest. She was lying on the sofa in Jael's single living room, and opposite to her was the picture at which she had often trembled in her childhood : the wife of Heber the Kenite, with a cruel light in her eyes, and in her hand a workman's hammer, which she poised above the head of the sleeping Sisera !

"Why did you take me in ?" she said, turning towards the figure by the hearth ; "my own mother would have nothing to do with me ; and if you knew all, you wouldn't lift a finger to help me."

There was no answer, and as 'Liza watched the rugged face she saw a strange expression pass across it.

"Is it true what my mother said," she whispered, "that you are bad yourself now ?"

A momentary flash of anger brought back the old look that 'Liza remembered so well, but it faded again, and the lines about the mouth softened.

“ There’s a many say that,” said Jael, “ but they don’t understand; how should they, seein’ as I never tell em?”

“ Tell me !” said ‘Liza, and there was something in her wasted face that urged the request more powerfully than any words.

“ It’s all Jonah’s doin’,” said Jael, tenderly; “ my poor boy as I used to beat when he was a little un, thinkin’ I could whip the sense into him ! He fell ill a year or two back, and in his fever he wouldn’t let no one touch him but me, and he kept on a talkin’ to God till it fair broke your heart to hear him. And when he got well he was all for bein’ a preacher, like the prophet Jonah was, and I couldn’t bring myself to tell him as that would never be. He got me to make him a white gown like the parson’s, and then nothin’ would do but he must go and preach in the old church. I’ve been in mortal fear of the lads doin’ him a harm, but they’re too scared of the old graveyard to go there o’ nights, and I can’t bear to thwart him. But what with his bein’ so strange and my keepin’ to myself for fear of talk about his ways, it’s said that there’s black work in it, and some folks think that I’ve got the evil eye.”

“ But what makes Jonah so set on preaching?” asked ‘Liza, ignoring the last words.

“ He says he’s got a message,” said Jael, with a pathetic stirring of motherly pride. “ ‘A message !’ that’s all his talk ; and when I ask who he thinks will hear his message out there among the bats and owls, he says as sharp as anything, ‘ If God sends me a message, can’t He send someone to hear it ?’ ”

“ Did Jonah say that?” said ‘Liza, a look of awe stealing over her white features. “ Well, he’s right : God sent me ! ”

“ But Jonah found you in the road,” said Jael in some perplexity.

“ Yes, but the night before that I was at the church and I heard the words he said ; they came on me like hailstones, and I saw my sin.”

Her voice fell into a hoarse whisper, but the mother heard it and her heart leapt up ; let the neighbours scoff as they chose, let them point out her faults and Jonah’s deficiencies with ruthless candour — he had had his work to do, and he had done it.

“ That’s like me,” she said softly ; “ I was as full o’ pride as an egg is full o’ meat ; but when my boy was so kind to me after the way I’d treated him, I saw my sin, and I set myself to do it out, and when you get well you’ll do the same.”

A gleam of hope dawned in the girl’s face, but it quickly faded again.

"No," she said quietly, "there's no getting well for me. I don't mind that so much, but I'd like to have told father I'm sorry I grieved him. You must tell him when I'm dead, for it's no good asking him to come and see me."

"You won't die yet awhile," said Jael in encouraging tones as she brought the broth that she had been warming, but her words belied her thoughts, and instead of going to bed that night she sat beside her patient and listened to the laboured breathing.

"No, Jonah, you mustn't go out," she said as the lad's nightly fit of restlessness began; "I may want you to go to the town for the doctor."

But though Jonah obeyed her he would not be debarred from putting on his surplice, and stood, tall and statue-like, amid the dim lights and shadows of the little room. The sight recalled 'Liza's failing powers and she beckoned to him feverishly.

"I heard it," she said, "and I know it's true: 'Without are dogs!' That's what I am, but oh! Jonah, isn't there a word of hope for the dogs?"

She gazed up into the half-witted lad's face with an intensity of yearning great as that of a penitent before a saintly father-confessor; no time now to fetch priest or theologian, the light of life is fading quickly, and already the shadow of a great darkness lies upon her face: if Jonah has no message for her, she must go out into the night with wailing and gnashing of teeth!

But Jonah did not fail in the supreme moment. His mind was the mind of a babe, his memory the memory of a parrot; but who shall deny the inspiration which guided him, by the word he caught, to the message he needed?

"A word of hope for the dogs!" murmured the dying girl again; and looking up with a sudden glow upon his face, Jonah spread his arms heavenward and cried in full, clear tones, "'Yea, Lord, for the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the children's table!'"

DIALECTS.

ONE of the most extraordinary things to be noted in dialect, as a literary factor, is that it has varied very little since the time of Shakespeare. They are probably few who will contend that dialect, as it is written in books, is not for the most part fanciful, but, fanciful as it undoubtedly is, it is wonderfully consistent, whatever vulgar tongue it is meant to represent. It may be suggested that this consistency proves the nearness of literary dialect to the reality, but such an argument is not thoroughly sound. It would be as reasonable to say that the Beardsley school of artists is true to nature because each member of it draws objects just as all the other members do. The Beardsley school of drawing doubtless has its grammar and idioms, but they are not the grammar and idioms of nature; they are the grammar and idioms of art, or, at least, of the grotesque branch of art. And so with the novelist's dialect. It has grammar and idioms which are not exactly of any real tongue, but, as a matter of fact, belong to a branch of art. And, as you recognise the artist's combination of lines and dots as a woman, so you recognise the author's dialect as the speech of a Scotchman or an Irishman, as the case may be. In the case of the artist, the grotesque is used to convey ideas which could not be conveyed in plain drawing, and in the case of the author, dialect is used to express sounds of speech which could not be expressed in the ordinary combination of letters. But the dialect is no nearer to the speech it expresses than is the drawing to the object it represents.

What author first put dialect into the mouths of his characters it is difficult to say. Certainly Shakespeare does it, and he does it to such an extent that he evidently regarded it as a literary custom with which the public was sufficiently acquainted to understand it. Unless the way had been paved in some manner or other, no author would have given to the world such a play as "King Henry the Fifth," in which whole scenes are written in dialect. It is most unlikely that any more than a very small percentage of those who composed the audiences of Shakespeare's time had ever conversed with a Scotchman, or an Irishman, or a Welshman, for example, &c.

difficulties of travelling, people were then intensely Shakespeare's vein all time after time of Scotch, Irish, dialect as though perfectly confident that the public was to that end of thing. "Henry the Fifth" was, we believe James the Sixth of Scotland became James I of England, and therefore the Scotchman was still very foreign, and Ireland did not at that time "swarm," as of the Elizabethan time has since described it, "with abjects against whom the average Englishman might be continually possibly there was intercourse with the Welsh, but the like the Highlander, has no dialect, speaking either his own or pure English, which he has learnt as a foreign to Shakespeare's public was, for all that, undoubtedly acquired the so-called typical dialect of our neighbours, for the introduction his dialect-speaking character without putting apology or explanation in the mouths of the other characters arises. How did Shakespeare's public become with dialects purporting to belong to peoples with whom little or no converse? It seems most probable that before Shakespeare's day, as since and unto this very day, there were not writing dialects for the edification and amusement of the English raised out of the public a belief in, and an enthusiastic certain distorted forms of English considered typical of the various districts. The cult of dialect would seem to be a modern English custom, and the result is that not one in a hundred of present-day Englishmen can speak or even write correct

The custom is certainly older than Shakespeare's day, if Shakespeare does not show any of the diffidence of one making departure when he causes a Welshman, an Irishman, and a man in Act III. of "Henry the Fifth" to jargon to one another whole scene in languages which are most uncouth and strange compared with the stately English in which he was wont to give the greater part of his plays. He is, as a matter of fact, somewhat of his miniature Babel; he gives every sign of endeavouring to strip other competitors in a popular and profitable game. Captain Jany, and Macmorris are not necessary to the "King Henry the Fifth"; they are somewhat superfluous comedians. Fluellen, it is true, is found by his author to dwell in the latter part of the play, as punctuating the heavy of the greater characters but it seems probable that in this instance he was only introduced for the sake of the contrast of his speech with the speech of Jany and Macmorris

scene. Shakespeare, however, was so pleased with his success in Welsh dialect—of which he was apparently rather fond, for he introduces a Welshman in the “Merry Wives of Windsor”—that he retains Fluellen when he has dismissed Jamy and Marston. Fluellen is, of course, Shakespeare’s greatest effort in dialect, and therefore worth studying.

This Welsh soldier’s speech may not be the true speech of a Welshman who talks English, but it is quite conventional. An author endeavouring to depict to-day the Welsh dialect or accent would depict it just as Shakespeare depicted it three hundred years ago. Shakespeare writes “b” for “p” and “p” for “b,” and “v” for “f” and “f” for “v,” and so on, in the speech of his Welsh character, just as the modern novelist would if he were wishing to add local colour to the dialogue in a Welsh novel. It would seem, therefore, that even in days so far back as Shakespeare’s convention had settled the Welsh dialect.

“Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous person,” says Fluellen; and again in another scene, “Ay, he was born at Monmouth. What call you the town’s name where Alexander the Pig was born?” And elsewhere he alludes to a bridge as a “pridge.” It is a very simple trick, and, though perhaps comparatively new in Shakespeare’s time, is now well worn. The changing of the consonants, however, is not actually written down throughout all Fluellen’s lines. It is only suggested here and there in stray odd corners of a speech, the actual amount of substitution being left to the discretion of the actor. This again points favourably to our contention that dialect, as a literary convention, is older than Shakespeare’s time. The dramatist writes both “born” and “porn” in one line, and “bridge” and “pridge” in one speech, knowing well that he has only to hint at the Welsh peculiarities of accent to be understood by the actors.

Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” has his lines written with a far greater consistency. The transliteration is not merely hinted at, but conscientiously carried out in every line. It is possible that Fluellen was a part written specially for an actor who had succeeded as Sir Hugh Evans. If this were so, the author would probably take it for granted that the actor would understand what was expected of him, and so would save himself the trouble of actually penning in the second part the transliterations which the first part had made familiar. But in each part the accent—it can scarcely in this case be called dialect—is the same, and it varies not in any way from the modern Welsh accent as set down on paper.

If the truth be told, this discarding of the old accent is a step forward in art. The present popular accent is much more universal than Macmorris's accent, and it is accompanied by the most charming of idioms, whereas Macmorris's was attended only by grammatical mistakes. We will not pledge our word as to which is the truer Irish, but we will say that the modern is the better from a literary point of view.

But if Shakespeare is not quite conventional in his writing of the Irish accent, he is perfectly conventional when he introduces the broken English of a Frenchman or a Frenchwoman. We may observe this both in "Henry the Fifth" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor"; he apparently wrote these two plays under the influence of a burning but temporary enthusiasm in dialects and accents. We are not Shakespearean scholars—as our commonplace spelling of his name doubtless shows—and it is only with the greatest diffidence that we conjecture in public that he had these two plays in hand at one and the same time. The Welsh accent and broken English are a marked feature of both plays. In the one we have Fluellen and Katherine, and in the other Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius. We have suggested that perhaps Fluellen was writing for an actor who had proved successful as Sir Hugh Evans, and it is possible also that Dr. Caius and Katherine had a common representative in some youth who lisped pleasantly. That, however, is a point upon which it is unnecessary to dwell. What concerns us is that Shakespeare as a writer of broken English is not to be separated from the authors of modern musical farces.

He adopts the same methods as those adopted by present-day gag-writers and produces the same results. Hark to Dr. Caius as he speaks to the landlord of the Garter Inn:—

Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

"I cannot tell vat is dat," continues the doctor, "but it is tell-a me that you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jamany; by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is known to come. I tell you good vill; adieu."

What Dr. Caius exactly means by this, what he supposed the landlord of the inn to have said is for the commentators of school editions of this play to say; but "I cannot tell vat is dat" is worth saving as one of the stock remarks of the stage Frenchman. We do not suppose that there is a French character in any British play who does not make it at least once. In the modern musical farces the

forward French maid generally uses it as a cue for one of her companions on the stage to introduce a song explaining some British expression or custom or quality. But, whilst looking into the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as we write these lines, we had no idea that it was so old. Its antiquity gives it a respectability somewhat out of keeping with those with whom it is associated in the present day. "De" for "the" is also very old. It is used both by Dr. Caius and by Katherine. Katherine, however, speaks more broken French than broken English. Indeed, she is perhaps unique in the amount of French she speaks in an English play. She and her maid, Alice, however, and a French soldier in another scene, speak a French which is full of English idioms and fairly understandable to one who knows very little French. For all that, these scenes must have been, and must still be, a little over the heads of some persons in every audience that it may have obtained or may obtain, and the fact that Shakespeare wrote them shows that he did not play to the gallery. But this is all by the way. We have noted Dr. Caius and Katherine because their speech shows us that broken English, in its literary form, is almost as old as English itself. The rules and idioms of broken English which guide the pens of authors, but not necessarily the tongues of English-speaking foreigners, were established, and well established, even so far back as three hundred years ago.

So we learn from a brief glance into the accents and dialects of Shakespeare's mariners that the Welsh accent, the Scotch dialect, and the broken English of the foreigner have developed very little since his day, but the Irish accent and dialect have developed very considerably. And, as goes without saying, new accents and dialects have sprung up since Shakespeare wrote his plays. New English-speaking races have come into existence, and have shown their youthful independence by breaking out into dialects of an amusing character. The States have given us at least four dialects and accents. First, of course, there is the traditional Yankee twang; next comes the Western slang, which has spread over the border into Canada; and, in jovial company, we find the Irish American and the American Negro patterns. Australia and South Africa have their respective speechs and accents, and we have not been idle at home. Hodge and the Londoner have assiduously cultivated literary dialects, and nearly every locality and every profession has assented to being known on paper by certain tricks of voice and words. The tradesman and the fop, the bookmaker and the clergyman, each speak in books a language which is not exactly English, but may be best

described as a law unto itself. And the language of the tradesman does not differ more widely from true English than it does from the language of the fop. This difference is, of course, noticeable in real life ; but in real life it is the result of a most unseemly licence, while in literature it is the result of careful study and work on the part of the author. The man in the street says, "Ow is yer?" because he does not trouble himself to think, but the character in a story is only made to say, "Ow is yer?" after the author has scratched out the question's more correct form which the pen has instinctively written. Only those who have tried to write but one short sentence in dialect or accent can know the awful drudgery and mechanical labour of transliteration and phonetics and apostrophes. The pen accustomed to write words in full never takes kindly to abbreviations, and whether one be Scotch or English, it is much easier to write "I would have" than "I w'd ha'," what time is gained in the ellipses being lost in the reverent planting of apostrophes as tombstones on the graves of the departed letters. It is fortunate that dialect lends a distinguished air of philosophy to the baldest sentiment, for the effort of breaking a pen brought up with copy-book precepts into the riotous ways of dialect does not give the author much time for deep thought. We do not wish to disparage dialect writers, but rather give them high praise, when we say that they are heavily handicapped in their work by the form in which they elect to write it.

Of modern dialects the Scotch undoubtedly is most popular. But this popularity, great though it still be, is on the wane. That it is on the wane, is the fault of its devotees who are fast worrying a good thing to death. Had it been written only by a few Englishmen who had made an impartial study of it, it would still be enjoyable to readers of all sorts and conditions ; but when Scotchmen, full of patriotism and enthusiasm, took to writing it, it gradually became a something which only the initiated could understand. The local parish or county patriot is an exceedingly selfish person. If he finds a word marked obsolete in the dictionary, or a custom said by the world to be old and discarded, he at once appropriates it to his own particular parish or county.

This is just what your Scotch writer of Scotch dialect has done. It was Burns who started doing it. He made a collection of strange words and then hurled it at a startled world. His delight was to use a word, and then ask (not in so many words, it is true, but in a perky, satisfied air of superiority), "There, you don't know what that means ; I don't suppose you've heard it before." This sort of thing has, of course, made many readers feel strangers. The music of Wordsworth

poetry is very beautiful, but, though critics have made him out to be an apostle of homeliness, we must confess that personally we never feel quite at home with him. We may enter right into his house, but it always seems to us that he is shouting across the room to some member of his household a number of family metaphors which we, the visitors, are not supposed to understand. And Burns has been faithfully followed by the majority of Scotch writers. For many years the world looked on with awe and admiration, but the time has come, we think, when the world is a little tired of the exaggeration in which this straining, on the part of the authors, after startling effect has resulted. It matters little to the listener in what key you play the tune, but he does perhaps object if you only give meaningless variations which display the skill of your fingers rather than the beauty of the original theme. Writers of Scotch dialect stories, instead of writing English in a Scotch key, have wandered off in variations of the language which undoubtedly are ingenious in the highest degree, but certainly are not artistic. And the public at length revolts, not against the dialect, but against the authors who abuse it, making it a pedestal for their own peculiar idioms and verbal antics.

But dialect, and not the writer of the dialect, is the subject of our article. In our survey of dialects, we have naturally come to Scotch first, for that dialect is by far the most prominent in literature. We do not say that the Scotch dialect, as we English readers know it, is the true speech of the true Scotch ; but we maintain that, whether it be spoken or not, it has until quite recently, been, on paper at least, a complete and orderly language with well-defined laws of spelling and grammar.

"It sall be vary gud, gud faith, gud captains bath," said Captain Jamy three hundred years ago ; and the only thing in this line which distinguishes it from modern Scotch is the absence of the apostrophe, which has since become quite an institution in the language. Indeed, Scotch as now written consists principally of apostrophes. Silent vowels in the middle, or silent consonants at the end of words, is one of the fundamental laws in all dialects, but we doubt if so much of any other dialect is represented by apostrophes as of the Scotch. The dropping of the final "t" is a very common trick. "Not," for instance, is, when alone, spelt "no" or "no'" ; and in compounds, "na" or "na'"—it depends of course upon the conscientiousness of the writer—as in "canna" for "cannot." In "what," too, and several other words with a somewhat similar ending, the final "t" is omitted for the mourning apostrophe. The "f" in "self" dis-

appears, as also does the "th" in "with," or "double l" after "a," to mention no other instances of clipped words. Consonants, too, are very likely to be dropped from between two vowels, and we get "gi'e" for "give," "ta'en" for "taken," and so on. The most favourite combination of vowels is "ae," sometimes written "ai." A final "o" is often turned into "ae," as in "sae" for "so," "dae" for "do," "tae" for "to"; and when the word ends in "ore," we get "sair," "mair," &c. A general principle of the dialect is to broaden or lengthen vowels wherever you can without increasing the size of the word. So the dialect teems with vowels, but is deficient in consonants. In it vowels rarely appear by themselves, but the consonants exist in dignified solitude. This makes it an interesting cross between the Teutonic and Romance. More or less monosyllabic, it has many vowels, and yet its time—in a musical sense—is not that of the much-vowelled Romance languages, but that of the Teutonic languages, which as a rule have many consonants. It is spoken in minims, not in triplets and demi-semi-quavers. A strange thing this, for where you have many vowels the words generally have many syllables, monosyllabic words being composed mostly of consonants.

The features of the Scotch dialect in its literary form may be summed up as follows:—One, the elision of consonants rather than of vowels, as in colloquial English; two, the dropping of final consonants; three, the broadening of vowels; four, the retaining of words practically obsolete; and five, monosyllabicity combined with a predominance of vowels.

The first feature is probably born of a desire to depart from the conventions of other languages. It is essential in a dialect to depart widely from the parent tongue. In English the habit is to drop the first part of the word, so in Scotch the second part is dropped. We write and say "I've," but the Scotchman writes "I ha'," and perhaps says it every now and then, when he feels more than usually patriotic and insular. And as the majority of words end in consonants or consonant sounds, the Scotch are led to drop consonants. The average Briton, too, is a somewhat nervous speaker, always more or less afraid of the sound of his own voice, and, as in Scotch much time is spent on the first vowel, there is a faltering when the consonant after the vowel is reached, and the consonant, first only half uttered, is finally left out altogether. "I haaaa—," begins the noble Scot of the novel, and, frightened at the length of the "a," he forgets the "ve," and the word becomes "ha" in course of time. Thus we find that the first three features of the dialect have their origins partly in each other.

The fourth feature, however, stands in haughty independence. It has nothing whatever to do with ellipses and vowel-broadening. It was the seeking after effect that first gave it to the dialect. One day, long gone by, a Scotch writer—perhaps he was only a writer of Scotch—nibbled the end of his pen, and wondered how to make the conversation in the dialect at which he was at work sensational. “Shall I invent a word?” he asked himself. He thought he would, and tried. But he found that to invent a word that would sound reasonably like any real word was a very difficult task. In despair he turned to the dictionary. An obsolete Saxon word caught his eye. It was the very thing he wanted, and he looked out other obsolete Saxon words. These he introduced into his book. A glossary of course had to be appended to the book, for your best classical scholar believes Latin, Greek, and Hebrew to be the few classical languages worth learning, and Anglo-Saxon is as blank to him as to the man in the street. Now, when there is a glossary at the end of the book, there must also be a preface at the beginning. These obsolete words come so naturally to the author that a second person has to be found to initiate the public into the mysteries of the glossary. And, being a sort of chairman, this second person has of course, in the preface, to speak in complimentary terms of the author’s talents. Hence the use of obsolete words has become popular with authors, and has increased as time has advanced. In many senses it is a commendable practice, which should not be confined to writers of Scotch. The stately Anglo-Saxon division of our tongue does not deserve to be despised as it is. It should be taught to country correspondents and leader-writers, so that our newspapers need no longer be deserts of Latin platitudes. But Burns, of course, overdid the practice. Had Burns been a painter, his method of painting would have been to throw a paint-pot at the canvas, in the brilliant slap-dash style of the traditional impressionist. The result would have been gorgeous colour, but not a picture, just as his verses consist of beautiful sounds, but not words. The greatest pity in the world is that Burns was not a musician. His compositions would have been exquisitely weird. Airs he could not have written, but his harmonies would have been glorious. Unfortunately he was a poet who sought after effect. If he saw the beauties of Saxon, he need not have added to it. We will not stake our last penny, though we will stake our last but one, that Burns invented words. The first verse of his “To a Mouse” runs thus :—

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie.
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na' start awa' me herry
 Wi' hickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murdering pattle !

"Sleekit," we suppose, is the Scotch form of sleek, and a glossary tells us that "brattle" means herry and "pattle" plough-staff. It is possible that they do have these meanings, but we cannot get rid of the suspicion that one of the words was coined to make a rhyme with the other. Burns must have been extraordinarily fortunate if he found his rhymes so easily in the comparatively limited number of obsolete words which have been introduced into the Scotch dialect. "Pattle" may be a true word, for if it were an invented word, there was no reason for calling it a plough-staff any more than a hoe or a spade. It was probably introduced because it suited the pretty rhythm, and then "brattle" was invented and inserted in the line above to make a rhyme. That the latter word is put in for rhyme's sake is almost certain, for it is *unusable now* it has succumbed to the temptation of alliteration. While "hickering brattle" is exceedingly musical, but is it *sensible*? If "brattle" really means haste it is redundant. "To hicker" can be used as meaning "to run in haste." Then why the *insertion of brattle* unless it be merely a convenient sound with any meaning you like to put to it?

Scotch idioms are few; we cannot remember one that appears in any noticeable number of authors. Each author, it would seem, supplies his own pet idioms. Indeed, the *dialect may be said to be* one of words, but not of idioms; while the Irish dialect is the *reverse*—a dialect of idioms, and not of words. When we say this we are separating the British Irish dialect from the American Irish. The American Irish dialect is as idiomatic as the British, and it has, at the same time, a very elaborate vocabulary—a vocabulary which is perhaps even more elaborate than the Scotch. But the Irish dialect, in which home writers have accustomed us consists *mostly of* *obscure* English words, while the arrangement of these words is *not* the arrangement of words in either colloquial or *correct* English. Almost the only verbal or literal peculiarities of the dialect are: *one*, the introduction of "h" between consonants; *two*, the changing of "e" into "a" after "tr" or "dr"; *three*, the frequent use of "shure," "faith," and "indade," and "begorrah." A few words for "darling" and "sweetheart" are often *misapplied* to

ardent lover is speaking to his fair one, but such words are generally spelt in apologetic italics.

Irish idioms, while varying to some extent with the various writers, are fairly consistent. Their principal feature is the compounding of tenses which might well have remained simple. All possible use is made of the auxiliary verbs. "Did you be after doing that?" asks Mrs. Flanagan of her husband, when she could have said the same thing in four words, "Did you do it?" Should one man wish to tell another that he is joking, he says, "Shure, it's joking ye are." This circumlocution almost makes one think that the author who founded the Irish dialect was a country reporter accustomed to pad. And yet Irish sentences, no matter how redundant and long-winded, have a grace and easiness which dismisses that thought at once. The beauty of the Irish dialect is its rhythm. "Did you be after doing that" is a phrase clearly employed because of its euphony and metrical charm. In construction it is absurd. But absurdity does not distress the Irish dialect, which does not take itself at all seriously. It is intentionally the clown of dialects, and, as a clown is often the medium for other people's wit, so is the Irish dialect often the medium for humour not necessarily native to Ireland. Some good stories become considerably enhanced by being told in literary Irish, though they may not be Irish stories. In plain English these stories would probably be like a good song which is sung without action; in the Irish dialect they are like a good song sung with good action. There is something in the gait of an Irish sentence which may well be compared with the walk of a clever comedian, and is irresistibly comic. What there is particularly funny in this or that posture of the comedian's or in that typically Irish termination to a remark, "entoirely," it is difficult to say; but there is none the less something very funny, and of that funniness the most is made by humorists who provide songs for the comedians and pitch their comic philosophy in an Irish key.

These comic philosophers mostly live in America. There only is the idea cultivated in literature. In England authors write only fact or fiction. But across the Atlantic there are hosts of clever men who are not ashamed to set down what whimsical ideas come into their heads. We call them, somewhat contemptuously, humorists, but a little of their light philosophy would be a very welcome addition to the heavy fact and foolish fiction which make our illustrated magazines such serious publications. Well, these light-hearted philosophers nearly always write in dialect. Their favourite dialect

is the Irish American, but they make much use of the Negro, Yankee, and Western. The Irish American dialect is entirely a paper one; it is absolutely unpronounceable. It has the usual Irish idioms, and to them lively American pens have added scores of strange words. It is wholly comic, never being used for serious writings, though perhaps, now "Mr. Dooley" is fast making it classical, it may doff its holiday garb and don more workaday clothes. Its present resort is, however, the comic paper, and in it a large percentage of the jokes given to the English-speaking world is cast. But in the case of jokes of the question and answer description perhaps the Negro dialect is most used. Massa Jonsing and Dinah have a number of funny things to say to each other in their quaint speech, which undoubtedly has influenced, or at least been influenced by, the American Irish. Both speeches overlie the highest of spirits; whether a quip be written in the one or the other seems to be a matter decided by the caprice of the moment. Both are employed to convey from writer to reader the most innocent mirth in the world. The cleanness of the two dialects is, indeed, most praiseworthy, and makes their popularity with readers on both sides of the Atlantic a matter for congratulation.

Somewhat profane, but not so profane as popular English poetry, is the Western dialect. It has large pretensions to comicalness, but at times it lapses into seriousness. Its Eastern cousin, however, is almost wholly given up to fun, or at least to amiable satire.

This Eastern or Yankee speech is, like the Scotch, elliptical; it bristles with apostrophes. It has, however, a greater love for the Latin than the Scotch has, possessing an almost childish liking for heavy and pompous words. The Yankee holds, in common with the country reporter, a contempt for plain Anglo-Saxon. One of the latest books written in this Eastern dialect is "David Harum," by E. Noyes Westcott. Some extracts from this book will show how the dialect is somewhat elaborate and cannot be written down except with a large amount of mechanical labour. There is not so much of the Latin element in the passage we quote below as there is usually in the Yankee speech, but the passage is in its spelling thoroughly typical.

"'Is the colt much injured?' John asked.

"'Wa'al, he won't trot a twenty gait in some time, I reckon,' replied David. 'He's wrenched his shoulder some, an' mebbe strained his inside. Don't seem to take no int'rist in his feed, an' that is a bad sign. Consarn a horse, anyhow! If they're worth

anything there more bother 'n a teethin' baby. Alwus some dum thing alin' 'em, an' I took consid'able stock in that colt too,' he added regretfully, 'an' I 'a' got putty near what I was askin' for him, an' putty near what he was wuth, an' I've noticed that gen'ally alwus when I let a good offer go like that some cussed thing happens to the hoss. It ain't a bad idea in the horse bus'nis anyway, to be willin' to let the other feller make a dollar once 'n a while.'

The chief feature of this dialect is the slipping of the middle syllables in long words. Another interesting peculiarity is the dropping of the final "g" without the misplacing of "h's." In this country the person who drops his "g's" is almost sure to be at fault in his "h's." The American, however, never goes wrong with the aspirate, no matter how badly he speaks; indeed, our murder of the poor abused letter is a fault the American finds it hard to forgive the Britisher. Just as the Englishman, imitating the American, introduces "Waal" and "I guess" into his speech, so does the American, in imitating the Briton, drop or wrongly insert his "h's." The comic Englishman in American jokes is invariably made to use more "h's"—or it may be less—than he properly should, and the average American regards the average Englishman as speaking badly. So far as grammar is concerned, the average provincial American—in books—speaks far more correctly than does the average provincial Englishman. In choice of words, however, the Englishman shows a far more loving regard for English than does the American. Often at fault in meaning and pronunciation, the Englishman, unless he be an amateur scientist or a local preacher, talks for the most part in plain English, but the American speaks a sort of bastard Latin. The Englishman is content with a fire when nothing less than a conflagration will please an American. Here the Englishman shows his superiority to the American, but he might with advantage take a lesson in grammar from his transatlantic cousin. In no American book have we ever read anything so barbarous as "Guv ut ter Oi"; and yet such an expression is commonly used by the English working classes both in and of our books.

Of the many English dialects known to our writers we should say that the Cockney is the most musical. Founded about the time of Hood and the commencement of *Punch*, and popularised by Chevalier and his songs, it has almost been accepted by the class or race with whom it is connected. Of course many writers have exaggerated it, which is a pity, for its character is that of self-possession, and it is altogether devoid of that hurry and irritability which would

lead it to become breathless and noisy. It is meant to be typical of resourcefulness and cunning. Resourcefulness and cunning are never loud-voiced or breathless. Words which have wits behind them come slowly and naturally. The Cockney is supposed to have plenty of wits. He should therefore be represented as speaking easily and quietly. Of unexaggerated Cockney we get a very good example in "No. 5 John Street," Mr. Richard Whiteing's interesting book, in which Low Covey speaks so often and says so much.

This is how Low Covey describes 'Tilda :—

"That's the gal, sir. Fight anybody of her own sect in all London, bar none. She don't know it, and it ain't wuth while to pull 'er up abaht it ; but she could. Lord ! what a pity she warn't a man ; she's clean thrown away in petticoats. That chap ain't the first one she's fought with when her blood was up. I've spotted her many a time when she didn't think I was looking. But I never took no notice of her. Puffs 'em up so. You see, 'er brother was a fightin' man, and she learned it natural-like playing with 'im. She dunno what she knows in that line, 'cept when she's mad, and then it all comes out. You've got to git 'er mad fust, though. Quiet as a child at other times. That little gal what took the back room off her just wushships 'er."

This may not be quite on all fours with the traditional Cockney dialect, but we are inclined to think that it is very near to the true dialect. We do not necessarily mean by the true dialect the dialect actually spoken ; we mean the true literary dialect, and the true literary dialect is, we take it, symbolic of a character. The Scotch dialect is symbolic of dourness ; the Irish of happy-go-luckiness ; the Negro of philosophy ; and the Cockney, as we suggested, of resource and good-natured cunning. Well, to our mind, Mr. Whiteing puts into Low Covey's mouth a speech which indicates resource. It is easy without being eloquent, it is quietly emphatic, it is well constructed ; indeed, it rather resembles the Yankee dialect in that it is, while impure English, fairly grammatical. In smooth rhythm it is the equal of any other dialect except the Irish. In time perhaps it falls short of the Scotch, but it has a grace which the Scotch has not. Its vocabulary is large, but on the whole its idioms are few. The words in it which are not true English, are not obsolete, but mostly slang. Slang, perhaps, is a difficult word to define. It may, however, be taken to mean those words which a period or generation evolves out of sound. Some may reckon the verbs "to burke" or "to boycott" as slang. — We should say that

they are not. Though comparatively modern, they are historically important. Their origin is not in some whim, but in facts that will be recorded to the end of time. That which a notorious murderer did gave birth to the one; that which was done to an unfortunate Irish landlord gave birth to the other. They are, in fact, condensed histories; they spring actually from life itself. Real slang is those words which are apparently created, not made; which have not their origins in life; which are little more than sounds selected at random to express things which are probably already expressed in some other way. Of these words there is a number in Cockney. "Donah," "bloke," "nipper," "toff," are specimens that occur to us. So far as we know, these words are only expressive sounds of modern origin; they cannot be traced back to anything real. Well, such words enrich the Cockney dialect, which may be best described as a dialect of "strange oaths." Here again it resembles in genuine form an American dialect.

Of county dialects we have had many, but one author will claim for one county the dialect which another author claims for another county. The story of the man who, asking if any of his mates had some tobacco to spare him, said, "Ony on yer ony on yer," is attributed by various recounters to every county north of Staffordshire. It was, we believe, originally told of a Lancashire man. Scotch watered down does of course for Northumberland, and the introduction of "lad" and "lass," broadly pronounced, at frequent intervals makes serviceable Yorkshire. Theeing and thouing is all that is required for a mining district dialect. No two authors agree as to Devonshire. Perhaps Mr. Eden Philpotts, however, the latest of Devonshire authors, should be regarded as an authority. The neighbouring county of Somerset is now aspiring to a position in literary dialect. Mr. Walter Raymond has founded a very pretty Somerset dialect. It is decidedly musical, though not exactly true to life. We will conclude our article with an extract from this, probably the latest of dialects:—

"There, friends all. Bring along the jar, little mouse, an' some glasses. Drown ill-will an' hard words. Zit down, Solomon, where you can. There's a wheaten loaf an' cheese, so help yourselves all o' ee. An' pull up the settle an' draw closed round. Do turn off cold at dark here on the hills. An' bring on some pipes, Patty, there's a good maid."

Or, again :

"Who's that, Solomon?" "No, Jims." "He can't ha' comed home, never in this world." "Not that when Joey Pierce is about,

he's bound to show hizzelf." "Ay, if he's mad wi' us still, he must run out to holler ; an' if he've a-got good-tempered, he must pop the head o' un out o' winder to call us all the fools 'pon earth for the trouble we've a-tookt." "If he've a brokt a lag or anything, I suppose Sophia could manage." "Manage? She'd manage all Mendip."

RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON.

A BRACE OF WORTHIES.

"THE world is upheld by the veracity of good men. They make the earth wholesome," says Emerson, and here he plainly does not allude to the great ones who have made their memories to shine through the distance of centuries.

Milton and Evelyn, George Herbert, Howe and Jeremy Taylor are like stars, which can neither be approached nor imitated by our feeble modern rushlights. But besides these, there are not lacking many whose lives have helped to make the earth more wholesome, and their own particular world better. They seem to deserve that fame's trumpet should be blown in their honour to summon praise from a wider circle than their own immediate one, especially when they lived in stirring times, and played therein a part which singled them out to stand above the mass of their average, commonplace fellows.

Such a man was Duncombe Colchester, who was born three years after Charles I.'s troubled reign began, and who lived through childhood in his father's house at Westbury-on-Severn.

Richard Colchester, lord of the manor, was a stout upholder of his country's rights, and indignation must have mingled with sympathy when Pym and Hampden stood forth to resist oppression before the majority openly dared to do so, or to question the "divine right of kings."

When civil war at last broke out, the Westbury squire sided with Parliament, and a garrison was placed in his "strong house," which, however, was before long taken by the Royalists. History is silent as to how it fared just then with Mr. Colchester and his young son, who, no doubt, entered warmly into the cause espoused by his parent. Both must have rejoiced in secret, if not openly, when Colonel Massey retook Westbury in 1644, after a skirmish in which all the loss was on one side. Hard by the manor stood the church tower in solitary state, the body of the building being some yards away, and both were well fortified, though in the end to little purpose. "For," says the chronicler, "he" (Colonel Massey) "first

attacked the church, and next the manor beside it, when he took four score prisoners and slew twenty more without losing a man."

This seems to have been partly due to the treachery of a certain Colonel Davies, who was promptly hanged by the victors by way of a wholesome lesson to sneaks in general.

Those were stormy days for England, and peace did not come with the triumph of Parliament, the King's downfall, and Cromwell's iron grip of government. The weak monarch's signing his best friend's death-warrant, his summoning Parliament only to levy more money instead of redressing grievances, his unlawful raising of ship-money, and other things of a like nature were all past. And deep in the hearts of many who had been exasperated by such acts was a horror unexpressed, a pity for the misfortunes of the monarch who, through them, had come to an untimely end, and perhaps conscience pricked these people till they waxed reckless on one hand, or relented on the other. Certain it is that intrigues multiplied apace during Cromwell's rule, and there was suspicion, accusation, recrimination.

When in 1660 the country went crazy with delight over another Charles's coming, Duncombe Colchester left the comparative peace of his home to enjoy himself in London. There he sowed his wild oats, cast care to the wind, and followed the example of those who talked of "Merrie England." What that example was may be known to any who choose to read the history of the time, with its abounding scandals, wanton display, and flagrant immorality.

Probably the budding squire from Gloucestershire was no worse than his companions, if as bad. He was merely bent upon enjoyment after the manner of most young folks, and to be fashionable was part of it; nevertheless, this page in his story was recalled years after with a regret as honest as it was openly confessed.

In 1663 Duncombe took a step which proved the beginning of a new and better chapter, for he married Elizabeth Maynard, whose father, the celebrated serjeant-at-law, lived in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. A little later he appears to have returned to his native place, there to take up the reins of government in his father's stead, and he threw himself into local interests with a zeal that made the name of Colchester widely respected.

Besides Westbury, there was property to oversee at Mitcheldean, the Lea, and Abbenhall, and all three being within Dean Forest, Duncombe was brought frequently into touch with the miners, "a wild, robustical people," as an early writer calls them, and not without cause. Those same Fo:esters were very jealous of certain rights,

...the

The

The

There was

and were often obliged to tramp to another parish, there to serve employers who could refuse to let them live near at hand.

Mr. Colchester looked at these things through spectacles furnished by a kindly heart, strained every nerve to benefit his distressed neighbours, and soon made himself a power in the country side, a power founded on universal love and esteem. This spoke hopefully for the future of two sons and three daughters, who were well on their way to years of discretion, when their good mother was taken from them in 1681; and, though prosperity smiled on the Colchesters, they saw that duty called loudly to them from those around who were sunk in neglect, or seemingly hopeless poverty.

Cromwell's far-sighted Navigation Act of 1651 gave us by the end of the century supremacy at sea, and virtually a monopoly of trade to English shipowners. This naturally meant a corresponding increase of prosperity among those who, perhaps, needed it less than the teeming masses for whom little was done except by private individual effort.

The woollen trade, too, was thriving, and had landed interest since an Act was passed in 1657 which ordered that no people should be buried in linen under penalty of five pounds. It was clearly so much in every farmer and landowner's pocket if from their pastures could be taken the fleeces for rough weaving into shrouds, or homely garments by their women-kind, and in most burial registers belonging to that date is added a certificate that the Act had been complied with.

Improvement did not affect the toilers who lived from hand to mouth, and whose children were sent out to work at ten, seven, or even under, that they might help to keep starvation at bay for the family. Rates and doles were only partial remedies, and workhouses were still in the future when a curious entry occurs in the Westbury overseer's accounts for 1675:

"Item—payed William Bellamy for six thousand of bricks, at eleven shillings per thousand, to reparaire the Church house, and dividinge it into severall tenements for poore people of ye Parish, £3 6s. 0d."

Opposite the church, in a lane running down to the often-flooded Severn meadows, is a many-roofed jumble of brick, wattle, and white-wash, which probably was the building above referred to, and archaeologists think it may have been the Chantry priest's lodging in pre-Reformation days.

In 1692 Duncombe Colchester was appointed on a second commission of inquiry about the Forest. For since the first there had

been more connected with James II.'s misgovernment, lodges pulled down, trees damaged, and, in short, the miners did their best to prove that they would neither be coerced nor cajoled into giving up long-established rights. It is needless to say that the Westbury squire was a Wing to the backbone, one who, had he lived a few years longer, would have abjured the Pretender, together with the Pope and the Devil: But advancing age brought ill-health, and he knew the time had nearly come when he must put the sceptre into the hands of his son, Maynard, a promising fellow of twenty-eight.

During a long illness, penitence for a mis-spent youth weighed heavily on the squire, who did not content himself with expressing this in private, as nine out of ten would have done, if at all, before they passed to a tribunal from which there was no further appeal. No, Duncombe avowed his repentance to the world in terms which are preserved in Dr. Josiah Woodward's "Fair Warnings to a Careless World," published 1734, and since to nineteenth-century ears they might sound somewhat long-winded, the confession shall not be here reproduced.

After being duly signed and delivered in the presence of several friends, the paper was to be read aloud in Westbury and Mitcheldean Churches, hoping that by chance some might thereby be saved from evil; though whether that seed brought forth fruit history does not inform us.

For a year and a half afterwards the old squire lingered, and did not finally leave his eyes on the world till early May 1696, when the mourning must have had more reality in its show than is often the case at funerals. Mines and weepers, candles, plumes, solemn faces, and all the other paraphernalia of woe were then at floodtide, for good sense, unimpaired with education, had not yet stepped in to stifle display, and gaping yokels would as soon stare at a rich man's funeral as at his wedding, since to them both were merely signs suggestive of much money-spending.

Among the poor there was additional suffering at that time, thanks to a currency which had sunk to nearly half its nominal value, so that shopkeepers often refused to accept payment except by weight. The clamour concerning it had grown so serious by the last-mentioned date that Government, and a few more wise heads took counsel together how to bridge over a difficult chasm in finance, which threatened ruin to many. Locke, Newton and their fellow-workers took the matter in hand without delay, so wisdom prevailed, a new currency was issued, the old called in gradually; and meanwhile

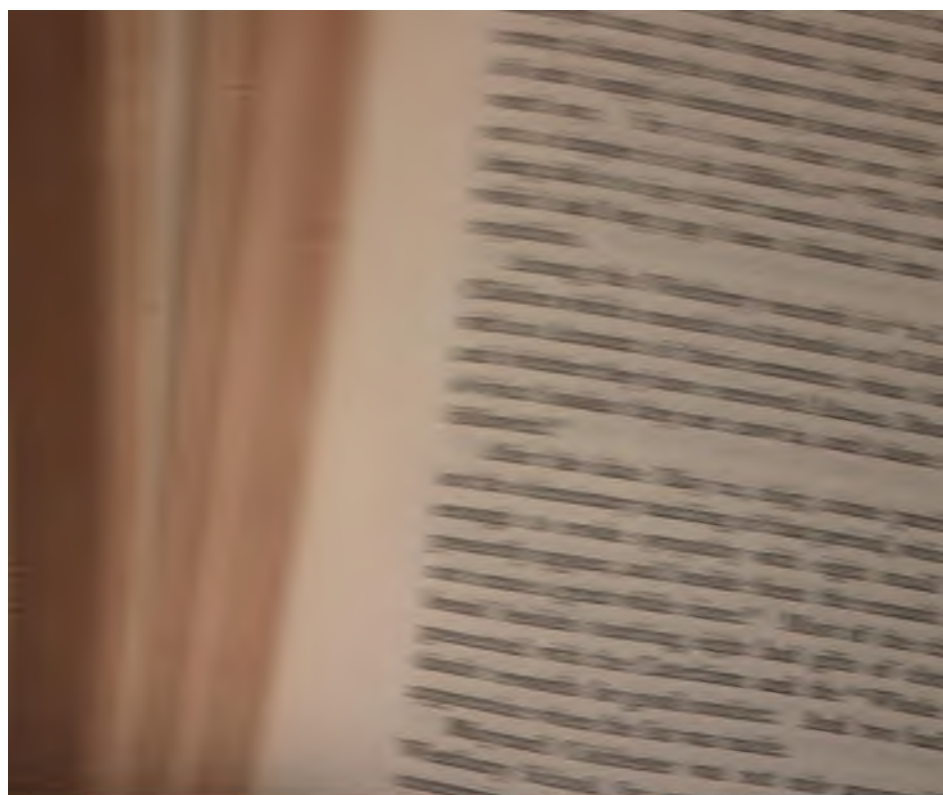
Maynard Colchester worked at Westbury in common with some like-minded neighbours for the improvement of those who society needed it.

Two miles away Mr. Boever's widow held a Sunday-school in her own house, years before Robert Raikes was old enough to ponder on schemes of philanthropy. Besides this, she despatched her house-keeper to the nearest Forest towns to buy stuffs and garments for the unclothed, and doubtless Maynard's sister, who presided at Littledean as the squire's wife, was no whit behind the widow in her ministrations. For Duncombe Colchester's daughter had a training which was not likely to be thrown away, or set aside after she married Nathaniel Pyrke, of Dean Hall.

The said Nathaniel's politics were in sympathy with those of his brother-in-law, and a curious old rhyme, that used to be sung at harvest suppers, tells how Captain Pyrke went off to Gloucester with his men when the Revolution was convulsing England. There he released Lord Lovelace from durance vile in prison, drove out the "Popish crew," sat in the chair sacred to the memory of King James's last visit when his person had occupied it, and finally made a bonfire of the same, much, no doubt, to the scandal of certain Tories who found it wiser to hold their tongues under the circumstances. For his Majesty's flight, after five years of mischief making, had set the country in a ferment from end to end, and few, if any, would openly resent the captain's exploit, seeing that it was in accordance with popular feeling.

Westbury's lord of the manor found ample to satisfy him in a more peaceful fashion, and, rightly thinking that oppression lay at the bottom of the crime and misery around, he set himself to sharpen wits with the horn book.

Against the east face of the church tower was a large, well-preserved, some fifty feet long, which, before Edward VI's reign, was dedicated to St. Mary. When named for the purpose, it was dedicated in the name of the young King in "recognition of his coronation," St. Mary's Chantry was apparently pulled down, and accordingly to make it serve divers parish requirements. The tower was not taken down, the roof raised to the height of the tower, which are still visible, and a very old well, in the time of Westbury's time, was used for a village well. In the year 1790 assembled no fewer than sixty persons in the church of St. Mary, of religion, manners, and learning, who, by the joint means of a birch and a horn book. In the year 1790 came to light not many years ago, but the year 1790.



Mr. Colchester's only hobby, nor did he confine his efforts to the needy ones on his own property. In short, though charity began at home, it did not end there, and on his tombstone the sculptor has engraven the fact that he was "a principal Founder and Supporter of the Societies for Reformation of Manners, and promoting Christian Knowledge."

Manners must have sorely needed the reform when dog and cock fights, bull or bear baiting were the favourite sports; when gin-sellers hung out a notice above their doors that customers could be drunk within for a penny, or dead drunk if it pleased them for two pence; when the crooked, winding ways of the Forest afforded a safe retreat for evildoers of every description, and swearing was the commonest form of speech. Yet such a state of things could not be wondered at.

The days were gone by when kings could seize upon money, as Charles II. did in 1672, appropriating bankers' and merchants' gold under the transparent plea of a loan. The Constitution made it no longer possible to hoodwink people beyond a certain point; but King William was increasingly unpopular, the gentry were sore at his preference for foreigners, besides his frequent absences in Holland, and the working classes groaned under heavy taxation. None cared to make life better or smoother for the poor souls on whom some burdens pressed the heaviest, few stretched out helping hands to raise them from their Slough of Despond, and who could remonstrate if they snatched at such pleasures as lay within reach? The brutal sports, the spirit drinking which increased because, perhaps, it was found to dull misery for the time better than seas of ale or cider, were only the natural outcome of circumstances, of misgovernment, misunderstanding and hopeless neglect.

Duncombe Colchester and his son not only saw these things, they looked farther, saw the remedy, and in their own small world they did their best to apply it among other like-minded brethren who trod in the steps of John Evelyn, Robert Nelson, and Frampton, the deprived bishop of Gloucester.

March 8, 1698-9, Maynard Colchester, with three other laymen and a parson, met together in a little upper room at John Hook's house in London. Hook was a serjeant-at-law, who smiled on the conspirators, even if he did not add his hopes to their own, and it was not surprising that he should feel doubts about reformation when the metropolis was such a sink of iniquity. After nightfall it was unsafe to be abroad, because the ill-lighted streets were infested by miscreants of every sort, including cut-throats, and those who

rambled sword in hand from pure devilry, ready to insult or injure any who crossed their path.

Nevertheless, the five men who consulted together in that upper room had courage and determination. They settled that their society should be called one for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and when a week afterwards they met again, each plotter in the good cause put five shillings on the table to defray the cost of books, besides other details needful to make a beginning. Education was the very foundation of this society, missionary work was a branch of it, and at first the infant novelty was too insignificant to attract much attention. But it thrived, and prospered exceedingly. Thereupon sneers began, heads were shaken, sarcasm waxed loud, wrath awoke and finally abuse was poured without stint on the undaunted founders of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

"Fanaticism is at the bottom of it," quoth Hough, the quondam president of Magdalen College.

"If the clergy help, it will look like a reflection on themselves for neglecting their duty," said some of their number who should have known better.

"Charity schools are mere nurseries for non-juring or Papistical opinions," cried a third party.

"The whole thing is a blind for political objects," gibed a fourth, and the listeners chiefly concerned faced the storm in silence, secure in the excellence of their cause.

In March, three years later, Mr. Colchester was able to report that certain papers against swearing had done much undoubted good in Gloucester, and in 1704 two thousand children walked in procession to St. Andrew's, Holborn, no doubt to the astonishment of an admiring crowd of spectators, who realised that the little ones were in a fair way to know more, besides doing better than themselves. Nine years afterwards, so well had the Society thriven, that when rejoicings took place at the peace of Utrecht, three thousand nine hundred and twenty-five boys and girls, radiant in new clothes, were placed "on a machine or gallery in the Strand."

In early days Maynard Colchester was recognised as invaluable for helping forward any work he took in hand, and was placed on a committee to form lending libraries in Wales. Altogether he attended seventy-eight meetings on the subject, and the last of them was in 1706-7.

The writer, who possesses several books of this date, some older, others a trifle more modern, turns over the rough, brown pages from time to time, marvelling how people could have found interest or

patience enough to wade through such long-winded sentences, such verbose phrases with often little enough to grasp in them after all. Capital letters are promiscuous, punctuation nowhere, spelling curious, and to nineteenth-century minds many of these books must seem a collection of prosaic platitudes.

This is a digression from which it may be well to return to Mr. Colchester, whose beautiful gardens at Westbury, it has been suggested, were laid out by Evelyn. There are the clipped yew hedges, the grass walks, the long pieces of water familiar to those who know the look of his work, and since the squire was much in London, since also there is a freemasonry among noble minds which draws their persons together in friendship, it is most likely that the two men knew each other.

Maynard Colchester was a keen sportsman, and, finding that his Westbury house was too far from the Forest to be convenient for hunting, he built another in 1710 at Mitcheldean, which Atkyns, in his county history, describes as "a neat new house, situated on a high hill, and has a large prospect over the vale, and great part of the hill country." It must have been more or less of a regret that there was no son to follow on horseback through the Forest windings, and only three girls were the issue of the squire's marriage with the only daughter of Sir Edward Clarke, Lord Mayor of London.

Some things must have sorely vexed Mr. Colchester's righteous judgment as time went on, and grieved a heart which echoed the cry of the needy, the oppressed, the downtrodden. For instance, in 1713 the Spanish King granted to England a monopoly of the detestable "assients," *i.e.* the right to supply Spanish colonies in America with slaves, which led to the grossest abuses, and Bristol drove a thriving trade in livestock. The disgrace there had been publicly denounced and punished by Judge Jeffreys soon after the Monmouth rebellion; but lust of gold proved too strong for conscience, the traffic for long remained unchecked, and all knew of its shameful existence.

Then, when George I. came to the throne, he proved himself to be a mere stranger who was incapable of loyalty to his adopted country, or of holding even the balance, which was fortunately done, to a certain extent, by the Constitutional Government, this having at last a secure foothold in England.

Next year came the Pretender's rising, and Mr. Colchester did not live to see the end, for on June 25, 1715, he said good-bye to a world in which he had tried to do his duty. Failing a direct heir, the property passed to his nephew and namesake, and the widow,

with her three daughters, lived on to mourn a loss which to them must have been irreparable. The squire was only in his fifty-first year when his mortal part was laid beside that of his father in the chancel of Westbury Church. Yet men live less by age than by deeds, and those done by the brace of worthies here sketched are never likely to be forgotten in the country-side.

S. M. CRAWLEY-BOEVEY.

WEST PYRENEAN FUNERALS.

“**N**ATURA non facit saltum” has been well paraphrased by Milne Edwards in the words, “Nature, prodigal in variety, is niggard in innovation.”¹ Nor is the agency of Society in Social dissimilar to that of Nature in Natural Science, since neither of them, in their respective spheres of influence, moves by leaps and bounds.

Our canon, then, is capable of general application, and when brought to bear upon the Western Pyrenees, the result is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. As true is it of women as of marriage customs, of doctors as of funerals, both now and in the middle ages. When no great catastrophe such as foreign conquest has put out of gear the Customary machinery of an isolated district, the racial temperament there, acted upon by its special environment,² if swift to vary, is yet slow to overturn customs of long standing which society sets in motion, like those that are constantly recurring in family history, at the critical epochs of birth, marriage, or death. Such customs may be expressed in mathematical language as being functions of but two variables, heredity and environment,³ where both these factors in the causation of each custom are complementary. Sometimes hereditary predisposition, to maintain a custom in its integrity, gets the better of environment, in which case society is impelled to give expression to no progressive modification thereof. On other occasions, greater activity of the surroundings prevails, and then the surroundings themselves obviously alter, as much now as when the poet wrote the hackneyed line,—

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis,

and so get the better of race-instinct, in which case some variation in the custom is surely, if slowly, registered by society. But once

¹ *Origin of Species*, ed. 1897, p. 146.

² The entire aggregate of circumstances in which people live is classed in six groups by Dr. Mercier, in *The Nervous System and the Mind*, p. 152.

³ Leslie Stephen, in his prefatory obituary notice of James Payn, Tauchnitz ed., vol. 3045, says: “Heredity and environment explain everything.”

a custom always a custom, for custom is as hard to destroy as it is to create and establish. Thus its energy is ever conserved, though perhaps strangely diverted into new channels.

Let us attempt to support and develop this illuminating conception, in order to lighten our darkness about funeral ceremonies in the Pyrenees, as to which but a few stray notes have as yet been published in any language. Throughout South-west France and North-west Spain the family, one and indivisible, and not the individual, is the unit, of however many persons such family may consist. When one member suffers, all members suffer with it. When one dies, all feel his loss. This pious feeling extended in olden days to the confraternity of neighbours that the deceased belonged to, and was experienced acutely also throughout the *respublica*, or collection of villages, of which he was a citizen. The concentric circles of the family, confraternity, and *respublica* are obviously not conterminous, each in order enlarging its borders beyond those others which it encircles. The family is the smallest, the confraternity comes next in size, while the *respublica* includes them both, and more besides. Yet so manageable in extent were wont to be all three alike, that the disturbance caused by a member's loss was felt in the positive degree by the last, in the comparative degree by the second, and superlatively by the inner or family circle, which was, and is to this hour, a little band of souls kindly affectioned one to another. When a death took place, everything that could be thought of as likely to glorify the deceased, and inferentially his family and neighbourhood, was done forthwith. To this end much expenditure, which it took Sumptuary laws (just as in the case of marriage ceremonies) in most districts to put down,¹ was obligatory, since many mourners of necessity came from far. So prevalent was this sentiment, that in the case of *grandees*, funeral rites were frequently rehearsed, and performed sometimes a year after death, that all proper preparation for the ceremonial might be made, and visitors have every opportunity of attending. Bertrand Elie says, that funerals of Viscounts of Béarn were regulated by custom, and Lagrèze, that the same formalities were gone through on many different occasions.²

In the Pau Archives, we find "Ordonnances de las honors" of Archambaut, Isabel of Foix, and Comte Jean.³ The first died in

¹ *E.g.* For d'Azun, Art. 19; Coutumes de Tarbes, Art. 52; Délibération du Conseil Général d'Aucun dans la Vallée d'Azun, A. D. 1821.

² *La Société*, &c., p. 86.

³ Elie, *Funérailles de Gaston Phébus*.

1412, and was finally laid to rest in 1414. Ten bishops, 200 priests, and 400 clerks, were present upon this occasion. Four heralds' horses were taken into the church. The proceedings lasted three days, and at the final scene, nobles and ladies filed two and two twice round the catafalque, crying in lamentable tones, "Biaffore de Monseigneur!"¹ The cries that were raised at funerals, formed one of the most remarkable features in Pyrenean *pompes funèbres*. In Archambaut's case, "l'autorisation avait été donnée de pleurer et de crier fort." The Ordonnance relating to the ceremony in the case of Comte Jean states, that all the ladies followed the widow to the grave, and cried and wept "gently, quite low." We shall see later on, how this custom went down through the ages. But always—everywhere alike—the good deeds of the departed were chanted, and the fact insisted upon, that he had not died in debt. After the funeral, the clergy were paid—bishops and abbés 1 écu, priests 1 florin, and clerks 3 florins each. The first day there were three repasts, when all the people had a "pitance," on the second two, while upon the third 100 poor were provided with bread, meat, and wine. So that a large assemblage, great cries, high payments to the clergy, and enormous feasting, seem to have been perennial characteristics of mediæval Pyrenean funerals in high places. Then, as now, epitaphs,² sometimes written by the deceased, were not un-seldom unvarnished, and always florid and overdone, as, for example, the following well-known one of Marguerite de Valois, authoress of the "Heptaméron, ou Contes de la Reine de Navarre."

Musarum decima et Charitum quarta, inclyta regum
Et soror et conjux, Margarit illa jacet.

Besides the peculiarities already recorded, many others were more or less general: as, for example, that those who left their debts unpaid were not buried until a subscription had been made on their behalf. This, among the Basques, was carried to the extent of placing the corpse in the churchyard unburied, so as to move fellow-villagers to pity.

The wearing of black clothes is so universal, that it attracts but little notice. Yet, the long black cape of the Basque women, and the pelerin of the men, is but their best garment, like the evening dress of the Frenchman. Both are of black, and worn on all state occasions, so that it is possibly for that reason, and not because black is a

¹ Lit. "Get out of the way for," or perhaps, "Au secours, Monseigneur is dead!"

² See *Bigarrures du Seigneur des Accords* (ed. 1583), p. 201.

funereal colour, that it has been universally worn at funerals in the Pyrenees for ages, as in most other parts of Europe. A reason for this view is the following. Whereas the old method was to dress the corpse in an embroidered white shirt, which used to be part of the linen of every Basque household, now a black coat is the usual covering. Thus, black raiment was not *de rigueur* among the Basques because it had been the sombre colour of their Iberian ancestors, inasmuch as it was not worn by young girls, who were wont to attend funerals all in white, in very ancient days.¹ How black became the recognised colour for funerals, in almost every country, it is not easy to determine with precision, but probably because it is the colour of the best costume both of men and women, in most places, to this day, or it may be in contrast to white, which is the accepted colour appropriate to weddings and baptisms, though a Basque peasant girl is usually married in a coloured stuff dress. The difficulty that here arises, is one against which Humboldt warns us. It is our liability to ascribe to a particular people customs which only belong to them in common with other nations. Thus, the funeral ceremonies of Sardinia, Corsica, Ireland, and the Pyrenees, of which latter district those of the Basques are the most striking, have, as has been noticed by Cordier² much in common, viz. great eating and tremendous (sometimes professional) lamentation. These customs belong, therefore, in their origin rather to a general stage of culture in similar nationalities, than to the operation of particular race ideas and surroundings, which latter have here merely effected certain exceptional modifications in them. But, none the less, were they primarily caused by similar heredity and similar environment in various peoples at the same time.

While upon the subject of funerals of *grandees*, an instructive lesson as to the source of profit they were to the Church is to be learnt from that of Raymond de Bartres, who died in Bigorre in 1077. He was to have been buried at St. Pé, but the Bishop of Tarbes had the body carried off to Tarbes by his clergy, away from the priests of St. Pé, which was the cause of a famous lawsuit. Again, we learn³ that all the inhabitants of the Valley of Lavedan were obliged to be buried at the Abbey of St. Savin, *nisi fuerint pauperrimi*. In 1329, the Abbé Sans instituted a suit to establish his right to one loaf, to the bier upon which the corpse was borne,

¹ See O'Shea, *Tombe Basque*, p. 6, and *L'Organisation de la Famille chez les Basques*, p. 31.

² *L'Organisation de la Famille chez les Basques*, p. 34.

³ *Cartulaire de S. Savin*, p. 24.

and to twelve deniers morlaas for each of his monks, on the occasion of the death of every inhabitant in the Valley of Lavedan, not too poor to be carried to St. Savin for burial. When to this is added the circumstance that the feudal lord often got *aubenage*, or a fee on the interment of every stranger who died upon his land, it is plain that the authorities, both lay and ecclesiastic, took toll even of death, when they had the chance. And, further, that, whereas a funeral was ever the occasion for testifying fellow-feeling on the part of the dead man's equals, this was not so on that of his superiors, who made what they could out of it, in the matter of burial fees, succession duties, and heriots of all sorts. Such conduct, on the part of the latter, was not the result of any callous feeling as to the solemn character of death, but is to be explained by reason that death, like marriage, and other important events taking place during life, was always made the occasion for grabbing something from inferiors, to whom those in high places were not bound by ties of family or guild. Another custom in Bigorre, and also among the Basques, was not only on the day of the funeral, but also on New Year's Day to give a funeral feast, at which the Curé was present. Afterwards, he recited *De Profundis*, when all the guests went upon their knees. A further practice, common to Béarnais and Basques alike, was the burying women with their rings on their fingers, when they had not left their jewels to any one by will. This sometimes led to robbery, as in the case of the Baronne de Navailles Labatut, who is said, in consequence of the attempt to steal them perpetrated upon her, to have awakened out of a trance, and so to have escaped being interred alive, as would otherwise have happened.¹ In a Basque funeral, many old world customs are still scarcely traceable, while others, again, stand out so clearly that he who runs may read them.

There the *premier voisin* still *mène le deuil*, just as uniformly as he fetches the priest to administer the last sacraments, or figures as *garçon d'honneur* at a marriage. The universal and far-reaching operation of the position of neighbour, for which we have no word, cannot, therefore, be too strongly insisted upon. It came next after ties of family and blood. So remarkably is this evidenced in Basque funerals,² that it is the neighbours who accompany the body to the grave during the chanting of the "Miserere," and then re-enter the church to conduct the family to the graveside. The funeral carpets carried after the bier bear out the same idea. That belonging to the neighbours, always occupies the most important position. Lamenta-

¹ Lagrèze, *La Société*, &c., p. 84.

² *Fuero de Navarra*, lib. iil., tit. 21, cap. 1.

tions nowadays are not nearly as loud-voiced as when hired wailing women were incidents of every burial. These were they who used to cry to the widow at the funeral of her husband,¹ "Die, woman, die, for you have lost your all!" This remarkable custom was general in the Western Pyrenees. Women of the Valley of Aspe were, until 1860, especially famous as *pleureuses*, and of these Marie Blanc was the last. Frequently two women, poets by profession, used to attend. This, quite up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, was a characteristic of most funerals. The one played the part of *Advocatus Diaboli*, and reproached the conduct of the deceased, in order that the other might the better be able to laud his praises. The name given such women was *Aroust*.² In the Middle Ages, these wailing women used to tear their veils and pull down their hair—a curious mark of distress, inasmuch as, if done to them by another person, it would have been, at all events in Navarre, universally held to be an offence.³

If the Valley of Aspe was famous for its wailing women, that of Ossau had no less a reputation for funeral baked meats. The wakes there were so splendid that De Gassion, a Bishop of Oloron in the seventeenth century, directed his clergy to put them down with a strong hand, while the Jurats of the Valley co-operated, by imposing a fine of 20 little écus in all cases of grave excess. Among the Basques, festivities were kept up, not only after the funeral, but also for eight days more, and on New Year's Day, when they were repeated. In their case, this was a purely religious ceremonial observance, even if it originated in pagan days. For religion has entered into and still pervades the funeral rites of the Basques, to a degree now hardly conceivable. The deceased, who, if the head of the family, probably belonged to the third religious order, was usually buried in the appropriate dress of that order. The funeral was presided over by the *Séore*, who was a sort of nun. This probably, as O'Shea says,⁴ came down from the time when women held high ecclesiastical positions among the Basques. The very feasts were relics of days when an offering of meat, bread, and wine was wont to be brought into the church or churchyard, not only at the funeral, but every day for two years afterwards, for the supposed benefit of the deceased, and really for that of the clergy. Up to 1766, in Guipuzcoa, on the

¹ "Galdua iz eta gal adi."

² W. Webster, *Bull. Soc. Sci. et Arts*, Bayonne, 1885, quoting Vignancour, *Poésies Béarnaises*, Pau, 1852, pp. vii and viii. Cf. Dr. Johnson's *A Journey to the Hebrides*, cheap ed., p. 155.

³ *Fuero de Navarre*, lib. v., tit. i., cc. 2, 3.

⁴ *Tombe Basque*, p. 15.

occasion of a funereal, an ox was taken to the church door, and then killed and subsequently eaten, a survival, of course, of pagan sacrifices in primitive times. In whatever way the habit of taking the deceased to the church on an open bier arose, there can be no question but that the fire lit at the nearest cross-roads, and the obligatory *Pater à l'intention du défunt* is of deeply religious origin, and both in deed and in truth appeals to each neighbour to pray for the soul of a departed brother.

It is not proposed to break new ground with reference to, or indeed to do more than mention, particular usages belonging only to small districts or populations, nor to dwell here upon matters of merely archæological interest. For this reason, we pass by, though with reluctance, the fascinating subject of the burying-place of the poor Bohemian, who in death is said to be still just as great an outcast, as he was in life. For in his, as in Moses' case, "No man knoweth of his sepulture unto this day."¹ If of his marriage *à la cruche caissée* we have some evidence, it is matter of pure conjecture that his last resting place in the Basque country, where he was and is always "moved on," is the torrent bed of a previously diverted stream. Himself ever a wanderer, he had no resident neighbours to flee unto. No man cared for his soul, and he had nowhere to lay his head. In the strict sense, outcasts such as he, though roaming chiefly through the arrondissements of Bayonne and Mauléon, could never say, as could so well the Basques among whom they roamed, —

Soles occidere et redire possunt :
Nobis quum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.²

Nor can we pause to tell of the curious Basque church, like that at Bidart, with storied galleries, splendid porch, and priest's chamber beneath the High Altar, so surely seated on an "everlasting" hill. We cannot even linger in the graveyard round about the village church, a God's acre often beautiful and seldom neglected, where not infrequently are still to be seen benches whereon *dead language* in the dead was placed by the ministering hands of those who live, not yet made their own journey to the where all things are forgotten. Space forbids to tell of the runic crosses, and other old world memorials to their dear and honoured dead, which, among the hill-folks Basques, abound on every side. All these, though strange and full of solemn interest, do not clearly enough reflect in comparison the life of even the *modern Basques* now in Europe, at any fixed periods of their history. It is rather the national spirit

¹ Deut. xxxiv. 6.

² Catullus, v. 4.

of every *voisin*, of every member of a family, of every fellow-citizen of a republica that constitute Social Science's fruitful field of observation. As each All Souls' Day comes round, the family in Basque-land, and indeed throughout the whole of Southern France and Northern Spain, is gathered together wherever practicable, and together go its members to visit with honour the graves of their (to them indeed) blessed dead. Another visit, not of ceremony but of affection, is often paid as a willing service on New Year's Day as well. Egotist as is the Southerner, and often *libre penseur*, he still uncovers his head not grudgingly or of necessity, as every funeral *cortège* going to the grave passes him by. For well does he know, that his own turn will come in the fulness of time, while his keen intelligence jumps at the truth, if only recognised for the moment, that—

Omnium
Versatur urna serius ocus
Sors exitura,

and so fellow-feeling makes him for the moment wondrous kind. For has he not just experienced involuntarily one little touch of nature that connects him with the passing dead !

So much for the more important surviving customs, relating to funerals common in the Pyrenees. And, although we may think we understand the theory of the origin of such customs, it still remains in many instances like the origin of species, in which we have yet another parallel between Social and Natural Science, the "Mystery of Mysteries." But the story of the "fellow that told the gentleman that he might get to such a place if he did not ride too fast" is a paradox that well illustrates the action of Pyrenean Society with reference to its own particular customs. This action is reflected in the proverb of the Béarnais, "Mesure que dur galop nou pot," or, "Qui veut voyager loin ménage sa monture." Owing to the good sense which that isolated Society has displayed in not riding its customs to death, many still survive, if in a modified form. So that, where Social Science can but insufficiently illumine the origin of a custom, it may yet well throw, by means of research, an almost perfect limelight upon the life of many a one in the Pyrenees, from the contemplation of which we may derive almost equal advantage.

For the rest, have we not here, in the case of each existing custom, another instance of the universal application of the law now popularly known as "The Survival of the Fittest," in the working out of which, as has been abundantly exemplified, "Natura non facit saltum" ?

A. R. WHITEWAY.

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY.

“ There’s Rosemary, that’s for remembrance.”

SHE was a charming old lady, gracious in manner, and delicate in her ways—a perfect gentlewoman, although of the “middle class,” as it was formerly termed. But her forbears were owners of the land which bore their name in their native county, good men and true, and if ever heredity was exemplified, it came out in her.

A letter lies before me written by her grandfather, date 1791, a period when few even of the highest in the land could read or write, and it is addressed to one of his noble sons, who sold his own estate, inherited from an uncle, and cut off the entail to save, if possible, the declining fortunes of the family. He had enlisted, and had gone to India—a far-off land in those days, when steam was undreamt of, and telegraphy unknown; and there he found a grave, but not a nameless grave, for his colonel and other officers erected a monument to his memory.

And the writing of this letter is beautiful; yellow with age is the paper, but each word stands out distinct, every letter carefully formed; and when the name of “God” occurs, a fresh pen appears to have been used, and it is written in a larger, bolder type, reminding one of the old MSS. penned by holy men.

There was remarkable individuality about the other members of the family—one aunt’s resemblance to Marie Antoinette was so striking that once a report was spread in the town that the luckless queen had escaped, and quite a crowd followed “Aunt Elinor” through the streets, full of sympathy for dethroned greatness. It was whispered *en famille* that “Aunt Betty” had actually written a book, but it was never published, only read in MS. to a privileged few. Blue stockings were regarded with awe then; they are too plentiful now to excite any feelings at all. Fanny Burney herself would nowadays pass unheeded by, and Hannah More be regarded as a frump!

But to return to my old lady.

When the family could no longer maintain their former state in

the ancestral home, they removed to a garrison town. The sons went out into the world, the daughters married, and in that town was born my heroine a few years before this nineteenth century dawned.

And what a life was hers !

The world was then not so densely populated, we had not all become so learned, great characters were great indeed, and shone forth as bright particular stars, each resplendent in its own sphere ; and she was in a position to come in contact with many of these luminaries. As before said, education was primitive (if any) at this time, but my heroine's people were greatly in advance of their generation, and as she early developed a wonderful talent for music it was cultivated most carefully. A French refugee taught her the piano, whilst a tambourine player from the Marine Band (a black man, too !) gave her instructions as to time, teaching her to mark it accurately by beating the tambourine—a novel method, certainly, but one which proved eminently successful in her case, for up to the last she was a splendid timeist.

Does any up-to-date young person know the "Battle of Prague," with its "Advance of Cavalry," "Groans of the Wounded," "Turkish March," finishing off with "Go to Bed, Tom" ? No? Well, at the age of eight *my* young person executed that lively and descriptive *morceau* at a concert given in her native town, and also sang (standing on a chair) "The Soldier Tired," from Arne's forgotten opera of "Artaxerxes," and in that song (to single out one passage alone) there are ten consecutive bars, solely triplets ! the compass from E to A above the line. Just imagine that for a child of eight—indeed, the aria would tax the powers of many finished vocalists, being a constant succession of roulades from beginning to end.

Of course her talents were much appreciated, and when the Infant Roscius, "Master Betty," came starring that way, the manager of the theatre besought her mother to allow her to act with the youthful prodigy. After much persuasion, Madame consented ; and often has she recounted her recollection of that memorable event in her life. It was "for two nights" only, the play one of barbaric splendour, the name "Barbarossa," and the small actress had a vivid recollection of her costume for the part—namely, white muslin drawers with a frill of lace falling over the ankles ; white muslin frock scanty as to skirt, short as to waist ; hair *à la touffée*, and round her neck rows of glass beads—red, blue, yellow, and green—which was supposed to be the thing to denote a noble savage of some sort !

She well remembered Master Betty, a youth of about sixteen years of age, and the air of perfect ease with which he entered upon the stage, uttering the words, "I am here."

But these public performances were contrary to family prejudices, actors being then spoken of as "diverting vagabonds"; she was therefore withdrawn into private life, and quietly pursued her studies. And how amusing it was to hear her recount the methods of instructing in the early part of this century. Music and flower painting were taught by French prisoners of war, many of whom were on parole; but the arts of writing and arithmetic were imparted at the early hour of 8 A.M., and at the Grammar School, too! but before the boys came; and thither she used to be led in winter and wet weather—yes, led indeed, for walking in pattens requires some skill, and that was always a difficulty to her. And the kind school-fellow who took such tender care of her little friend was Maria Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington, and it was she who taught her to play "The One-fingered Waltz," a marvellous *morceau*, and one calculated to break the forefinger nails of any but a "dapster" at it, to use a localism of her county. My old lady played it brilliantly even in her eighty-first year.

Poor Maria Foote! In after years, when my heroine was a happy wife and mother, she saw Pea-green Haynes ride past in his coach-and-six after the races where he lost his all, and that same night he committed suicide!

How fashions and manners change! Imagine any man bold enough to wear a suit of pea-green in this year of grace 1900.

1805 was a memorable year, as on October 21 was fought and gained the Battle of Trafalgar, and then, as now, fashion complimented heroes by devising toilettes named in their honour. So the glorious Nelson was commemorated by a hat!—the "Trafalgar"—and every woman and child adopted the wondrous structure, which would outdo even the headgear of the present day, for these hats were of enormous width and breadth, something of the size of a round table, and so loaded with plumes that the wearers must have looked all hat; and my little lady wore one of these "Trafalgars"—being *petite*, she must certainly have been eclipsed quite!

She never saw Nelson, but Hardy, his dear friend, was pointed out to her. In 1815, when the *Bellerophon* was anchored in Torbay, she, with other young girls and ladies, went off in a boat to the ship, and presented flowers and fruit to the "Little Corporal," who stood upon the deck with folded arms, dressed in the *redingote grise*, in which he is always depicted. He was a dark-complexioned little

And the dances! The shawl dance, in
Lady Hamilton; the gavotte, and the minuet
my dears"—and which she afterwards taught her
likely to make their deportment as graceful as her
caperings and whirlings of later days horrified
herself could not have been more scandalised!

She would tell with a sad smile of bright D
she was introduced, and whose caressing wor
never forgot; as to her acting, it was not ac
when, for instance, in "The Romp" she looked
of the tomboy to perfection.

As may be supposed, my little lady married
gentleman, as was not often the case in those
away match, as her parents were dead, and
control of very stern guardians, whose puritan
have crushed a less buoyant spirit than
marriages turned out as supremely happy as did
willing to believe that marriages are made in
shillings a week is not much to marry on, as
small; still, what did they care? They had
was before them—a life, too, peopled with many
themselves a name among the wearers "of sock

Foremost, because of early memories, was
actor in his young days—

Ken. The

golden hair, used to look a perfect picture when he wore it. People have stopped nurse to admire him. Willie? Why he would be forty-five years of age this very June were he living. God took him when he was only seven."

And the places in which histrionic triumphs were achieved by many who carved their names in Fame's imperishable fane—the theatres—save the mark! Sometimes 'twas the "best room" of a country inn, or perhaps a genial farmer would lend his largest barn. Hogarth perpetuates some such homely quarters in his "Strolling Actresses," though, of course, as was his wont, he exaggerates the scene, the poor strollers, and their surroundings. Still there were times when a strong element of the ridiculous was mingled with the sublime, as for instance, when "Hamlet" was performed in a loft over stables, and a running comment (as follows) graced the Prince of Denmark's soliloquy: It, however, wants the narrator's charming manner to render the description effective. "To be, or not to be"—("S-s-s-s, wo-a there, Smiler,")—"that is the question,"—"Ständ steady, ye brute,")—"Whether 'tis nobler in the"—("S-s-s, won't 'er bide still?")—"mind to suffer"—("Dang the critter, s-s-s-s,")—"the slings and arrows of"—("Hold hard, wo-a, look out, Bill,")—and so on, interspersed with lively British language of the horsey kind.

As to stage appointments, no plush or velvet curtains or couches draped with exquisite satin in those days. The furniture was as unpretentious as the costumes; indeed, on one occasion, when my little lady was playing Desdemona to her husband's Othello, a disastrous, and at the same time a ludicrous, effect (though, of course unrehearsed) had been imminent through the lack of even a nail or two to make an old stool steady.

It was the smothering scene, and the couch was made up of two chairs and a rickety stool, covered, of course, with the simplest draperies—a red merino curtain trimmed with yellow worsted fringe. Imagine a Desdemona endeavouring to recline gracefully, all the while feeling portions of her couch sliding from under her. This is how the scene was played out:—

Desdemona: "Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night." ("I'm falling, dear!")

Othello: "Nay, if you strive——" ("Keep quite still.")

Desdemona: "But half an hour." ("Oh, hold me!")

Othello: "Being done, there is no pause." ("I'll push the stool under.")

Desdemona: "But while I say a prayer." ("Do be quick, Robert, it *is* slipping.")

Othello: "It is too late!"

Which, indeed, it was, for the bed collapsed, and Desdemona's body lay upon the floor, her head upon the sole chair which stuck to its post faithfully.

And yet, what acting it was in those dear old days; the actors threw themselves heart and soul into their parts, and for the moment lived the characters they represented, and that, too, without any of the adjuncts to effect which are now so lavishly employed upon every stage, even those in remote country towns; in truth, they carried their audience with them. To the raptured onlookers it mattered not of what the scenery was made up; for all they cared,

This lantern doth the horned moon present,

imbued the farthing rushlight it contained with the actuality of night's bright luminary. The living wall might hold up its fingers for chinks through which "Pyramus might blink," and would be as real a wall as it was to those immortalised Athenian strolling players. 'Tis true that occasionally very audible remarks were made, but they were generally full of sympathy for the players, as, for instance:—

Once an actor had to sing a few verses of a song. The part enacted was one of agony, a melodrama of a pronounced style, and he (the hero) was to pour forth a summary of his woes in music; but, alas! though his will was good, his ambition to excel great, he lacked the one thing needful—he possessed not a single note of music in his voice! But that mattered not, at least so far as the "gods" were concerned, for they followed with bated breath and breathless eagerness his career of sadness; and when it came to *the* song, so intense was their sympathy, they even felt a tender pity for his voiceless state.

"Poor dear soul," exclaimed a kindly-hearted old lady, "he be that cut up he've a-lost his voice."

Whilst one more strong-minded among the audience called out cheerfully:

"Never mind, Cock Robin, spit it out!"

Yet nothing could daunt these ardent lovers of Thespian art, and, notwithstanding all disadvantages, a glorious phalanx rises before our "mind's own eye"—actors (and actresses) whose names will live for ever in the annals of the dramatic world, who lived and worked to bring our stage to its present state of perfection, and whose memories are still revered, even though they were mere

“diverting vagabonds.” They would not have tarnished their fame by enacting many of the *roles* which find favour in these days. Goldsmith’s and Colman’s matchless comedies, or an occasional farce (without vulgarity, be it understood), and the immortal William’s tragedies—these were the plays that delighted our forbears; and acted as they were by men and women of pure living, the tone and *morale* of the stage was raised from what it had been in earlier times. The present generation of playgoers can only know by tradition of the Kembles, Knowles, Macready, dear genial T. P. Cooke, the Bruntons, including that most ladylike of actresses, Mrs. Yates; but all these, and many more—a goodly company indeed—were personal friends of my little lady. All these fretted their hour on the mimic stage, and now—the curtain has fallen upon the last sad scene of all, and she, too, “after life’s fitful fever, sleeps well.”

PENLEY REYD.

THE CREEDS OF TZARLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—THE NEW FAITH.

LET us turn our attention from the Raskolniks, or Old Believers, of the far North, who, as we have seen,¹ so literally “forsook all” for their ancient Faith, to some few of the many new, or lately-developed, creeds whose followers are seeking after truth with equal earnestness and vigour, but along very different lines. Sect begets sect in the world of theology, much as cell begets cell in the economy of life. Change seems the active principle of all dissent ; new cults are for ever springing up in the mystic childlike minds of the Tsar’s great peasant family, nor could one expect uniformity of confession, when the size and neighbours of that family are considered, for Mohammedan, Protestant, Catholic, Buddhist, and Shamanist surround it, are made subject to it, and eventually become a part thereof. A Mosque stands opposite the Orthodox church in the great square which forms the centre of Nijni Novgorod, a Roman Catholic and a German Lutheran church almost face the magnificent Kazan Cathedral, in the Nevski Prospect of St. Petersburg. The waiters of nearly all restaurants, from Archangel to Baku, are Mohammedan Tartars, the Jew is in every market-place, the native heathen races, Lapp, Samoyede, Ostiac, Yakout, and a score of others, are closely connected by the bonds of commerce : can it be wondered at if the ideas of the peasant become tinted by his surroundings ?

It cannot be gainsaid that the lifelessness and emptiness of the State Church, with its hireling and often ignorant priesthood, fails to satisfy the great mind of Russia—the peasant mind—but now awakening from its long infant slumber, as did the mind of Western Europe three centuries ago. Next perhaps to the extreme literalness with which the Mujik interprets Holy Writ, this dissatisfaction with the official Church is the greatest cause of the grip which the chameleon like “dissent” has taken of the popular mind. With

¹ See *The Gentleman’s Magazine* for November.

very few exceptions—notably the Skoptsy—the 150 sects which are stated to exist within the pale of Christianity and the borders of the Empire of the Tsar begin and end with the Mujik ; the official world is of necessity Orthodox, the wealthy world careless, and this fact, of the peasant origin and development of the denominations, must be carefully borne in mind when attempting to form any idea of the widely different meanings and shades of meaning which have been put upon the one Bible story. During the long winter, when so many hours are passed in that darkness which begets fear and superstition, or when brought face to face with the grim realities of life and death by one of those terrors of his existence, the plague and fire which spread from one insanitary and inflammable wooden “isba” to another with such alarming rapidity, or with famine, which renders all simultaneously destitute, all which have formed the theme of so many a Russian story, the Mujik broods and seeks after truth. That truth he manufactures, each for himself, from the materials which lie at hand, namely, an ill-understood, though much-thumbed, Bible, only of later years published in Russian, and the mystic folk lore handed down from his ancestors, or gleaned from the heathen, the Mohammedan, and the Jew, with whom he is in daily contact. When peasants meet together, at fishery or farmhouse, it is seldom that religion in some form does not come under discussion ; they get beyond the stage of blind worship of the Eikon, call it a painted board, take their unsettled problem to the village “Pope,” get no satisfactory answer to their questions, meet again and again in secret, discussion following discussion, until at last some distinct cult is evolved, and soon—from a natural gift for organisation—preachers are sent out and whole villages converted.

That it is in this way that “Sects” have their origin has been shown again and again when their leading exponents and founders have stood their trial before magistrates. Thus poor Michael Ratushny, the pupil of the German pastor Bonekemper, and one of the first sowers of the little seed that has since grown among his fellow villagers in Little Russia into the great tree of Stundism, said at his first trial : “At the village meeting men discussed things spiritual, and our priest could explain nothing to their satisfaction. Then I felt within myself a burning desire to understand God’s Word with my own mind and to explain it to others. Many were desirous to hear me, and I taught the Gospel as I understood it myself to them all.” And at his second trial : “When the police came to arrest me and had assembled the villagers, the priest came also ; and when they talked to him of spiritual matters he could prove nothing from the

Scriptures. Then they began to doubt whether he was really well versed in the Scriptures himself. When I was imprisoned everyone knew that it was because I had read the Gospel, and started to read for themselves. When I was again imprisoned people again wondered, and began to search the Gospel with greater zeal. That is how our doctrine has spread, and not, as many think, because I have propagated it." So has it been with all the sects, and words almost identical with, and spoken as bravely as, these have been heard by Russian judges at the trials of almost all the pioneers of the great dissenting movements.

The mind of the Mujik is young and childlike, it clings to one thing at a time, but when once started upon a given line of thought, as a rule suggested by a Biblical text, it will follow up that line until a strictly logical, but often very irrational, conclusion has been arrived at, and according as this conclusion seems to us reasonable or unreasonable can we classify the six greater sects whom I propose to mention in this article. Be the conclusion what it may, fantastic and mystic, or rational and socialistic, it must at least be allowed that the Russian Sectarian has the full courage of his opinions, and acts as his conscience has dictated with a determination equal to that shown by the Old Believers. None of these six classes have any connection with the great revolt from the Greek Church in the seventeenth century, but are the direct outcome, each in its own direction, of the awakening of the nation's mind and the spread of elementary education. Unlike the Old Believers, the modern Sectarians attach but very little importance to ceremonial, formalism, and dogma, and may, indeed, be looked upon as reactionaries against the Byzantine Paskol, for their ideas are anything but conservative.

Of the strictly rational, and more or less Protestant, portion of Russian dissent, the Dukhobortsy, or "Wrestlers with the Holy Spirit," and their descendants in the faith, the Molokans, or "Milk Drinkers," are perhaps the best known to us, from the fact of their having emigrated to English-speaking lands, and from the valiant championing of their cause by Count L. N. Tolstoi. They form the antithesis of the Old Believers, as is well set forth in the conversation between A. Leroy-Beaulieu (in the "Empire of the Tsars") and a fisherman of the persuasion, who said, "The Raskolniks would go to the block for the sign of the Cross with two fingers. As for us, we don't cross ourselves at all, either with two fingers or with three, but we strive to gain a better knowledge of God"; and, indeed, his words may stand for a declaration of the simple faith of his people, for their worship is marked by a deep contempt for

tradition, dogma, and ceremony. They have even done away with the church, and, as a rule, use the house of their elders as a meeting-place. Communion has been simplified away, marriage reduced to a simple declaration and invocation of God's blessing, the priesthood question, the rock which first split the Old Faith, solved by making every man a priest in his own family: surely their motto, "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life," has been well acted up to. Indeed, the whole theology of the Dukhobortsy may be summed up as a bold attempt to depart from the empty Greek formalism and arrive at a spiritual and unconventional worship, an enlargement of the outline given in the shortest and grandest of all sermons. A good example of the way in which they reconcile religion with the hard requirements of everyday life is shown in their attitude with regard to those fasts which occupy so much of the time of the Orthodox peasant, who, though he be both drunken and over-fed at Easter, has gone short of the barest necessities of life during the forty days that precede it. The Spirit Wrestler neither fasts nor feasts, to him Friday is as Sunday, Ash-Wednesday as Easter, and on each sufficient proteid and carbohydrate material must be absorbed to supply the requirements of nature. "God does not make the fish feed less during Lent," said an old peasant of Vologda to me, "or it would be a bad thing for us fisherfolk; so why should we, who have harder and more important work to do? We may not muzzle the ass that treadeth out the corn; why, then, should we muzzle our own mouths?" So, too, is it with Baptism; the inexorable logic of the Dukhobortsy and Molokani asks, if children are to be baptised with water, why they should not also be so with fire? So the word baptise is with them rendered purification, and children are not immersed; but when the gifts of memory, reason, and will are developed they are said to be symbolical of the Trinity, and the true Baptism has been received at higher hands than those of man. They believe in the immortality of the soul, but not in the resurrection of the body, or in any life in a world to come, but hold that the memory of the departed is its immortality. How they account for the host of long-forgotten dead I cannot tell.

Much of the Scripture narrative is taken as purely symbolical, and even the gospel story as in part a parable, and not as a literal account of the life of Christ, whom they honour as a Leader of men, and the setter of the most sublime of all examples, but whom they do not worship as incarnate. "God" with the Dukhobortsy stands for "Nature," the governing factor of life, both animal and vegetable, rather than for the name of any personal deity.

Like most of the Sectarrians, the Dukhobortsy commit little or nothing to writing; indeed, it is related of them that until recently the only book dealing with their faith was a bitter satire written by an Orthodox professor of the University of Kief, which they in their simplicity accepted in all good faith as a concise statement of their doctrine, indeed as their Thirty-nine Articles, and were duly thankful for. When the Press Censor had prohibited the further sale of the pamphlet, on the ground that it was calculated to spread the heresy, they managed secretly to buy up all the unissued copies at a high premium, and so brought much grist to the mill of the man who had but tried to hold up their creed to ridicule. This absence of matter written by themselves of themselves renders it difficult for writers—even such as Leroy-Beaulieu, to whose “*Empire of the Tsars*” I am so much indebted for many of the facts here given—to arrive at the origin of the sect; but it is generally held that the main ideas which underlie their simple faith were imported from Western Europe about 160 years ago, but by whom or from what country authorities differ. Perhaps the most probable of all the origins suggested is that which assumes the teaching of Moravian or Puritan prisoners of war, who undoubtedly settled in the hamlets of South-eastern Tzarland. In his “*Russian Peasantry*,” M. Dragomanov tells us that on the official discovery of the sect, in 1755, its leaders were asked by the police master how they came by their belief, and replied, from a certain foreign military man, who stayed with them, at Okhochee, in the government of Kharkov, for many years, but had then gone away no one knew whither. Name, nor creed, nor nationality of this stranger was ever disclosed, but he is thought by many to have been a Quaker taken during the Seven Years’ campaign.

The Molokani are said to have obtained this name from taking milk and butter during fast times when they are forbidden to the Orthodox, but more probably from the fact of their having colonies on either bank of the river Molochnaia, so called from the whiteness of its waters, due to potassium salts. They are very closely akin to the Dukhobortsy, of which sect they are an offshoot. They hope for a millennium, and to this end tend all their communistic experiments; for each of their village settlements is striving to manufacture its own earthly Paradise and run it on its own lines. Forced to unite together against the common foe, Orthodoxy, they have proved unity to be strength, and, by cohesion and co-operation, often manage to pull through those bad seasons which play havoc with the short-sighted Mujik, who suffers famine at the first shortness of crops. In some of these self-governing villages the ordinary Russian “*Mir*,”

or commune, has been developed to the extreme limits of socialism, including the abolition of all private property. The success of these "Obstchii" is, however, hampered by the fact that they are at the mercy of any one member who loses the high ideal and strives to "feather his own nest" at the expense of others. They are, as a rule, marked by greater cleanliness and signs of thrift and consequent comforts than other villages; but this, it may be argued, is due more to the temperance of the inhabitants than to the success of their socialistic experiments.

Neither the Molokani nor the Dukhobortsy seem to be politically opposed to the existing Russian Government, and indeed only ask of it two things—that they should be allowed to worship as they please, and to carry into practice their doctrine of "Peace at any price." It is probable that the persecutions which they have undoubtedly suffered until quite recently have been inspired more by their refusal to serve under the flag than by their heterodoxy, for they are now left much to themselves so long as they will serve, pay their taxes, and abstain from proselytism. One result of these persecutions has been the wholesale emigration and exile to Siberia—that great New Russia, which for so long has been a dumping ground for people not wanted in Old Russia. From the mixture of exiled criminals, runaway soldiers, heterodox fanatics, and adventurous emigrants claiming from the Government their five-and-forty acres of taxless allotment has grown up in Russia in Asia a colony of agriculturists who gather in the vast natural riches of their adopted land. Another direct result has been the organised exodus to North and South America, France, and at one time Cyprus. A fair idea of the sterling character of these outcast heretics can be gleaned by observing their conduct during the ten years which have passed since the first batch reached Manitoba, where, on all sides, their honesty, industry, and sobriety, and their power of organisation and of adapting themselves to circumstances, have won them golden opinions. The Dominion Government has lately granted them small advances, in order that they might obtain agricultural machinery, and so be in a better position to compete with other settlers on the grain lands; within one year they repaid three-quarters of the principal, and in some cases wiped out the entire loan. Surely Russia's loss has been distinctly Canada's gain.

The Stunda is perhaps the largest and most rapidly developing faction of Nonconformity, for it has ramified from Odessa—its starting-point—throughout Tsarland, save in the extreme north and north-east. This faith can be traced directly to the influence of

certain Lutherans who emigrated from Wurtemberg and settled in the fruitful "tchenoziom," or black earth lands, some half-century ago. While the native population remained poor, these emigrants, by industry and improved methods of agriculture and housekeeping, soon became well-to-do; so that the former relied, whenever sickness or poverty pressed harder upon them than usual, upon the Stundists, whom they at first hated as intruders. At such times the earnest Lutheran naturally made efforts to spread his faith, and the Russians, impressed by his welfare, both spiritual and temporal, were not unready to become converts. Schools were started, education aided example, and ere ten years had passed whole villages had forsaken the Greek Church and become Protestants, for the Stundist is essentially a Protestant of a broad and pronounced type. The Government, in its efforts to stem the tide of secession from the State Church by transporting the leaders of the movement, actually aided it, for the transported Stundist is but a missionary of his faith, which he preaches to a ready audience of fellow exiles. Probably it is in great part to this wholesale deportment that the Stunda owes its marvellously strong and rapid growth.

The Stundist organisation is much like that of the "Low Church" division of Protestantism, save that it has no ordained clergy, a body whom it regards as a somewhat expensive and distinctly unnecessary luxury, and replaces by elected elders, who lead the very simple services, at which any man or woman who feels called upon to do so may say what he or she will. These gatherings are more prayer meetings than services, for there is no "Form of Prayer to be used," but simply informal prayer, praise, and song in the best room of a farmhouse, though, now that the Government are not so strict in their search after heretics, regular wooden "meeting houses" have appeared in some of the Stundist villages. The meeting is almost a family gathering, for all are addressed as brother or sister, and kisses are exchanged before the congregation take up their places on the wooden seats facing one another. One member gives a short address, and invites discussion upon it, another a long extempore prayer, then all join in singing hymns from their "Voice of the Faithful," a book which owes much to Ira D. Sankey's "Sacred Songs," and of which some numbers are translations. The worship over, the meeting becomes a social gathering, and a pleasant afternoon is passed in talk; indeed, it is not always easy for the stranger to mark distinctly where service merges into entertainment.

The marriage ceremony of the Stundist is but little more elaborate than that of the Spirit Wrestler, and is equally unbinding in the eye

of the law, which recognises only the seal of the State Church. The elder meets the contracting parties at the house of the bridegroom at the appointed hour, bride declares her love for groom, and groom for bride, their hands are joined, hymns sung, blessing asked, and they are man and wife. The Stundist's wife, like that of the Old Believer, is in every sense the partner of her husband, both in matters relating to the household, to that larger household the village commune, and to the Church. In this matter nearly all the dissenting sects join hands, for while the wife of the Orthodox Mujik is generally downtrodden, and when her menfolk are at home sullen and silent, the Dissenting woman is generally distinguished by superior intelligence and thoughtfulness, can nearly always read and write, and often it is to her that the children owe their education. Like the Dukhobortsy and the Old Believers, the Stundist's character for honesty and sobriety causes him to be sought after by employers and looked up to by fellow workers, but, alas ! hated by the "Pope" of the commune. They are prompt taxpayers—one of the greatest virtues required of the Mujik ; are in no way antagonistic to the powers that be, save in their bitter cry for religious freedom—that freedom which Russia, tied by her holy "Synod," finds it impossible to give. Subdivision into innumerable factors seems to be the fate reserved for all sectarian bodies, and the Stundists are no exception to the rule, their main divisor, like that of the Old Believers, being the question of Sacraments, for the Old Stunda preserves a simplified form of Communion which the "New" reject.

If few of the rational sects have committed their history and their views, or indeed their creeds, to writing, lest they should fall into the hands of spies and be used in evidence against them, much more is this the case with those whose search after truth has led them to forsake the lines of rationalism and enter the land of mysticism and spiritualism. But two of these mystic schisms need we touch upon in this article, in order to show to what lengths the Mujik will go in his efforts to escape from the trammels of Orthodoxy, and with what logic he will follow up any given line of thought. Most of the irrational sects are older than those already mentioned, and do not seem to have their roots in other lands, but to be the expression of the Mujik's own mind in its waking moments : thus the "Khlysty"—the name is a nickname taken from the word "khlyst" (a whip)—date back to the early days of the seventeenth century. They hold that Christ has made and still makes repeated appearances on earth and in Russia, and indeed they are seldom without an incarnate God

present with them in flesh and blood. The first leader and founder of their faith was Daniel Philippovitch, who deserted from the army during the reign of Peter the Great, asserted that he was Almighty God, and issued twelve commandments. His son or adopted child, Ivan Timofeievitch, supposed to have been born of a woman over one hundred years old, was heralded as indeed the Christ, the Son of the Living God, chose twelve apostles, and, after a life of hairbreadth escapes from the police, was at last captured and crucified outside the Kremlin in Moscow, and was popularly believed to have risen again. Since his time a succession of Saviours has arisen—often two or more rival ones—many of whom must be classed as rogues, while not a few have been maniacs. Not many years ago such a claimant to divinity was imprisoned in the island monastery of Solovetski, in the White Sea, in the person of Adrian Pushkin, who had led thousands of his fellow mortals in the province of Perm to lay down their tools and declare that, as the promised Messiah had come, there was no longer need to work and pay taxes. Pushkin was the son of a small storekeeper in Perm; a typically neurotic subject, afflicted with heart disease, and subject to fits, he became a clerk, but ere manhood was reached his mind gave way, and he announced himself to his neighbours as the looked-for Christ. As such he was accepted by the majority, who followed him in his wanderings, and were with difficulty dispersed at the time of his arrest. Brought by the police to St. Petersburg, he was examined and pronounced insane by medical experts, and consigned, in 1870, to Solovetski, being the place furthest removed from the throngs who waited at Perm expecting his crucifixion, burial, and ascension. In the "Holy Isles," shut off for eight out of every twelve months by the frozen sea from the outside world, he was allowed to be a gentle, harmless fellow, whose chief wish was to attend Mass, and there, after long years of imprisonment, he gradually forgot his claim to divinity and passed away.

In many a Russian hamlet the traveller will notice some ragged and half-witted waif, whose vacant stare and lisping utterance are accepted throughout the country side as proof positive of connection with the world unseen; and—though he may not claim them himself—the gifts of prophecy, inspiration, and second sight are often attributed to one whose sole claim to them may be traced to an early desertion by his mother, unknown father, and deranged brain. Round such a one mysteries can so easily be woven; his wandering habits and love of night rambles tell of connection with the unseen, his mutterings at the ever-moving Northern light

point to communications with the unknown ; and so the story grows until at last he is proclaimed a priest, a prophet, or even a Messiah. I well remember when, in mid-winter of 1897, I passed southward over the long post "trakt" which leads from the frozen ocean at the mouths of the Petchora to the capital town of Archangel how on a dark and bitterly cold evening I came to the lonely post-house of Kasamski, on the upper reaches of the great Mezen river, and, in answer to my demand for fresh horses, was told that a blizzard threatened, and that it was folly to attempt to proceed ; but, as I thought that this was an invention on the part of the post contractor, in order that I should stay longer at his house, I determined to proceed. Had not my demand been backed by a document given by the Governor of Archangel authorising me to make use of the Zemski, or police horses, I should not have overcome the scruples of the postmaster, who, when he could no longer refuse, said, "Then take Andrei," the dumb "yamtschik" (or post-boy), "lest harm befall you." Andrei was awakened, and, on climbing down from his sheepskins on the stove top, proved to be a lad of about fifteen, both deaf, dumb, and witless, a "clean daft creature" as they say in Ireland, but who, if the heads of his team were turned northward, drove to the next station in that direction, but if they were started south, over the southern stage to Koinass would he go ; until, in either case, he reached the friendly haven of the next "Stantsyia," or post-house, where, after an hour or so of rest, the postmaster would start his team back towards his own home. Through the blizzard, which, as predicted, raged that night, Andrei drove on, unconscious, I think, that the sun was not shining—surely a case where ignorance was bliss—until, at daybreak, I lifted him into the glow of the great stove of Koinass post-house, and poured vodka into his well-nigh frozen lips, when he was seized with an epileptic fit. Yet I was assured that, had any other post-boy driven me, we should never have reached our destination, that it was due solely to the care of the unseen powers for their child that we had done so ; yet it was surely plain that the instinct which had kept our three hardy little ponies—driven tandem—to the narrow forest track was our friend, for I did not know the way, and poor Andrei pulled neither right rein nor left. Poor lad ! as the postmaster crossed himself at sight of him, I could not but wonder had either of them ever heard an echo of the Western truism that "Madness and genius are ever close of kin."

The Khlystys meet by night, with the utmost secrecy, and are reported to dance, after the manner of the Dervishes, with ever-

increasing rapidity, until their feelings are worked up to such a pitch that they are able to receive messages of inspiration, which they shout out to their fellows. If one of their number has a fit—not an uncommon event in some communes where close intermarriage among relations has been the practice for generations—he is safe to be regarded as an inspired messenger and duly honoured as such. Charges of every kind of vice have been laid at the door of the Khlystsy; their secret services have been called cloaks for immorality, and doubtless on occasion have been used as such; but, as the character of their congregation stands high for honesty and industry, it is surely more charitable to assume that their worst feature is their extreme secrecy, and that this, when added to the hatred of orthodox marriage which the sect shows, lies at the base of most of the accusations. Closely connected with these dancing Khlystsy are the jumping Shakuny, whose jumps are said to increase in height, as do the circular movements of the former, until the proper state of mind for inspired prophecy is reached.

Among the stockbrokers and money-changers of Russian cities, as well as among peasants, may be seen the pale and almost hairless face, wavering voice, and mild manner of the “Skopets” who has put in practice upon himself his strange doctrine of self-mutilation. These White Doves, as they call themselves, base their self-sacrifice upon the literal rendering of such texts as, “If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out,” “Except a man become as a little child, he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,” and argue that, in order to be pleasing to God, man—and in some instances woman—must become like the angels, whom they assert to be sexless, on the ground that “they neither marry nor are given in marriage.” The Skopets marries, and, although barren, is generally surrounded by a family, which he adopts, presumably for two reasons, the one that he may the more readily hide the fact of his mutilation from the authorities, the other that he may gain new adherents to his creed. He works hard at pawnbroking or money-lending, but never at any manual labour; for, as has been often noticed by writers, when the love of woman dies out in a man’s heart, it is very frequently replaced by the love of money. He is said to eat little save bread, milk, and fruit, varied only occasionally by fish, while he never touches alcohol, and, unlike the majority of Russian tradesmen, never gambles, and is generally honest.

The action of the Government with regard to the eunuch is very inconsistent; for, if a colony of Siberian peasants are found to have practised the doctrine of emasculation, persecution rapidly overtakes

them, yet many of Russia's financiers are well known to be adherents thereof, and even offer rewards, or employment, to candidates who will submit to the rites. Yet the fact of their mutilation being stated on their passports is the only notice taken. Although the poor Dove can generally be recognised at first sight, but little is known of his creed, and of the organisation of which he is a member. It is asserted that they believe Christ to have been sexless, and to be still alive, on the ground that "He was without form," and that in common with the Khlystys and others they hold Him to have made many appearances in Russia. Authorities state that they are increasing in numbers; which must be taken as proof that their organisation is both rich and far spreading, for they are debarred from the usual means by which the sects are recruited—hereditary tendency to follow in the footsteps of the father and mother.

Even from the faint glimpse obtained in this article of the more typical Sectarrians certain deductions can be drawn. We notice the hold which religion, in its vast variety of forms, has over the popular mind of Russia. No one who has visited, however casually, a Russian city can doubt this; the Eikon hangs in the station office, and men bow to it, the cabman crosses himself ere he drives over a bridge; shrines are interposed between shops, many of which latter are devoted to the sale of crucifixes, swinging lamps and sacred pictures; green cupolas and golden crosses gleam against the sky, look which way you will. So it is in the village, the white wooden church stands out in front of the black wooden houses, crosses are placed in the cattle pastures to ward off evil spirits, the folk cross themselves if they yawn, lest "chort," the devil, jump in at their mouth, and the drunkard, at the tavern door, kneels and uncovers as the procession passes on its way, may be to bless the waters but now released from the winter grip of ice, or may be to leave some neighbour in the communal graveyard. We notice too the stern logic with which the peasant theologian follows up the ideas of his sect, how he works out his own salvation along lines which he himself lays down, and in so doing invents some new creed almost daily; for a Russian newspaper can hardly ever be taken up without seeing the discovery of such in one corner or other of the vast Empire. That he has the full courage of his opinions, that he will suffer for conscience sake—Russian officials only know how bitterly—that he will lay down his life, or—almost equal sacrifice for him—forsake his land and "izba," and face the future among the wild native races which bound European Tsarland on its north and east, that—not so very long ago—he suffered the knout and the

stake rather than recant one iota of what he thinks to be the only true rendering of the Biblical text, all this must in common fairness be allowed to the poor Russian Sectarian.

It will be seen how distinct is the line which divides what have been called the rational from the irrational sects : on the one side stand those who have set aside all ceremony and dogma, and who, like the Dukhobortsy fisherman before quoted, "strive to gain a better knowledge of God," relying in that hard strife upon His gift of reason aided by education, and on the other those nightmares of the awakening peasant mind, the Khlysty and Skopets, who depend upon inspiration, and who, childlike, turn to each new Christ who announces himself. Will the spread of knowledge, and of education, which seems at last to be faintly dawning, bring together these diverse elements, who are so blindly groping, each through his own mist of ritualism, rationalism, or mysticism, to find that road which we are told is so narrow ? Is it possible that the day will dawn when the fifty million Raskolniks, who form nearly one-half of the Tsar's subjects, may meet upon one common platform, when the one hundred and fifty sections and schisms into which these subjects are divided will crystallise into one free and national Church ?

ERNEST W. LOWRY.

SNUFF AND SNUFF-TAKERS.

WE are threatened with a revival of snuff-taking. These being days of popular hygienic science, the first question for *le gros public* is not unlikely to be similar to that asked by one of Dr. Abernethy's innumerable patients: "Does a moderate use of snuff injure the brain?" "No," replied the famous physician, "for no man with an ounce of brain would ever dream of using it." Another authority asserts that it is more injurious than smoking to the sense of smell, for it destroys the olfactory nerve, and injures both voice and hearing.

Other writers—but they belong to ante-hygienic times—dilate on "the inexpressible luxury attendant upon a pinch of fine old snuff after dinner"; and a Poet Laureate readily tolerated what he called "the most innocent of sensualities," especially if the snuff-taker were an old woman. Indeed, Southey referred to snuff as "perhaps the greatest advantage as yet of Columbus's discovery," and added: "The fine lady's snuff; the fine gentleman's; the doctor's; the schoolmaster's; but the old woman's reconciles me to it."

A clergyman of the last century, the Rev. W. King, of Mallow, burst into enthusiastic rhyme over snuff:—

Before I budge an inch
I hail Aurora with a pinch;
After three cups of morning tea
A pinch most grateful is to me;
If then by chance the post arrive,
My fingers still the deeper dive.
When gallant Nelson gains his point
I sink in deep to middle joint;
And soon as ere the work he clinches,
Oh, then I take the pinch of pinches.

.
For rich or poor, in peace or strife,
It smooths the rugged path of life.

And then we have traditions of military heroes like Napoleon,

and peaceful ones like Whately the logician, who took snuff in handfuls, while the greatest of modern strategists is said to have emptied his snuff-box as he entered his tent to organise the march which ended in the capture of Napoleon III. Such an excessive quantity of snuff did Von Moltke consume during the march on Sedan that the German War Office required him to pay one thaler for 1 lb. of snuff. Outside the "department," it might have been imagined that the imperial exchequer could have spared a few handfuls of snuff over the capture of Sedan.

That martial meteor, Prince Eugene, was described by Pope as "a great taker of towns and of snuff." Among *literati*, Addison, Congreve, Gibbon, Charles Lamb, and also his sister, habitually used snuff. Dr. Johnson did not possess, or did not trouble to use, a snuff-box, but kept a waistcoat pocket full to dive into. Frederick the Great liked it in quantities, and seeing one of his attendants helping himself from the royal snuff-jar said: "Take it; there is not enough there for two of us."

For some time past snuff-makers have been working, it is reported, fifteen hours a day. Should the once popular custom really revive there will be work for others than the makers merely of the narcotic. The snuff-takers of the past used a variety of often expensive apparatus—an "artillery," as quaint old Dekker called it. Anent the taking of snuff in the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century, he wrote: "Before the meat comes smoking on the board, our gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostrils, the tongs and priming iron; all which 'artillery' may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it; it would be a reasonable, useful pawn at all times."

All the world is familiar with snuff-boxes, but snuff-spoons are pretty little refinements of which this generation has hardly heard. Very probably they came into use about two years after Sir George Rooke's expedition to Vigo Bay in 1702, when he captured half a ton of tobacco and snuff from the Spanish galleons, and snuff thus became a common article in England. One of the characters in a comedy published at Oxford in 1704, entitled "An Act at Oxford," by Thomas Baker, says: "But I carry sweet snuff for ladies," to which Arabella replies: "A spoon, too: that's very gallant; for to see some people run their fat fingers into a box is as nauseous as eating without a fork."

In the 'forties and 'fifties snuff-spoons were still in use on the Scottish border; they were of bone and of a size to go into the snuff-box. People fed their noses, it was said, as naturally as the-

carried soup to their mouths. As late as 1877 a farmer at Norham-on-Tweed was seen using one.

Some think the part too small of modish sand
Which at a niggard pinch they can command ;
Nor can their fingers for the task suffice,
Their nose too greedy, not their hand too nice,
To such a height with these is fashion grown,
They feed their very nostrils with a spoon.

Not only in Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, but even in Kaffirland these refinements of luxury have been found ; but not being provided, probably, with a superfluity of pockets the users thrust the spoons into their hair. Those used in China are like the stoppers of cayenne bottles.

Then there were the snuff-mills, which were made of ivory, bone, or wood, with a grinder of iron, ivory, or stone. These miniature mills were about four inches high.

There was another instrument called the rasp, whence rapee, a kind of snuff, the name coming through the French *râper*, to rasp. The tobacco was rolled in the shape of a carrot and the end scraped with a rasp when wanted. This must have given the name to the kind of snuff called in France "carotte." This piece of rolled tobacco was sometimes steeped in wine or liqueur. The rasps were also made of ivory, or wood, or metal, but were larger than the mills, being eight or nine inches high. Some of them were very ornamental ; one specimen is of carved ivory, with Susannah and the Elders, and other figures. Others of wood were inlaid with brass wire. Sometimes they were small enough to find a place in the snuff-box.

Then there were the receptacles for holding reserve stores—the snuff-jar and the snuff-bottle. Persian pottery, Grès de Flandres, Delft, Venetian glass, and wood all served in turn to hold the precious weed. The bottles were by no means always of glass. There are some beautiful specimens in the British Museum of Chinese porcelain, in blue, white, and red, and in a mixture of colours, with delicate little figures in relief. Sometimes they were of wood, bone, silver, horn, or ivory. The Chinese make them of hard stones—jade and chalcedony—and, in some parts of Asia, nuts and gourds were used.

On snuff-boxes an article in itself might be written. So much were they used as articles for presentation by royal and official personages, and in private life, that one wonders what has taken their place. As late as the coronation of George IV. over £8,000 was

paid to one firm alone for snuff-boxes to be presented to foreign ministers. Two of the best known historical specimens belonged to the first Napoleon, whose method of taking snuff was "in handfuls." One he presented to the Hon. Mrs. Damer. The distinguished sculptress was a friend of the Empress Josephine, and, being invited to Paris by her during the "Hundred Days," Mrs. Damer presented the Emperor with a bust of Fox, chiselled by herself, and Napoleon, in return, gave her a large snuff-box with his miniature on the lid, set in large diamonds. Mrs. Damer, who is one of the very few Englishwomen, other than queens, honoured by a public statue—hers standing in the entrance hall of the British Museum—bequeathed the box to the nation, and it was placed in the national collection in 1828. The other snuff-box belonging to the Emperor is placed in the same case; it is of gold, with blue enamel and a cameo, and was presented by Pius VI. to Napoleon in 1797. It was given by him to Lady Holland, and bequeathed by her to the British Museum.

Garrick gave his wife a gold snuff-box, and Gibbon used an equally precious one. The historian of the Roman Empire, who is said to have been a confirmed snuff-taker, writes in one of his letters: "I drew my snuff-box, rapp'd it, took snuff twice, and continued my discourse in my usual attitude—my body bent forward and my forefinger stretched out."

Woods light and dark, tortoise-shell, gold and silver, the beautiful Battersea enamel, Dresden china with lovely little Watteau figures, everything that could be worked up into a box was brought into service, until snuff-boxes became little works of art. No detail was unadorned:

Hinges with close wrought joints from Paris come,
Pictures dear bought from Venice and from Rome.

If a present were to be made to a person of studious turn, the box would take the form of a book; if to a lover of natural history, a snake might be offered; to a sailor, a boat; to a lady, a lady's slipper. Mulls—mull being a snuff-box made of the narrow end of a horn—may still be seen in jewellers' shops in Edinburgh, fitted up with silver and cairngorm, with snuff-spoon and hare's-foot chained to it.

Lord Petersham, whose snuffs were valued at £3,000, used winter and summer snuff-boxes. Indeed, his lordship had so many that it was supposed he had a different one for every day of the year. Robert Burns's snuff-box was once put up to auction. He had given it to his great friend Bacon, an innkeeper, whose effects

were put up to the hammer. Someone bid one shilling for the box. A general exclamation went round the room: "Not worth 2*d.*!" The auctioneer was about to knock it down, when he looked at the lid and read the inscription: "Robert Burns, officer of the Excise." Shilling after shilling was offered till the box was sold for £5.

It is not of much consequence whether an Englishman, a Spaniard, or a Portuguese first brought to the Old World what was to become the most popular of all narcotics. Ralph Lane, Governor of Virginia, and Sir Francis Drake introduced the implements for smoking and handed them to Raleigh. The plants are said to have come to Europe in the vessel under the command of Fernandez, equipped for Mexico by Philip II., and some seeds were sent to Catherine de' Medici by the French Ambassador to Portugal, Jean Nicotin. Hence the name, Nicotiana. By 1620 tobacco had become of sufficient value in the colony of Jamestown to be a commercial equivalent for a wife. One hundred and twenty ladies were bought for from 120 to 150 lbs. of tobacco a piece.

Poor King James I. did his best to denounce the use of the weed, but nothing that he ever said against Raleigh equalled the virulence of Mr. Swinburne's vituperation. One day at the Arts Club he was wandering from room to room to find a clear atmosphere to write, and in his despair exclaimed: "James I. was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward. But I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking." We were always taught to regard the gallant Sir Walter as the pink of courtesy, but one day in Sir R. Poyntz's park at Acton, he "took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done."

It is not surprising that James I. could do little to diminish the use of tobacco in England, for, on the Continent, Pope and Grand Monarque were alike powerless to prevent snuff-taking. Louis XIV.'s own daughters seem to have been addicted to tobacco, for rumour hath it that one evening after supper the young ladies were smoking in their own rooms with pipes borrowed from the Swiss guard.

Catherine de' Medici was the first to use snuff in France, and it was called from her "*L'herbe à la Reine.*" Its earliest use seems to have been a medical one. Sternutatories were the fashion of the day for colds, and the new plant was seized upon. The grandees of the French Court, however, soon made snuff-taking a fashion, and all kinds of ornate and costly snuff-boxes were the result. It became the mode among the Court and Catholic party to take snuff; the Protestants are said to have held it in abomination.

A couple of centuries later we read in the "Toilette des Dames," Paris 1760: "Everything in France depends upon *la Mode*, and it has pleased *la Mode* to patronise this disgusting custom, and carry about with them small boxes which they term *demi journées*. It deforms the nose, stains the skin, taints the breath."

By the middle of the seventeenth century snuff-taking could not have been uncommon among ladies in England. A portrait exists of an English lady dated 1650 with tobacco box in hand and smoking. And in the same year the lines appeared :

She that with pure tobacco will not prime
Her nose, can be no lady of the time.

In Ireland and Scotland the practice not only became popular by this time, but was carried to such an excess that admonitions had to be given in the pulpit against taking it in church. For, in 1648, the bellman of Dunfermline was ordered "to take notice of those who in time of preaching and other times of God's service, took their sneezing tobacco where they thought it could not be seen." An amusing story is told of what happened to an English lady in a large pew in a parish church not far from Crathie. Just before the sermon a large snuff-mull was handed round the pew. Upon her declining to take a pinch an old shepherd whispered significantly : "Tak' the sneeshin', mem, tak' the sneeshin'. Ye dinna ken oor minister. Ye'll need it afore he's dune."

As a rhyme of the time had it :

The box is used, the book laid by as dead,
With snuff, not Scripture, there the soul is fed ;
For when to heaven the hands of one of those
Are lifted—twenty have them at their nose.

Among English Royal ladies Queen Charlotte is the best known snuff-taker. Her Majesty used to add a teaspoon of green tea to her box every morning. Frederick the Great's mother was subjected to a rebuke from her son for taking a pinch during the tedious ceremony of his coronation. In Germany it was then considered improper to take snuff before persons one wished to pay respect to or during conversation. Later on, or at any rate in France, this etiquette relaxed, for Talleyrand said "that diplomatists ought to take it, as it afforded a pretext for delaying a reply with which one might not be ready."

In a pamphlet published in 1710 called "The Travels and Misfortunes of an Enchanted Snuff-box," Dr. Sacheverell's snuff-box

is described as filled with orangery. After dinner, "the ladies, all impatience for the first pinch, put in their fingers almost all at once; the gentlemen with some respect after." Those who still read Hannah More will remember how in her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," she speaks of the ladies of quality of the eighteenth century carrying jewelled snuff-boxes about their persons. The snuff-box became as much an adjunct of the toilet as the fan. *The Spectator* in 1712 wrote of snuff-taking by ladies as an impertinent custom, followed by some only to display their pretty hands; but the woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon, proffered her Brazilian to neighbours of either sex, and as she dropped her money into the collecting plate asked the churchwarden to take his pinch. To the *beau* of the eighteenth century the pinch of snuff was what the cigarette is to the masher of the nineteenth. From "Roderick Random" we learn how the wardrobe of "a pretty fellow" included a pair of silver-mounted pistols, a gold-headed cane and snuff-box of tortoise-shell mounted with gold having a picture of a lady on the top. Snuff seems to have become, like tobacco is to non-smokers now—a nuisance. It was in some ways worse, for it so pervaded the church and the theatre that it was "impossible to go anywhere without being disturbed by sneezing, hawking, grunting."

Probably the most extraordinary case on record of devotion to snuff—or rather of mania for it—is that of a certain Dame Margaret Thompson, whose will set forth that her trusty servant Sarah was to see her body was covered with the finest Scotch snuff, as she had never found any flower so fragrant and refreshing as the precious powder. Six men, the greatest snuff-takers in the parish, were to follow her to the grave, and six old maids, pall-bearers, were to use snuff on the road. The clergyman was to be paid £4 if he walked in the procession and "took a certain quantity, not exceeding a pound, also." The threshold of the house in Boyle Street was to be strewn with two bushels of snuff, and walking before the corpse someone was to throw a large handful of Scotch snuff every twenty yards. To every legacy was attached one pound of "the grand cordial of nature."

The art of taking snuff became, like dancing, or fencing, or riding, essential to a polite education. To take and to offer it gracefully was thought the mark of a gentleman. Beau Brummel and "the first gentleman in Europe" prided themselves on their graceful way of opening a snuff-box with one hand. There is a story of Beau Brummel's rebuke to a fellow-guest at a dinner at

which he was present in Portman Square. On the removal of the cloth the snuff-boxes were produced, and Brummel's was particularly admired. One gentleman found it difficult to open, and applied a dessert knife to the lid, whereupon the owner said to the host: "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuff-box is not an oyster." Another story, also belonging to the early part of this century, tells how a gentleman was waited upon by the son of a fashionable tailor. The head of the firm being on the Continent had sent one of his sons. A snuff-box happened to be lying on the customer's table, and the young man helped himself to a good pinch. Amazed, but thinking it might be amusing to see how far the young sartor would go, the gentleman asked him if he would like a sandwich and a glass of sauterne. Having accepted and disposed of these, the young tailor inquired if the coat should be tried on. "I could not think," replied the gentleman, "of insulting the friend who has taken my snuff and eaten my luncheon by talking to him of coats; that is quite out of the question. Good morning, Mr. Snip!" The bill was paid, but Mr. Snip never had a chance of sending in another.

Snuff-taking as a fashionable practice is sometimes thought to have gone out with the Georges, although as late as 1829 snuff was said to be something which "almost every well-bred man presents to every woman." Even in 1839 there were ten or twelve celebrated snuff establishments, such as those of Fribourg and Treyer in the Haymarket; Pontet *père* in Pall Mall, and Pontet *fils* in Cockspur Street. It used to be said one might as well be out of the world as out of Pontet's books. Mr. Procter, of Fleet Street, was the Queen's snuff-maker, and the presents for foreign potentates were furnished by him.

Snuff also served its turn for vicious purposes. A scented kind of it, called "Jesuits" snuff, was dreaded as poison, it being a common belief that the Jesuits used it for that purpose. In 1712 the Duc de Noailles presented the Dauphiness with a box of Spanish snuff, in which she delighted. Five days after receiving it she died, complaining of sharp pain in the head.

There has been some casting about for the cause of the present expected revival of snuffing. It has been suggested that the bicycle may be responsible, as it is impossible to enjoy a cigar on the wheel. Perhaps some cynic of to-day may be inclined to suggest, as Steele did: "When a person feels his thoughts run out, it is natural to supply his weak place with powder."

A serious objection to snuff-taking in a busy age like this is the

time it wastes. A noble lord once made the ingenious c
that "if we suppose this practice to be persisted in for 40
entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to ti
nose, and two more to blowing it. A proper application o
and money thus lost to the public might constitute a fun
discharge of the National Debt."

EMILY

UNDER THE WESTERN PINES.

IT was late one hot afternoon when under Christie's direction I drilled a hole in a huge boulder cumbering the approach to a rude bridge which spanned a river in the forests of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. Christie was a bush rancher: that is to say, he had purchased portion of a river valley covered with huge conifers for ten dollars an acre, and hoped some time in the future to make a living there. Meantime he was making roads for the Provincial Government, an occupation which is a special boon to the non-capitalist settler. Clearing virgin forest is a slow and singularly unremunerative process, and the few belts of natural prairie are either exorbitant in price or far remote. Therefore the scattered settlers are glad to hew trails a few weeks in summer, for the wages suffice to keep them in absolute necessities while they improve their own possessions the rest of the year.

Presently Christie stood upright balancing the heavy hammer, with the perspiration dripping from him, a fitting representative of the new British manhood which is growing to splendid stature in the forests of the west. He wore a battered wide felt hat, blue shirt, and nether garments artistically patched with portions of cotton flour bags, but the quaint apparel could not hide the swell of hardened muscles, and the pose was statuesque. Bronzed and weather-beaten, with hair that was fairer than his darkened skin, broad of chest, with the slenderness of waist and flank that comes from continued use of the axe, he seemed the embodiment of health and energy, and most of the forest ranchers are very much like him.

Fringed by whitened driftwood beneath, with the shadows of hemlock and cedar quivering across it, lay a deep blue lake, and a mile away on the further shore tall pines climbed the steep hillside until they gave place to a slope of rock which polished to a steely lustre by sliding snow ran up a thousand feet or so. Behind us towered sombre cedars, under which a newly-made waggon road connecting the Straits of Georgia with an inlet of the Pacific ran like a tunnel pillared by mighty trunks. Now it is beaten by the

hoofs of packhorses and grinding wheels, for there is a mining town at one end of it, but when we helped to make it only led to a forlorn hamlet in the wilderness while everyone expected the forest would reclaim it again.

"This drilling is getting monotonous," said Christie. "What's the matter with putting a double charge in and finishing it?" and because my arms were aching from the jar of the hammer I was glad to agree with him. So we fished out two rolls of giant-powder, which in England is dynamite, and biting a copper cap over the head of a fuse carefully embedded it in what resembled a yellow wax candle, which with another Christie shoved circumspectly into the hole. The mouth was cautiously tamped, and lighting the end of the fuse we lost no time in seeking the shelter of the bridge. It was a trunk-stringer structure built only with the axe and auger, and the reef beneath should have been safe because a shelf of quartz-veined rock rose between the fuse and it. Christie, I remember, sat with his naked feet in the water, which rippled clear as crystal out of the lake, while he speculated what the result of the extra charge would be. There was nothing audible but the gurgle of flowing water, a drowsy hum of insect wings, and the hissing of the fuse, until the silence was rudely broken. Yellow smoke rolled up above the sheltering ledge, huge fragments of stone hurtled out of it, and the forest was filled with the rattle of flying splinters, while a thousand echoes came back from the hills, and Christie nodding approval observed, "That was a high-class shot."

Then, and we never understood why, unless it was a cannoning ricochet, something bit a piece out of a boulder opposite, and I ducked as a fragment came whirring through the bridge. It passed, and Christie, who had risen, sat down suddenly with blood dripping from his arm, while I recovered courage when he commenced to upbraid me for, so he said, not knowing better than to cram in all that charge. The muscle below the elbow was nastily scored, but that was all, and we never decided whether a second splinter struck him, or he had miraculously escaped with a graze from the larger mass, nor why the missile was so long in coming. In any case he could not use that arm for some days to come, and when it had been bandaged we resolved to visit the one rancher in the district by way of a holiday. The camp, as it happened, was empty, because the foreman had gone south to report, while the others marched out that morning to "pack" in provisions, which implied the carrying of some fifty pounds a man through thirty miles of bush. As a matter of necessity in a region where roads are

remarkably scarce, the British Columbian rancher becomes an adept at packing, and will cheerfully carry a flour keg over a mountain.

We determined Fletcher, the rancher, should provide supper in return for our company, so flinging two old blankets and a Marlin rifle into the bottom of a Siwash canoe, which had been purchased by public subscription for five dollars, I think, we thrust it out into the lake. Christie sat amidships smoking, and predicted what the foreman would say when he found that a rock fragment had badly rent his tent, until when well out from shore I remembered we should have replaced the slip-rails closing the worm-fence round the camp. Wood-deer, the half-wild cattle which ramble through the bush, and other forest creatures are fond of investigating an empty camp, and often make sad havoc there. But it was too late to go back, and one seldom worries over trifles in that mountain air, so I knelt in the stern dipping the paddle with the back feather under water, which is so hard to learn, while the canoe slid up the lake. Rigid pine-branch, cedar-trunk, fretted boulder, and forest-wrapped heights floated reflected beneath us in the crystal depths, until the ripple from the bows washed across them or the surface was broken by the splash of a heavy trout. The sun had dipped behind a saw-edged range, and the atmosphere grew invigorating with the faint chill of distant snow, while several thousand feet above fleecy mists streaked the mountain side. British Columbia is a glorious country to live or work in during summer so long as it does not rain, for no man can work in the deluge which sweeps the seaboard belt.

All this was very pleasant, but matters changed for the worse when hauling the canoe out at the head of the lake we entered the forest. Great redwoods towered above us, sixty feet to the first branch, over two hundred in height, and the trail that wound between them was choked with bracken higher than one's head. In places maidenhair grew to the waist, and there was a wealth of fruit, some like blood spots sprinkling the glossy leaves, others of luminous yellow, and the great black raspberries. Salmon, wine, or thimble, few berries cultivated in Britain surpass these products of nature's wild garden. The stranger entering such forests is also oppressed by an overwhelming sense of what can only be termed their majesty, and this is not an evanescent influence, for the bush rancher who lives among them is different from other men. Gravely-spoken, keenly observant, of thoughtful temperament, for the most part, whatever his origin, nowhere the wide world over will one find a more kindly race. Presently a musical jangle of cow-bells broke through the silence, the fret of a boulder-vexed river grew audible,

and we emerged into the four square of a little clearing, where its owner gave us the usual forest welcome to his house. He was older than either of us, sinewy, hardened by toil, but erect in carriage, and with an air which would have prevented any stranger taking liberties with him.

The house was of course log-built, roofed with shingles split like slates from a straight-grained cedar, and, with everything it contained, was the work of his own hands. Unless a man is resourceful and ingenious there is no room for him without capital in that country, for the forest rancher's chief hope of success lies rather in saving than making money. There were crimson roses about the window, a few belated humming birds still hovering among them, and a big iron range twinkled within. In one corner lay old boots, broken harness, gun-cleaning implements, and such sundries, but there was an air of homely comfort about it all refreshing after a long sojourn under canvas. Presently we sat down to an ample meal, bread baked in a hole in the ground, blue-grouse, trout, potatoes grown in rotted salmon, green tea and molasses, and when this was finished lounged under the open woodshed outside the house. Daylight was fading, but night came slowly, and a weird green brilliancy lingered in the north, against which the tops of rigid firs stood out blackly. Southwards, under a crescent moon, the white mists came creeping down the hillside, with ghostly cedars rising out of them, and at the end of one dim avenue we caught the faint glimmer of a river. Also, save for the intermittent clash of cow-bells, a deep stillness and sense of utter solitude hung over the whole. All this was impressive from an artistic point of view, as well as interesting from the economical, for before us lay the whole slow process of converting the wilderness into a garden.

In front stood the raw material, virgin forest, of a growth almost unequalled elsewhere in the world, then an encircling belt where felled trunks and branches lay piled across each other in tremendous ruin until time was opportune for burning them. Inside these again stumps six feet high, a few nearly thirty in circumference, rose out of black ashes, for here Fletcher had sawn the great logs up, and rolling them together with oxen, burned in pyramids what the first fire had left. Then there were fewer stumps sprinkled among the stubble of oats, and last of all some seven or eight acres of thin red soil chequered with stubble or the dark green of fruit trees and vegetables. It was a splendid testimony to the work of one pair of hands: ten years it had taken to clear, I think, and now grew sufficient to partly feed the working cattle, and less than a dozen

stock in winter, while its owner's revenue rarely exceeded thirty pounds a year. Yet he had invested at least £400 in it, was perfectly content, and in reply to a question said, "Yes, I left good chances in the old country, and I have never regretted it. Can any poor man live there free from every sickness, and work for his own hand in such surroundings as he does here? What's the use of money anyway? A handy man can make or grow nearly all he wants, and has only to sell out a head of stock or take on a trail-chopping contract to get the few things he can't. Meanwhile the clearing is growing year by year, and some day this is going to be a great country."

I had heard it all before, especially the last sentence, for if there is one thing the bush rancher believes in more than another it is the future of his adopted country, while every stroke of the big axe or flare of burning log-pile brings that future nearer. Many are well-educated young Englishmen, and the writer could name at least two settlements every inhabitant of which was a Briton of excellent up-bringing. Perhaps they are also right, for as slowly the mother country grows into one huge market and workshop, while the division of labour and centralisation of capital and control tend to reduce the individual to a mere piece of a machine, it may be well that new fields are opening where men may live nearer nature, and, using each his own brain and muscle, infuse fresh raw vigour into a possibly over-civilised race.

Already the breakers of bush and prairie surpass us in bodily strength, and some, it would seem, in sentiments which are not developed by commercial proficiency, faith in the ultimate triumph of labour, apart from the side issue whether the toiler enriches himself or not, the voluntary renouncement of all luxury, and an unquestioning belief that it is their destiny to spend themselves conquering the forest. Neither did the writer ever see any trace of indulgence in demoralising liquors, unless it was in strong green tea. These are also—for the picturesque desperado, if he ever existed, has gone—a peaceful people; but the men who can kill with the rifle a running deer half seen among the fern, sleep unharmed in melting snow, and march under a load of 60 pounds with a minimum of food, would make terrible soldiers in case of necessity.

Fletcher, our host, had worked with the axe all day, but meat was running out, and he purposed to spend the night in search of venison. He could not waste the next day hunting for food, he said. So when by long gradations darkness closed down we filled two little miners' lamps with seal oil and hooked them to the front

of our hats, with a shield of tin or paper fastened to the brim beneath, the use of which will become apparent. Then we floundered amid dew-drenched bracken through the forest, falling into thickets and over rotten logs until we reached an oblong of natural clearing. A creek led through the centre and periodically overflowed, while the resultant swampiness alone held back the forest, and the place had a tragic story.

Laurence spent five years trying to drain it, and twice a flood swept his poor crops away. We could see the mark of his labours in the shape of eight-foot trenches, but, these failing, he spent his last dollar in powder to drive a cutting which might divert the stream. Then he went east into the mainland ranges to work until he saved sufficient for another attempt, and was crushed out of existence by a snow-slide there. All this Fletcher told us sitting in his deserted house, which the willows were already pulling down, and concluded perfectly seriously: "Laurence might have ended worse, for he was a plucky man. He might have gone to the cities, as the poor fellow who broke his heart on Gillian's muskeg did—and become a land agent!"

Now the western land agent, it is said, would take in his own brother and plunder him, while rash new-comers who have bought fruit-soil or thinly-timbered land without first inspecting it, and then found their possessions consisted of barren rock, heap anathemas upon him. And such things happen oftener than one would imagine.

So we sat there under the ghostly stillness in the dead man's clearing, watching the moon pass west towards the range, and alas! also fighting with mosquitoes. A wolf howled somewhere far off on the hillside; timber wolves, which are harmless, swarm in that region, and once we heard the snarl of a panther, which is not, while at intervals the cry of a loon, weirdest and most mournful of all night voices of the bush, came ringing athwart the forest. Then the pale crescent dipped, and it was dark enough for the first attempt, so Christie enviously watched us light the miners' lamps. Now wood deer are shy creatures, hard to find among their haunts in the fern by day, though when the bush is drenched by dew at night they come out to feed in the clearings, from which, as they can jump an eight-foot fence, it is difficult to exclude them. They are also highly inquisitive, and, as when the lamp is properly placed the shield cuts off all view of the man below, generally approach to investigate the phenomenon of the unattached flame, when the hunter fires at their eyes.

It was very dark when we blundered among the rotting branches, and twice I went down head-foremost over one, after which we spent some minutes groping for my rifle and re-lighting the lamp. Fletcher also fell into a six-foot drain and emerged from it with much sticky slime about him, while I had a vivid remembrance of slipping through a tussock of reeds into what seemed a bottomless pit, until grasping one shoulder he dragged me out again. Mosquitoes in legions followed us, and it was easy to understand the stories of muskegs into which no one dare venture after nightfall, because these insects apparently grow larger and fiercer as one approaches their northern limit. If such is the case, they must be beyond all bearing in the Polar circle, where they also exist.

At length there was a rustle of leaves along the edge of the forest, followed by a crackle of twigs and the click of hoofs, after which, as we stood fast, several points of pale green luminescence moved softly towards us. Sometimes one pair vanished to reappear again, and meanwhile the perspiration trickled down me, for that kind of hunting works one up into a state of nervous expectancy. Still, the deer came nearer, and I could hear Fletcher's deep breathing, until at a whisper, "Now," I flung up the heavy barrel. The chalk mark on the muzzle was quite invisible, and trusting to instinctive sense of direction I hoped for success, while as the trigger yielded to the pressure there was a spitting of red flame from the muzzle of Fletcher's weapon.

Then I felt the jar of the heel-plate, and smoke blew into my eyes, but, as sometimes happens, heard no report, only, alas! the thud of a bullet in the forest and a reverberation among the hills. Next there was a crackle of brushwood as the deer sailed over and through it in headlong flight, something struggled close by in the grasses, and Fletcher ran forward with a triumphant shout. A slash of his knife ended the struggling, and how we performed the eventrer by the light of two blinking lamps is better left undescribed. It is not a pleasant business at any time, but unless attended to at once little bubbles appear in the venison, which as its fibres resemble boot laces is by no means a delicacy. Then we went back, ensanguined, with the carcase to the house, all the mosquitoes in the swamp trumpeting about us.

We sat there almost eaten alive another hour or so before we sallied out again, neither did I question Fletcher's statement that we should find his larger calibre bullet in the one hole in the carcase. It seemed only too probable. The next venture resulted in one shin being badly torn against a fallen branch, and my rifle going off

prematurely, just as the deer came out. Fletcher, however, made no complaint, but either by instinctive mechanical skill or merest accident, though I do not think it was the latter, firing towards where the sound came from, got another deer at fully eighty yards range, and we returned triumphant to wait for morning. Christie slept, but the mosquitoes were too much for me, so I sat and listened, while in the solemn blackness Fletcher, who, like others of his kind was addicted to mysticism, told stories of the bush. These were not the grosser absurdities of superstition, but rather dealt with the beneficent interposition of a supernatural power. Thus I heard of men who blindly obeying an unexplainable impulse turned aside from the usual trail, and so escaped the death that lay in wait for them, and of another who holding on in spite of advice and ridicule sank his last dollar in an apparently hopeless shaft, because, so Fletcher said, he felt he could not help it, and at last struck rich treasure. Whether all these tales were true I do not know, but I knew that Fletcher believed them.

At last climbing pine and hillside took shape and form as the shadows melted before the coming day. A glorious freshness accompanied the first golden shafts of light that beat athwart the trunks, and in spite of loss of sleep our spirits rose in the clear morning air. We breakfasted with Fletcher, who insisted upon giving us one deer, plunged down later eight feet from a rock-ledge into the bosom of a lake, badly frightening a large but harmless water snake, and then paddled back towards the camp. But there were no trim ridge-pole tents upon the shingle, and I dipped the paddle faster in anxious suspense, until, shooting round a point, Christie said briefly, "Those infernal cattle!"

It was too true, for on landing we found Fletcher's wandering stock, which fed themselves all summer anywhere they could, had been there before us, and no bush-bred cow can resist the temptation of wrecking a tent. The canvas was therefore torn down, partly eaten and trampled flat. Flour bags, dried apples, even lumps of reisty pork had been either ruthlessly devoured or sampled and rejected, and we sat down bewildered amid a scene of ruin. "It's bad enough to lose our own outfit, but that's not the worst," said Christie. "There'll be real live trouble when the rest come back; still, they ought to be thankful provisions had almost run out."

Then, rousing ourselves to action, we made what repairs we could, though the camp looked little better for our efforts, and proceeded to drill more holes in the blue-grit. At least I did so,

while Christie smoked and laughed when I smote my hand. One can drill alone, but it is not advisable. We went to sleep subsequently to wait for the others with the powder, and were not complimented when they arrived. Still, the writer never saw much real ill-humour in a western camp, and when the foreman had expressed his frank opinion of us he allowed himself to be pacified, and all settled down into the old routine and harmony.

It was one of those brief incidents whose memory lives, and even to-day when a stream of traffic sets past that lonely lake, and the writer is six thousand miles away, a vision of its stately cedars and climbing pines rises sharp and clear before his eyes. For a moment or two there are the shadows of steel-grey rock floating inverted in its crystal depths; one could almost fancy the scent of cedars or the blue smoke of camp-fires drifted across it too, then, as when the mists roll down at dusk, it all grows hazy and vanishes away.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

WEATHER "CAUSERIE."

DWELLERS in our sea-girt isles are quite naturally deeply interested in everything pertaining to weather-forecasting, inasmuch as there is a perplexing uncertainty in British weather, which often interferes with the very best laid plans. The late Mr. Reverdy Johnson has left on record his opinion that there is very little climate in England, but a good deal of "whether" when arrangements are being made for the conduct of outdoor pursuits. Even Robert Louis Stevenson has referred rather regretfully to those "flaws of fine weather that we pathetically term our summer." Probably a spell of bad weather had spoiled his holiday, in agreement with a pessimistic prediction made before leaving his pen and his books. Fallible human beings are often more impressed by fulfilment than by failure, quite unmindful of the many instances afforded us of absolute disagreement between the weather forecasted and that actually experienced. Charles Dickens, in "Sketches by Boz," also used his powerful pen to besmirch the fair fame of British weather. "Monday was a fine day; Tuesday was delightful; Wednesday was equal to either; and Thursday was finer than ever. Four successive fine days in London! Hackney coachmen became revolutionary, and crossing sweepers began to doubt the existence of a First Cause. The *Morning Herald* informed its readers that an old woman in Camden Town had been heard to say that the fineness of the season was *unprecedented* in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Memory is not by any means to be depended upon solely in the matter of weather frequency. Carefully kept records are alone worthy of credence. Englishmen, if we may believe our neighbours on the other side of the silver streak, always take their pleasures sadly. Apparently this deduction is supposed to be true, whether at home or abroad. Besant and Rice, in their inimitable "Golden Butterfly," have pointed out that "the English generally take a sombre view of things, because it is so constantly raining." Yet it is not difficult to afford examples from authors who believe that British weather is remarkable rather for fickleness than for constancy.

Our islands are directly on the average track affected by cyclonic storms travelling across the North Atlantic. Hence, under certain conditions of atmospheric pressure, we are subjected to very sudden changes in the weather as the cyclones move to the eastward. In the absence of these disturbing meteors we may experience a long spell of precisely the same kind of weather. An American humourist, familiar with blizzards and tornadoes, once wittily said that British weather merely consisted of samples. Yet, on poetic authority,

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

The late Admiral Smyth, grandfather of Major-General Baden-Powell, of Mafeking fame, was wont to relate the following amusing yarn under this head : Captain Fothergill, R.N., who was homeward-bound after a long cruise in Indian waters, came on deck one November morning at the entrance to the English Channel, and, in the words of Spenser, found

Suddenly a grosse fog over spread,
And heaven's cheerfull face enveloped,
That all things one and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seemed one confused mass.

Captain Fothergill, addressing the officer of the watch, said, "Ha ! this is what I call something like ; none of your cursed eternal blue skies here. A fellow can see his own breath now."

Nevertheless a real "pea-soup particular" fog is something to be avoided in the Metropolis, as evidenced by the death-rate and the gas bill. Very few are naturally gay at such times, and the Hon. Rollo Russell has calculated that fogs in London result in an annual loss of £1,761,000 ! The late James Russell Lowell ever had an affection for the "Old Country" whence his ancestors set forth to woo fickle fortune across the salt sea. He wrote, "There isn't a corner in England that has not its special charm, and the freaks of the atmosphere interest me more than any novel I ever read." Here again we have unstinted admiration of our "samples."

Poets of all sorts and conditions, major and minor, have been moved to inveigh against the mutability of British weather. The verse may be rugged occasionally ; but then so is the weather which it describes.

There comes a frost, and on the fen
There's ice without a flaw.
You buy a pair of skates, and then
The thing begins to thaw.

You feel that this is pretty stiff ;
 The frost has gone, 'tis plain.
 You sell your skates ; then dash me if
 It doesn't freeze again.

Many a time the expectant skater has proved the truth of this sarcastic effusion up to the hilt. He does not suffer alone. Even the house-dweller who dreads the sight of ice, except, perhaps, as a cooler for his favourite summer beverage, has cause for complaint.

Come, put away the ulster big
 And the seal-skin cap I worc,
 For the gentle spring is coming on ;
 I shall not want them more.
 Bring ye the camphorated trunk
 Forth from the attic high,
 And pack those winter clothes therein,
 For the spring is drawing nigh ;
 And when you've got 'em packed away
 Well out of sight—why, then,
 We'll shiver and we'll shake to find
 That the cold has come again.

An Irishman has summed up the weather of the Emerald Isle as follows :—

Dirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November ;
 From January up to May
 The rain it raineth every day.
 All the rest have thirty-one
 Without a blessed gleam of sun ;
 And if any of them had two-and-thirty
 They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

Really this is another injustice to Ireland ; but it must be remembered that the other portions of the United Kingdom equally fall under the ban of witty ones smarting under a misplaced confidence in weather predictions or general averages. Nevertheless the weather not infrequently helps in casual conversation to bridge over an awkward gap. Dr. Johnson rightly observed that whenever two Englishmen meet they begin to talk about the weather, each trying to inform the other of that concerning which they know nothing. Doubtless the man *homo* was referred to by the learned Doctor ; for the gentler sex often take advantage of an opening afforded by the weather, as the following example will show : “ Why, it is nearly ten years since we met. Why haven't you been to see me ? ” asked one lady of another, who was equal to the occasion, and replied “ My dear, just look at the weather we have had ! ”

As a rule a gloomy sky makes us mindful of our past misdeeds, if any, tired of our pitiful present, and fearful for the fancied future. Yet the feelings are very imperfect guides to future weather. "Who has not met the man with a particular corn," says Captain Lecky in his "Wrinkles in Practical Navigation," "which is barometer and thermometer in one, or a faithful knee-joint which has twinges whenever the forces of the air gather themselves for storms?" Evidently Captain Lecky is not a believer in such popular predictions. On the other hand Dr. Jenner's lines on the signs of a change of weather distinctly quote rheumatic pains among them.

Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky :
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpnel :
Hark how the chairs and tables crack :
Old Betty's joints are on the rack :
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.

The late James Payn, in one of his very many novels, introduces a guest who could not imagine what made him so drowsy, unless it was that the wind blew from the south-east. "My very dear sir," replied the host with rapture, "the south-east wind has the very same effect in my case." Oliver Wendell Holmes, quite another class of writer, seems to have been of precisely the same opinion as regards our feelings and the weather, for he says, "We know that the spirits of men, and their views of the present state and the future, go up and down with the barometer; and that a permanent depression of one inch in the mercurial column would affect the whole theology of Christendom." Evidently the weather is quite an important factor in the involved problem of everyday life on our planet. Our tempers depend somewhat upon the prevailing conditions of weather. Hence if we desire to ask a favour it is well to bear this fact in mind. A Yorkshire proverb tells us to do business with men when the wind is in the west. Moreover many will remember the following rhyming reason :

When the wind is in the east
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.

Sir Henry Taylor wrote to a friend, "Tell —— not hastily to reject a man who is injudicious enough to propose in a north-east wind; nor yet hastily to accept him if he come in a south-west

wind ; but, in either case, to beg him to call again when the wind is the other way." Those about to marry, who prefer to scorn the laconic advice once given by *Punch*, should have a care with respect to the weather. Even the amount of work done during the day is said to vary with the weather for the same individual, while crime goes hand in hand with temperature changes. Ruskin, writing of the wind that brought a particular storm cloud, endowed it with almost supernatural attributes. He deemed it "the plague wind of the eighth decade of years in the nineteenth century, a period which will assuredly be recognised in future meteorological history as one of phenomena hitherto unrecorded in the courses of nature, and characterised pre-eminently by the almost ceaseless action of this calamitous wind." In "Fors Clavigera" he considered this wind might be made up of poisonous smoke, but more probably "of dead men's souls—such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be flitting hither and thither, doubting themselves of the fittest place for them." Still more to the point, Ruskin concluded that if such a wind as he described so curiously had blown when he was a younger man not one of his books would have been written.

Amateur weather prophets, gifted with a perfervid imagination and a convenient memory, flourish amazingly under every sky. Some of the older men who have led a life in the open air, either as shepherds or as sailors, apparently bear the burden of the public weather upon their shoulders, as they are so frequently referred to for a forecast. Having a local reputation to lose, such seers must be often disconcerted by the erratic nature of weather phenomena. It has been said of long-range forecasts that they agree more nearly with the weather experienced after the event if read, like Hebrew, the contrary way. Jesters, says Shakespeare, do often prove prophets. He might have added that prophets often prove jesters, more especially those who dabble in horse-racing and the weather. Even State-paid weather forecasters of the nations occasionally afford amusement for the honest doubter. Yet the man in the street will not be denied his tips. He fatuously records the occasions on which the result was in accordance with the prediction, and placidly ignores all failures. Dr. Shorthouse, of a famous sporting paper, had six sporting prophets writing in its columns one season. In a certain handicap there were seven starters. Each of the six tipsters forecasted a different winner, yet the seventh horse simply romped in first. A friend of Dr. Shorthouse, who had often tried to impress upon him the danger of a multitude of counsellors, ran up to him in the ring and triumphantly exclaimed, "Here's a pretty thing, Shorthouse ! Six


of your fellows have tipped six different horses for this particular race, and the only one they did not name is first past the post ! What do you think of that ?" To him calmly replied the Doctor, " My dear sir, it only proves there is room for another prophet !" Just so ! Turning to the world of finance, a similar state of blissful ignorance stands revealed. " It must be understood," writes the so called oracle of a financial journal at the head of his allotted column, " that we pretend to nothing in the shape of infallibility. Our forecast is a day to day one, and refers to immediate and possibly temporary movements, unless distinctly stated to the contrary." How very like the weather ! Really this delightfully ingenuous confession covers all possible contingencies. Nevertheless certain sections of the British public clamour for long-range forecasts in finance, in racing, and in weather. Hence prophets may be pardoned for bolstering up their predictions by reference to curious coincidences. The wind howled over the moor ; the snow fell fast ; and the pedestrian proceeded towards his goal. But the weather prophet, snugly ensconced in an arm-chair by his own fireside, was superlatively satisfied. " This," he said with undisguised glee, " is the big storm I predicted two months ago, and it is only seven weeks late. I knew it would get here before the end of the winter." Possibly the reasons underlying his prediction were at one with those often urged by amateur gardeners who have wasted valuable time in accomplishing what nature did far more thoroughly a few hours later. A man asked by a friend how he was so confident of approaching rain, although the sky seemed to negative such a supposition, was quite equal to the occasion. " I spent two hours this evening in watering my plants, and that is an infallible forerunner of a rain-storm." Doubtless many are of the same opinion still. Then, again, there is the view of the man of fashion, based also on bitter experience. Rain-making by explosives is very well in its way ; but if you want a good drenching downpour the best plan to ensure it is to wear a light suit of clothes and a new silk hat—and leave your umbrella at home.

Jerome K. Jerome, in his " Three Men in a Boat," has given a delightful word-picture of British weather vagaries. His mirth-provoking creations felt that to give in to the weather in such a climate as ours would be a disastrous precedent. A serious study of weather forecasts resulted in dire discomfort. When wet weather was predicted they remained indoors, although the sky was cloudless and the heat tropical ; when dry weather was foretold they recklessly ventured forth, got drenched to the skin, and caught a cold for their pains. Max Adeler also wittily writes of a man who imagined him-

self possessed of a scientific system of weather-forecasting. He however, craftily allowed a clear margin of three days either way. Having promised fine weather on a specified day to the confiding authorities of a Sunday school picnic, they accepted his forecast without reserve. Just when miles away from shelter the unfortunate picnickers were subjected to a downfall of rain which fairly rivalled the Deluge! On another occasion the Fates were equally unkind to his pretensions as a seer. An agricultural exhibition could only be held on a Monday in May. In compliance with the indications of the so called scientific system the show was postponed on the assumption that rain was certain. As a matter of fact the day first selected happened to be the only fine Monday in May! Convinced that weather worked by the rule of contrary, he essayed to forecast fine weather, although his system seemed to indicate a period of phenomenal dampness. Acting on this new-fangled forecast, his townsmen had cause for regret, as the rain came down in torrents and utterly spoiled a firework display. Thereupon the unfortunate weather prophet retired from his business in sheer disgust. It is related of Partridge, a celebrated almanac-maker, that he once received a rude rebuff, administered unwittingly by an ostler to whom he applied for information. While on a journey the old-time almanac-maker put up at an inn for refreshments. On setting out again he was advised by the rustic to tarry awhile, inasmuch as rain was certain. Partridge laughed to scorn the unlettered ostler. Yet the prediction proved faultless, and Partridge, intent on obtaining a weather wrinkle for future editions of his almanac, hastened back to interrogate the apparently weather-wise yokel. Having received a crown, the latter freely explained his *modus operandi*. "Sir, we have a Partridge's almanac, and the fellow is such a notorious liar that whenever he promises us a fine day we know it will be the contrary. To-day is put down as settled fine weather, and that is the reason I urged you not to set out!" An old Danish proverb might aptly have compelled assent from the startled seer: "The almanac-maker makes the almanac, but God makes the weather."

Fenimore Cooper, in one of his nautical yarns, has connected seamanship with weather-forecasting: "Your true sea-dog . . . is a man of marvels . . . I wonder more of them are not kept at making almanacs. There was a mistake concerning a thunder storm in the last I bought, and all for want of proper science." Another well known nautical novelist, Clark Russell, throws a rather different light on this question. In "The Sea Queen" old Captain Snowdon mentions that he has been advised to retire from the sea and set up

on shore as a weather prophet. "But it's poor work telling others to look out for squalls you're never sure of yourself. I'd as lief take to outdoor preaching." Surely this shipmaster imagined weather forecasters ought to be infallible! The late Lord Houghton used to tell a story depending for effect upon the acknowledged weather wisdom of seamen. A parson passenger fearing the ship would founder, appealed to the master, who quieted the reverend gentleman by taking him along the deck to where the sailors were hard at work. "Do you think," he asked, "that men would swear like they are if the weather were not likely to improve?" The parson readily inferred the men would otherwise be praying. As the gale seemed strengthening the cleric cleverly picked his way to where the crew were still at work. Arrived there he was heard to fervently ejaculate, "Thank Heavens, they are swearing still." This fact was to him the best possible kind of weather forecast! Some of the long-range weather forecasts are as warily worded as that of the Irishman in whose opinion "it might rain, or it might not; he wouldn't say for certain; but, anyhow, it will be one or the other." Noah was a weather forecaster. It is said that an unaccredited person, on the day before the Flood, issued a forecast worded as follows: "Wind easterly and westerly. Warmer. Fine on the whole. Dry, with local showers." At Brookfield, Mass., there lives a prophet who confines himself solely to snow-storms, and is not averse to explain his method. Take the day of the month that the first storm appears, add to this the day of the week, to this again add the age of the new moon, and the total indicates the number of storms due during the winter. This is simplicity itself. With apologies to the shade of Oliver Goldsmith, such philosophy is a good horse in a stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. Anyway it tempts writers to regard weather-forecasting as peculiarly open to attack. "There," said the editor of an American daily to a visitor, "is one of our most indefatigable writers of fiction." Asked what work the person referred to had written, the visitor was informed that he had never written a novel, but merely "copies the weather report." Then, again, there is the similarly sarcastic story of the young lady who, upon being asked whether she liked fiction, replied rather pertly, "Oh, yes; the first thing I read when the daily paper arrives is the weather prediction." An old weather-beaten agriculturist called on the United States Weather Bureau to inform the State-paid forecasters that he could give them a tip, as they occasionally made an outer. "I was thinkin' as how a line that used to be on the auction handbills in our county," said he, "might do fust-rate on your weather predictions, an' save you a lot of explainin' at



times." Pressed by the expectant officials to explain, he replied, "The line is simply *wind and weather permitting*." He stood not on the order of his going, but went. As a matter of fact the percentage of success in Weather Bureau forecasts is rather large.

In a critical chapter on Evolution G. H. Lewes explains that a clergyman who refused to pray for rain while the wind persisted in blowing from a particular quarter had merely naively rebuked the impropriety of the request. In his opinion when men offer up prayers for fine weather they act upon the theological conception that these phenomena are not the result of invariable laws, but rather of some variable will. A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* is responsible for a statement somewhat controverting the deductions of Mr. Lewes. A South of England dean, if the story be worthy of implicit belief, is able to testify, from personal experience, to the efficacy of prayer in matters meteorological. During the drought of 1893 he publicly prayed in his cathedral for a fall of rain, and it happened on the very day the dean was holding a garden party. In 1895 there was another drought, just when the reverend gentleman proposed to have his annual function. In deference to the wishes of those invited he abstained from praying for weather of any sort whatsoever. The festive day arrived. So did the rain. A fear arose in the diocese lest the dean had prayed too much, and it was seriously suggested that a fine-weather archdeacon should be held in reserve as a pleader for a readjustment of the elements. Not long since Mr. Barr, in an interesting book, related his impressions of the southern coast of Spain as viewed from a comfortable chair on the deck of a steamship by the aid of a pair of strong glasses. One spot was pointed out to him as an object lesson of the power of prayer. For three years the townsfolk had yearned for rain, yet not a drop gladdened their hearts. Accepting Mr. Barr's authority, a Spaniard rarely quenches his thirst with water, while as for washing he never thinks of it. Thus three years of decided drought is about necessary to make him realise the abnormal dryness. At last, however, the priests of the place called out the whole of the inhabitants and inaugurated a general prayer meeting. So successful was this effort of co-operation that a storm burst over the neighbouring mountains during the ensuing night, and the foaming torrents swept the town into the Mediterranean. The survivors thought this was too much of a good thing, and have ever since been extremely careful not to be too pious.

The habits of birds, beasts, and fishes are often utilised by weather forecasters. Is it not on record that a shepherd on Salis-

bury Plain was wont to forecast rain whenever the ram of his flock scratched himself in a furze-bush? Another version of the story is that the four-footed forecaster signified his views by twitching his tail. Walking with a young lady, a boy volunteered the information that rain was sure to fall within twenty-four hours, because a frog croaked. Unfortunately for reliance on natural phenomena, the day was excessively hot, the night was serene. Not a drop of rain fell. Taken to task by his confiding friend, the lad replied in an injured tone of voice, "The frog lied. I am not responsible for his morals." The moon has often been regarded as a weather indicator. "To all but hypercritical folk," writes Captain Lecky, in a jocular strain, "of the type of Herschel or Arago the evidence that connects the moon with weather changes is irresistible; old Jobson, the carrier, finds no difficulty about it at all, nor do any of his cronies. Their ancient system may be flouted by the learned, but *they* have faith in it, for has it not been handed down from generation to generation?" The following lines, said to be culled from the visitors' book of a Bala hotel, afford a fair idea of the moon's influence on the weather, although almost a libel on Bala itself:—

The weather depends on the moon, as a rule,
 And I've found that the saying is true,
 For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full
 And it rains when the moon's at the new.

When the moon's at the quarter then down comes the rain;
 At the half it's no better, I ween;
 When the moon's at three-quarters it's at it again,
 And it rains besides mostly between.

Inasmuch as the moon quarters weekly there is little, if any, difficulty in connecting weather changes with the moon's phases. "Your weather prophet generally, like the oracle-worker of old, understands the protective possibilities of language, and avails himself of them." It is so easy to say the battle will be won if the king be killed, but difficult enough in all conscience to decide which of two kings is meant. So it is with the long-range weather forecaster.

Two old rustics were presented with a barometer by a son who had won renown at college. His mother was much impressed thereby, and said, "Isn't the dear boy thoughtful? Which way do we screw it up when we want the weather to be fine?" On the other hand, there is the story of the farmer exasperated by continuous downpour, despite the fact that his barometer stood at "set

fair." He took the instrument into the open air and thus addressed it: "Now, see for yoursel' if ye will not take my word for it." The wording on the face of many a barometer is most misleading as a general rule.

It has not been my purpose in this article to penetrate the mysteries of scientific weather-forecasting, nor to deride the attempts of amateurs, but merely to lightly touch upon popular items of gossip under various heads of weather. "The weather is always interesting," says Marie Corelli in "The Master Christian," by the lips of her heroine, Sylvia, "and it is such a safe subject of conversation." For England, perhaps, Sheridan's rhyming calendar serves as well as any :

January—Snowy.	May—Flowery.	September—Poppy.
February—Flowy.	June—Bowery.	October—Breezy.
March—Blowy.	July—Moppy.	November—Wheezy.
April—Showery.	August—Croupy.	December—Fcezy.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE DYING CENTURY.

THE peace of Autumn, ere late winds have blown,
 Is on the woodland glory, deepen'd now
 To autumn hue. O'er yonder mist-cloud brow
 The swallows—last of *thine*—have southward flown.

'Tis calm for thought betwixt the summer's breath,
 Laden with richness of the season's prime,
 And that storm-toss'd, distressful aftertime
 Which comes adown the valley shade of death.

Pause now—the years have passed, and there is given
 A time for thought, a holy hour of peace.
 The deeds are done ; the history must cease ;
 'Tis written how thy sons have lived and striven.

The bracken browns upon a thousand slopes,
 The squirrel gambols on his merry round,
 The ripen'd chestnut drops to mossy ground.
 When in the waking spring thy youthful hopes

Were wont to whisper, " That which failed last year
 This summer shall the promise all fulfil,"
 Crept there a forecast shadow cold and still
 Of when there was no more to hope or fear ?

In the long afterwards again will come
 The season's sweetness ; other eyes will see
 The orchards laden ; but 'tis not for thee,
 Old Century, will sound that Harvest Home !

A hundred golden autumns went before
 With air as light, with woods and wealds as brown ;
 But when *these* ling'ring leaves shall flutter down,
 They are the last of *thine* for evermore.

I stand beside a newly open grave—
 A grave now holding ashes of the dead—
 Dust wrapp'd to decency in sheeted lead,
 Hiding decay. The world may try to save

The hero's memory, but secret sleep
 Guards the unwritten truths of life and love,
 Which never shall discordant Fame remove
 From sanctu'ry of shadows dark and deep—

Truths which perchance have bound a firmer cord
 To life divine ; links of a fairer chain
 Than that of mighty deeds which live again
 On Hist'ry's page of famous deed and word.

* * * * *

The winds have blown, and low the rotting leaves
 Lie at the black wet trunks of oak and beech ;
 The wail has died away. A sigh for each
 Thro' the bared branches now the night air breathes.

White gath'ring clouds hide out the waning moon,
 Thro' the long night they veil the winter sky.
 A shroud ! a shroud ! for such as have to die !
 The open grave must have its tenant soon.

Open and waiting ! Silently to-night,
 Perchance, they hither bring thy winding-sheet,
 Cover thy hoary head and helpless feet,
 And lay thee low, away from mortal sight.

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

TABLE TALK.

THE CIRCUS IN IMPERIAL ROME.

WHAT will be the result of the new development of love for the theatres, upon which I had something to say last month, I will not attempt to say. In early Rome it was the precursor of decay. In Rome, however, and in Rome I include some of her possessions—Asian, African, Iberian, and Gallic—theatrical entertainments took a hold on the public such as is not likely to be witnessed in England. Two things only, said Juvenal, did the Roman need, *panem et circenses*—bread and sports. Three centuries later, when Christianity was established under the Emperors, love of spectacular performances had become so absorbing in Rome, Constantinople, and Antioch, and even in smaller cities, that it had ended in extinguishing all commercial life and activity. The circus would contain the entire adult population of a place which was capable of moving or being conveyed thither. Performances, moreover, were not, as with us, confined to two or three hours of the afternoon or the evening, but began in the morning and did not finish until night. There was no other thought, apparently, than that of the pursuits of the arena. In the year 354 the Roman Calendar contained one hundred and seventy-five holy-days, of which ten were devoted to gladiatorial combats, sixty-four to circus games, and a hundred and one to scenic representations. This even did not represent all the days assigned to such purposes, since—as is pointed out by M. Paul Allard, the best living authority upon the struggle between Paganism and Christianity—in addition to these fêtes, paid for at public expense, the emperors and rich citizens seeking to become popular would give special representations on anniversaries or other occasions. These particulars rest on the authority of historians such as Ammianus Marcellinus, and writers such as Saint Basil and Saint Chrysostom. It is not likely that theatres will lead modern Englishmen so far astray. If Englishmen are to be so misled, I should fear rather the attractions of horse-racing than those of the stage.

That dicing was in early days common
obvious; the name fullams, fulloms,
presumably from the source of sup-
dice. In "The London Prodigal"
bales of false dice, *videlicet*, high m-
stop cater traies, and other bones of
in that sense is found in many Tude
"The Merry Wives of Windsor." T-
like should be subject to penalties
enough. Bowls—always, we are t-
Fulham men—were interdicted at a "V-
habiting within this lordship shall play a
penalty xj^d," and in 1609 various inha-
recreation, were amerced 6s. 8d. each.
not regularly enforced, or were the p-
match on Plymouth Hoe, which the arri-
did not interrupt, similarly victimised?
in order to promote the pursuit of archer-
1591, of the Acts of the Privy Council, N-
issued to the lieutenants of counties req-
care "that such kindes of exercises, ga-
prohibited by law, namely, bowles, dysi-
may be furthwith forbidden," but that
may be revived and practised, and tha-
whereby our nacion in tymes past hath
may be kept in use, and such pore men
their whole fammelies do cheefly dep-
fletchers, stringers, and such like





Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 126 936 066

NON-CIRCULATING

Stanford University Library
Stanford, California

In order that others may use this
please return it as soon as possible
not later than the date due.

